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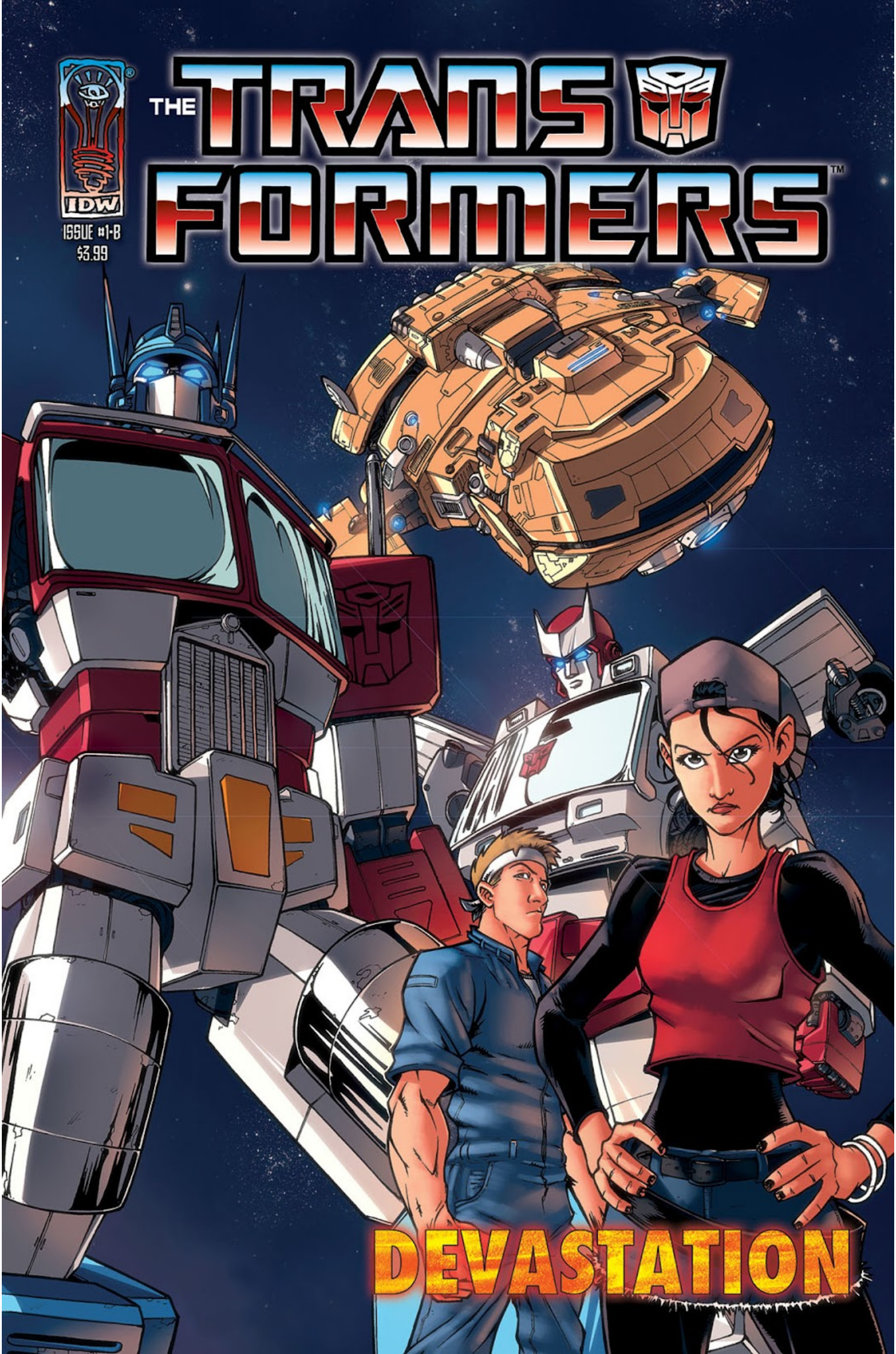
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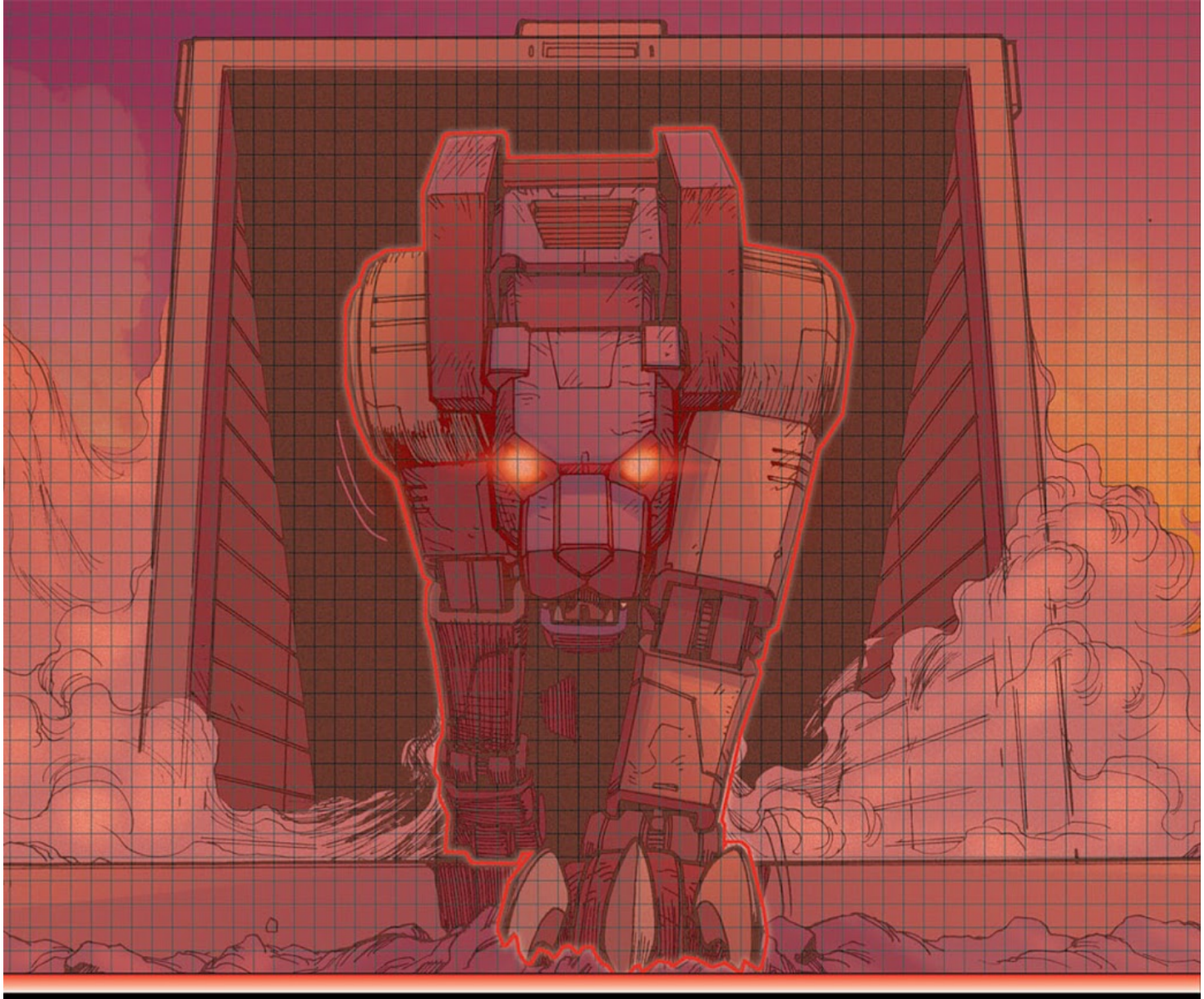

PHASE THREE: DEVASTATION

The covert cut and thrust on Earth between the DECEPTICON infiltration unit and the AUTOBOT tactical response team is now anything but! AUTOBOT SUNSTREAKER (along with his passenger, Hunter) has been captured by the mysterious Machination (and the AUTOBOT spacecraft, ARK-19, is under constant surveillance), while the government agency known as Skywatch prepares to bring their captive DECEPTICONS, RAVAGE and LASERBEAK, into play. Meanwhile, MEGATRON, smarting from his recent defeat at the hands of OPTIMUS PRIME, throws the rules of engagement to the wind and summons his ultimate weapon—SIXSHOT.

PHASE THREE BEGINS...

THE TRANSFORMERS: DEVASTATION #1

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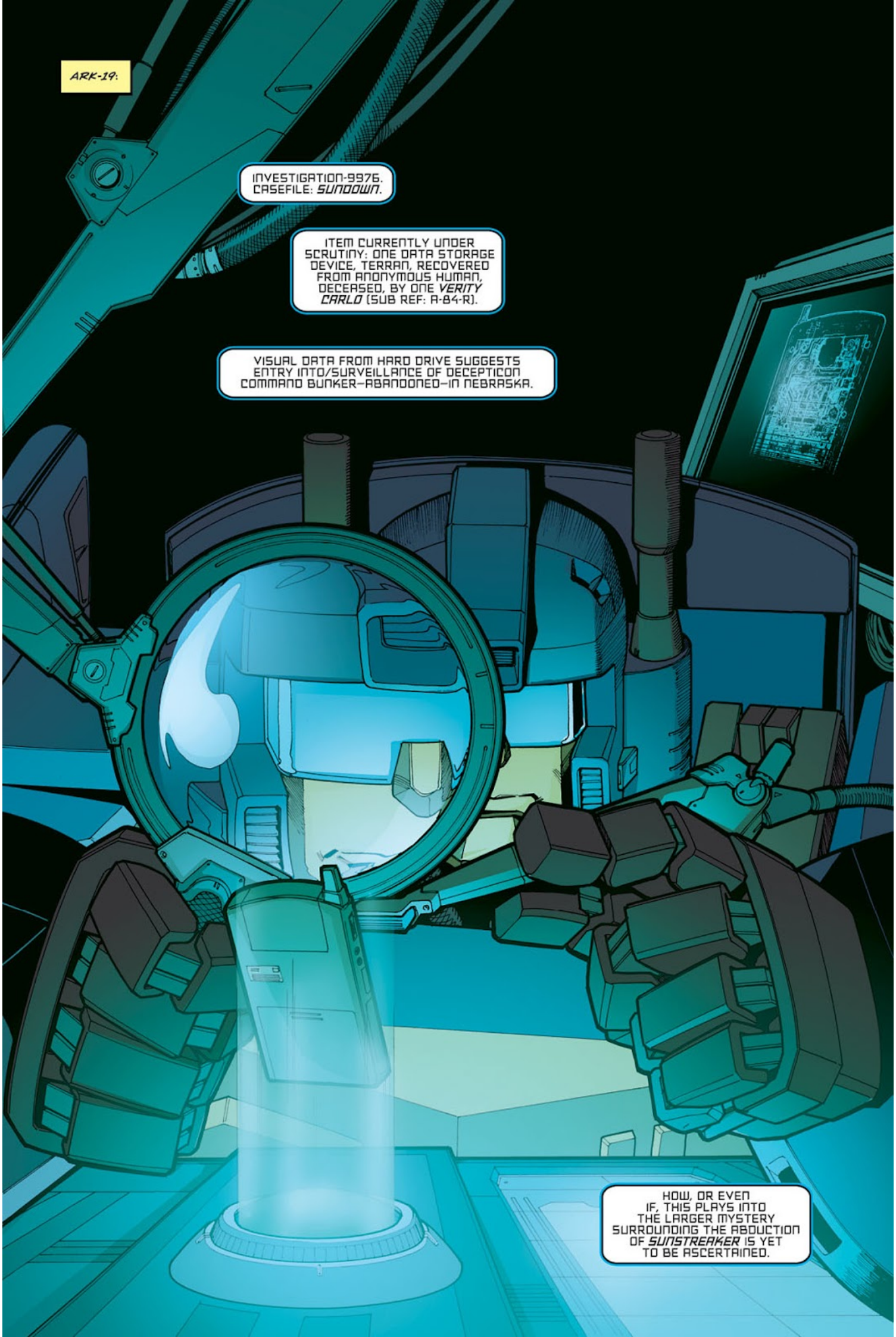
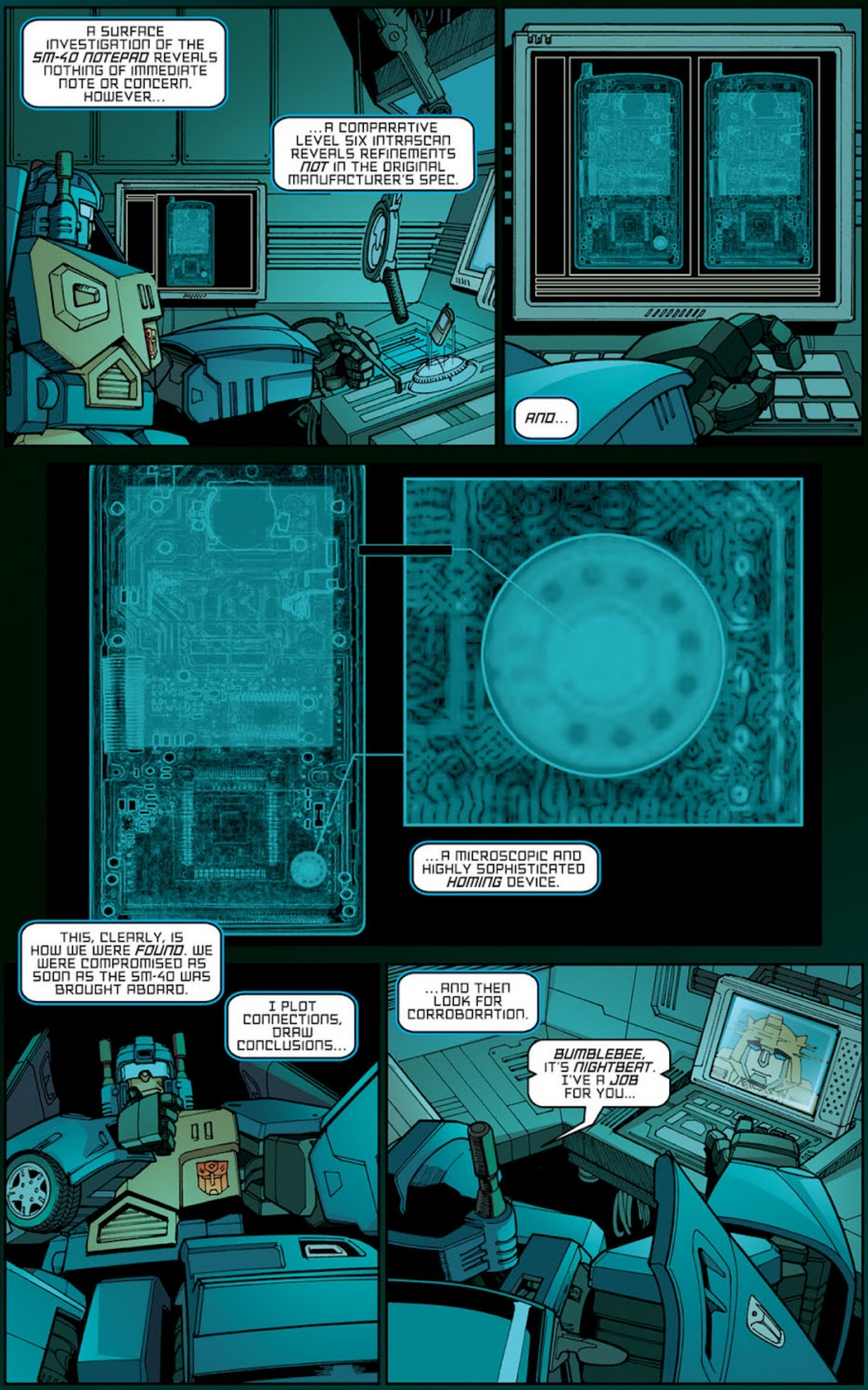
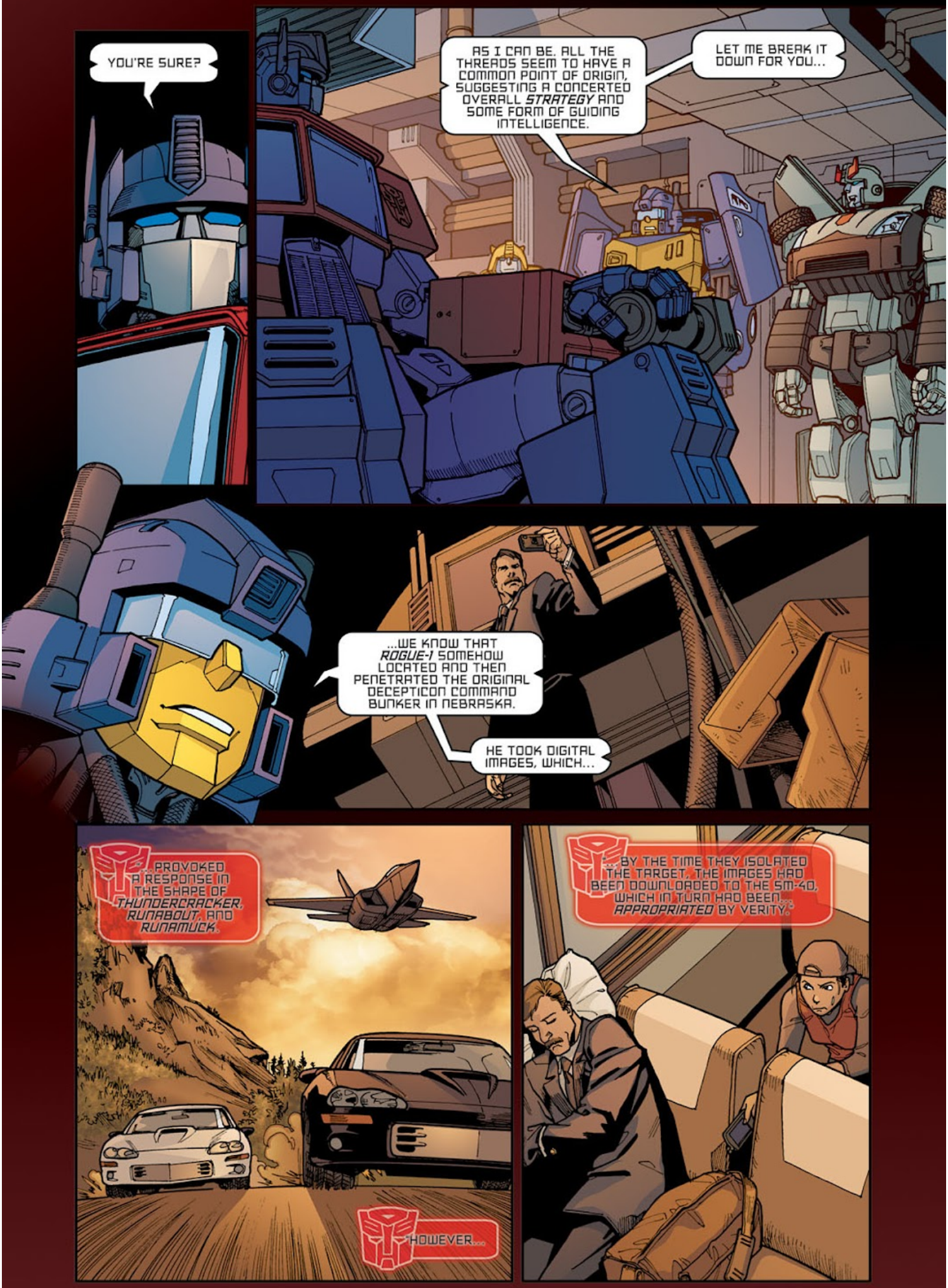
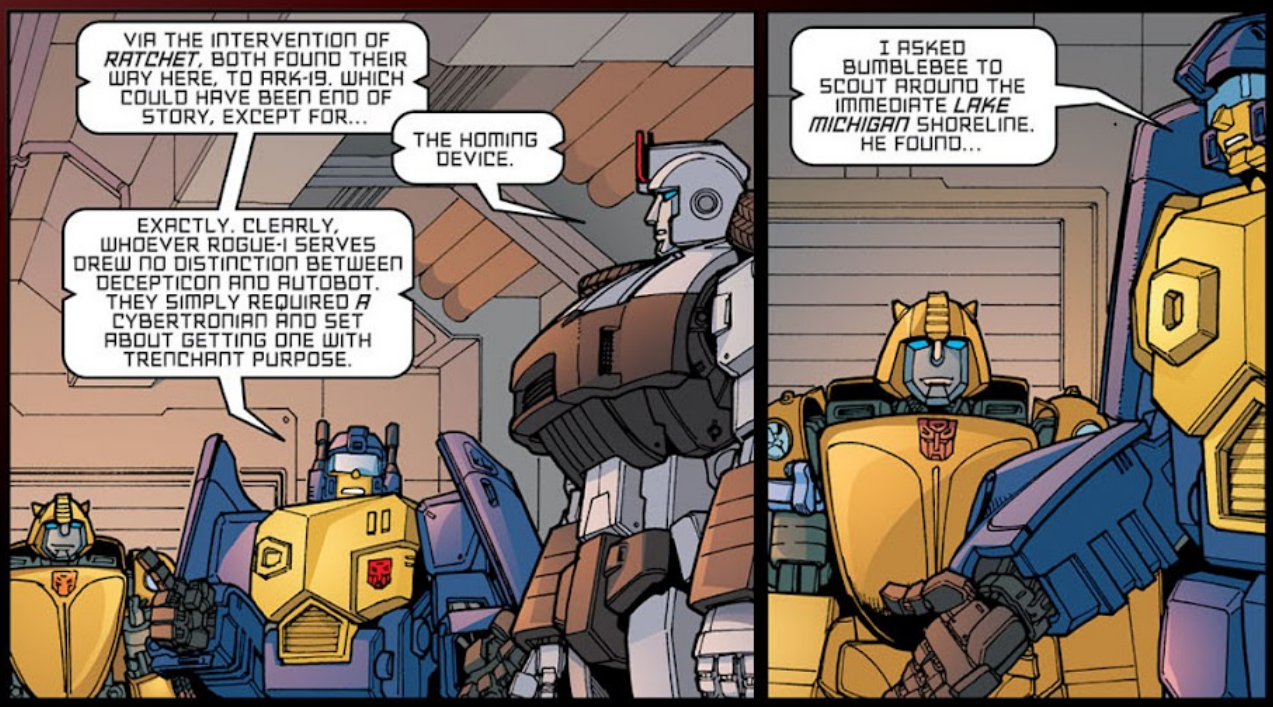

ARK-19:
INVESTIGATION-9976. CASEFILE: *SUNDOWN*.
ITEM CURRENTLY UNDER SCRUTINY: ONE DATA STORAGE DEVICE, TERRAN, RECOVERED FROM ANONYMOUS HUMAN, DECEASED, BY ONE *VERITY CARLO* (SUB REF: A-84-R).
VISUAL DATA FROM HARD DRIVE SUGGESTS ENTRY INTO/SURVEILLANCE OF DECEPTICON COMMAND BUNKER—ABANDONED—IN NEBRASKA.
HOW, OR EVEN IF, THIS PLAYS INTO THE LARGER MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE ABDUCTION OF *SUNSTREAKER* IS YET TO BE ASCERTAINED.

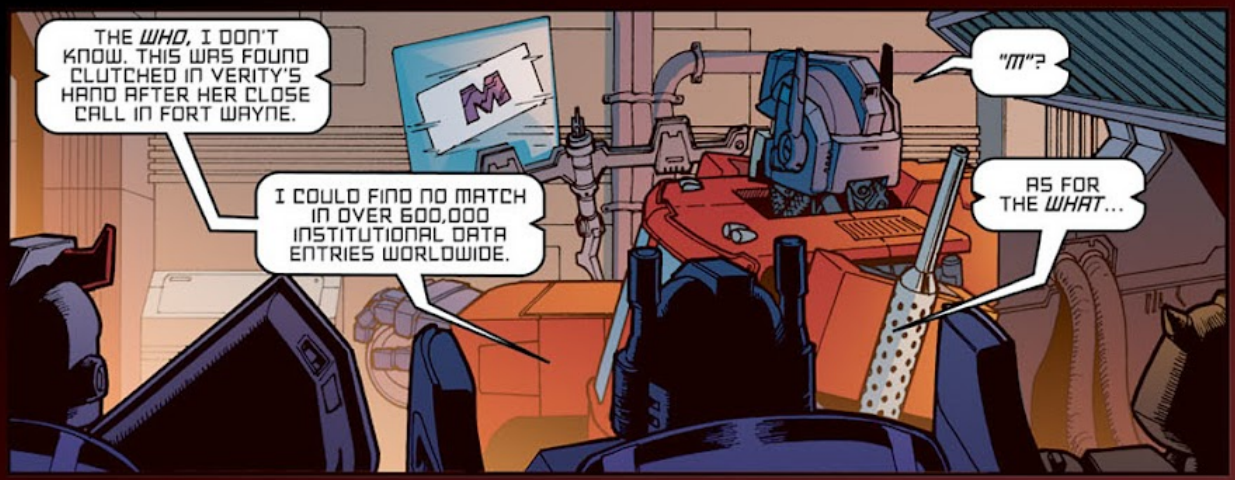

A SURFACE INVESTIGATION OF THE *SM-40 NOTEPAD* REVEALS NOTHING OF IMMEDIATE NOTE OR CONCERN. HOWEVER...
...A COMPARATIVE LEVEL SIX INTRASCAN REVEALS REFINEMENTS *NOT* IN THE ORIGINAL MANUFACTURER'S SPEC.
AND...
...A MICROSCOPIC AND HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED *HOMING* DEVICE.
THIS, CLEARLY, IS HOW WE WERE *FOUND*. WE WERE COMPROMISED AS SOON AS THE SM-40 WAS BROUGHT ABOARD.
I PLOT CONNECTIONS, DRAW CONCLUSIONS...
...AND THEN LOOK FOR CORROBORATION.
BUMBLEBEE, IT'S *NIGHTBEAT*. I'VE A *JOB* FOR YOU...


YOU'RE SURE?
AS I CAN BE. ALL THE THREADS SEEM TO HAVE A COMMON POINT OF ORIGIN, SUGGESTING A CONCERTED OVERALL *STRATEGY* AND SOME FORM OF GUIDING INTELLIGENCE.
LET ME BREAK IT DOWN FOR YOU...
...WE KNOW THAT *ROGUE-1* SOMEHOW LOCATED AND THEN PENETRATED THE ORIGINAL DECEPTICON COMMAND BUNKER IN NEBRASKA.
HE TOOK DIGITAL IMAGES, WHICH...
...PROVOKED A RESPONSE IN THE SHAPE OF *THUNDERCRACKER*, *RUNABOUT*, AND *RUNAMUCK*.
...HOWEVER...
...BY THE TIME THEY ISOLATED THE TARGET, THE IMAGES HAD BEEN DOWNLOADED TO THE SM-40, WHICH IN TURN HAD BEEN... *APPROPRIATED* BY VERITY.

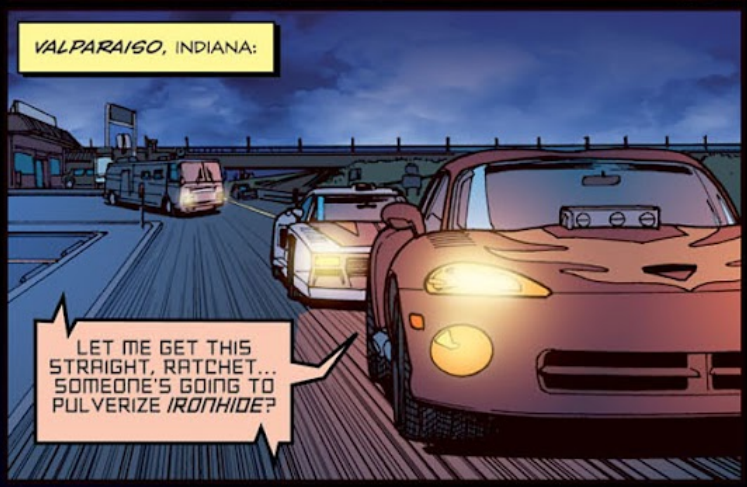

VIA THE INTERVENTION OF *RATCHET*, BOTH FOUND THEIR WAY HERE, TO ARK-19. WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN END OF STORY, EXCEPT FOR...
THE HOMING DEVICE.
EXACTLY. CLEARLY, WHOEVER ROGUE-1 SERVES DREW NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN DECEPTICON AND AUTOBOT. THEY SIMPLY REQUIRED *A* CYBERTRONIAN AND SET ABOUT GETTING ONE WITH TRENCHANT PURPOSE.
I ASKED BUMBLEBEE TO SCOUT AROUND THE IMMEDIATE *LAKE MICHIGAN* SHORELINE. HE FOUND...

...A LARGE AMOUNT OF STATE-OF-THE-ART, IN LOCAL TERMS AT LEAST, *SURVEILLANCE* AND *SCANNING* EQUIPMENT.

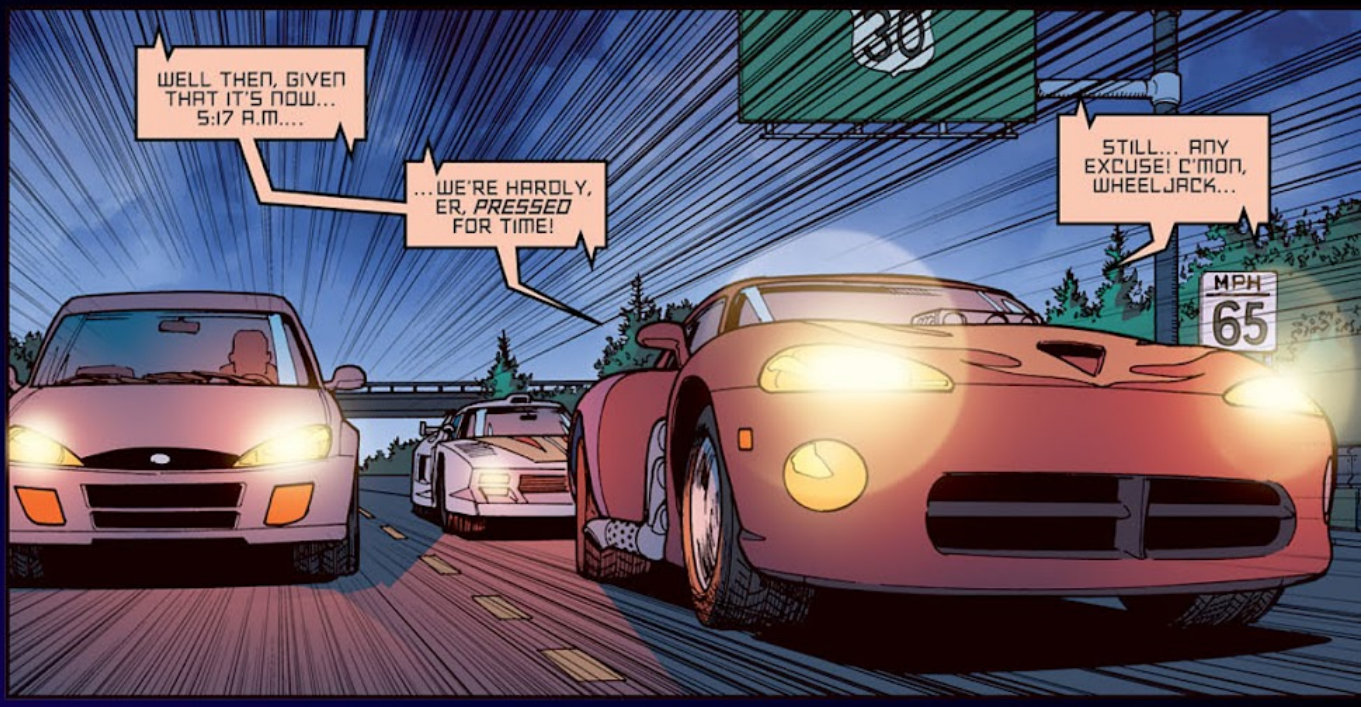
THEY'D BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR DAYS, PERHAPS WEEKS. RIGHT UP UNTIL SUNSTREAKER WAS AMBUSHED.
BUT WHO ARE *THEY*? WHAT DO *THEY* WANT?


THE *WHO*, I DON'T KNOW. THIS WAS FOUND CLUTCHED IN VERITY'S HAND AFTER HER CLOSE CALL IN FORT WAYNE.
M
"M"?
I COULD FIND NO MATCH IN OVER 600,000 INSTITUTIONAL DATA ENTRIES WORLDWIDE.
AS FOR THE *WHAT*...

"...I'M SURE WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH."

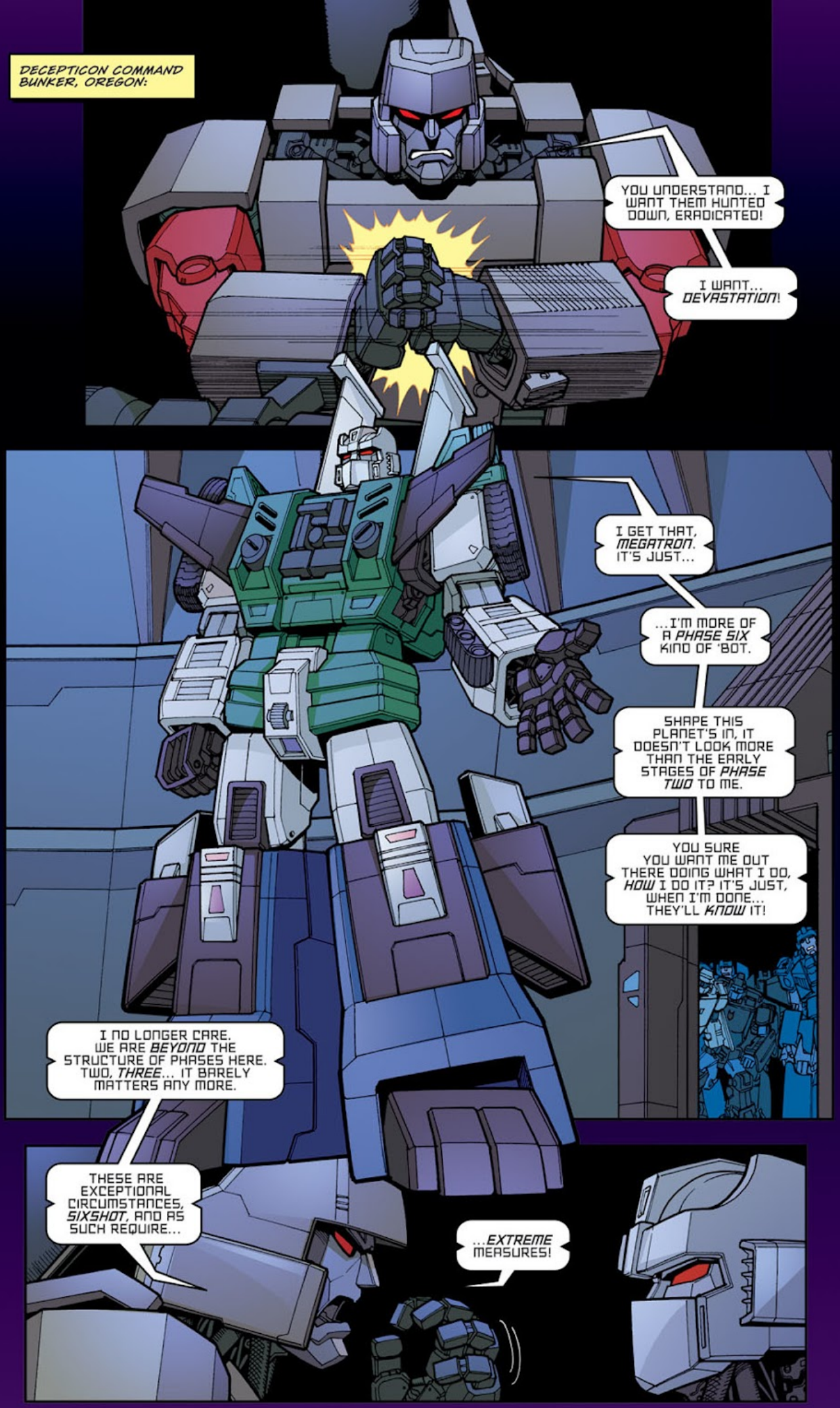

VALPARAISO, INDIANA:
LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, RATCHET... SOMEONE'S GOING TO PULVERIZE IRONHIDE?

APPARENTLY SO, HOT ROD. IT'S TAKEN THREE WEEKS, BUT I FINALLY GOT A SOLID G.P. LOCK IN AN AUTOMOTIVE SCRAPYARD IN WARSAW.
ACCORDING TO THEIR ON-SITE LOG, HE'S IN A CLUTCH OF WRECKS SCHEDULED FOR THE PNEUMATIC PRESSES WHEN THEY OPEN AT 8:00 A.M.


WELL THEN, GIVEN THAT IT'S NOW... 5:17 A.M....
...WE'RE HARDLY, ER, PRESSED FOR TIME!
STILL... ANY EXCUSE! C'MON, WHEELJACK...
MPH
65

30
"LET'S BURN!"

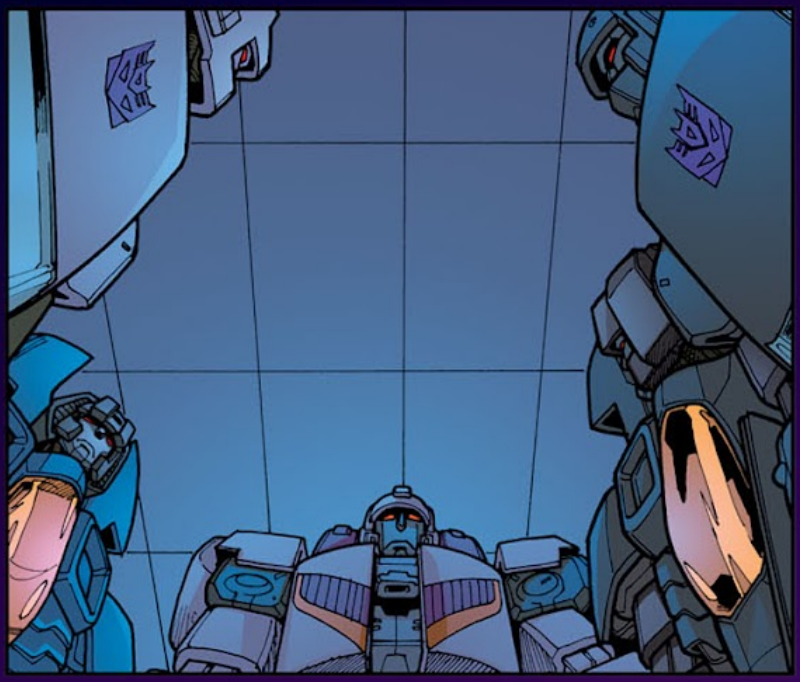
RECOMMENDATIONS?
MOVE ARK-19. I'VE LOCKED OUT THE SIGNAL, BUT OUR POSITION HERE IS WELL AND TRULY COMPROMISED.
AGREED. PROWL...
I'LL MAKE THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS, PRIME.
GOOD. BUT I WANT US PROACTIVE AS WELL AS REACTIVE. BUMBLEBEE, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO BY WAY OF A COUNTER-OFFENSIVE.
...
MAYBE. YEAH. I COULD TRY LOADING A VIRAL SEEKER PROGRAM ONTO THE HOMING SIGNAL FREQUENCY AND BACKTRACK THEM VIA THEIR OWN TECH.
DO IT.
WE'VE BEEN ON THE DEFENSIVE LONG ENOUGH. IT'S HIGH TIME... WE KICKED BACK!


DECEPTICON COMMAND BUNKER, OREGON:
YOU UNDERSTAND... I WANT THEM HUNTED DOWN, ERADICATED!
I WANT... DEVASTATION!
I GET THAT, MEGATRON. IT'S JUST...
...I'M MORE OF A PHASE SIX KIND OF 'BOT.
SHAPE THIS PLANET'S IN, IT DOESN'T LOOK MORE THAN THE EARLY STAGES OF PHASE TWO TO ME.
YOU SURE YOU WANT ME OUT THERE DOING WHAT I DO, HOW I DO IT? IT'S JUST, WHEN I'M DONE... THEY'LL KNOW IT!
I NO LONGER CARE. WE ARE BEYOND THE STRUCTURE OF PHASES HERE. TWO, THREE... IT BARELY MATTERS ANY MORE.
THESE ARE EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES, SIXSHOT, AND AS SUCH REQUIRE...
...EXTREME MEASURES!

OKAY.

JUST *POINT* ME AND *PULL* THE TRIGGER...

WHAT'S *HE* DOING HERE? *NOW*?
RIGHT. A WHOLE LOT OF CAREFUL, BY-THE-NUMBERS STRATEGY IS ABOUT TO JUST FALL APART!
MEGATRON'S *LOST* IT. BIG TIME!
APART FROM RUINING EVERYTHING?
I *KNOW*. BUT IS ANYONE HERE ACTUALLY WILLING TO TELL HIM THAT?

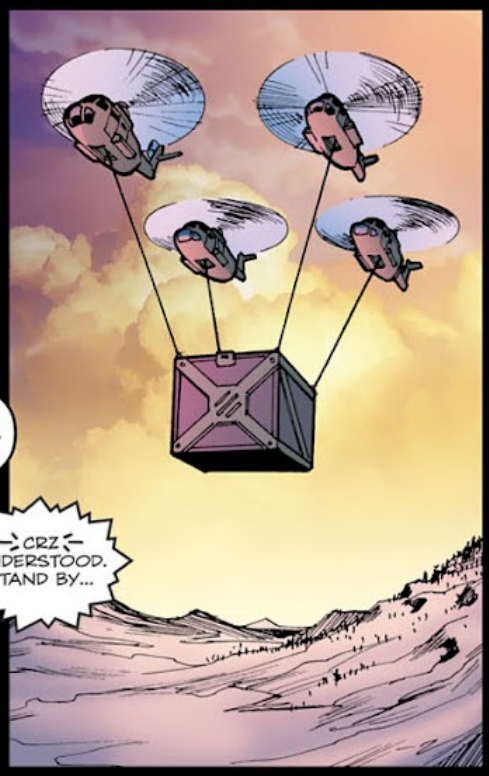


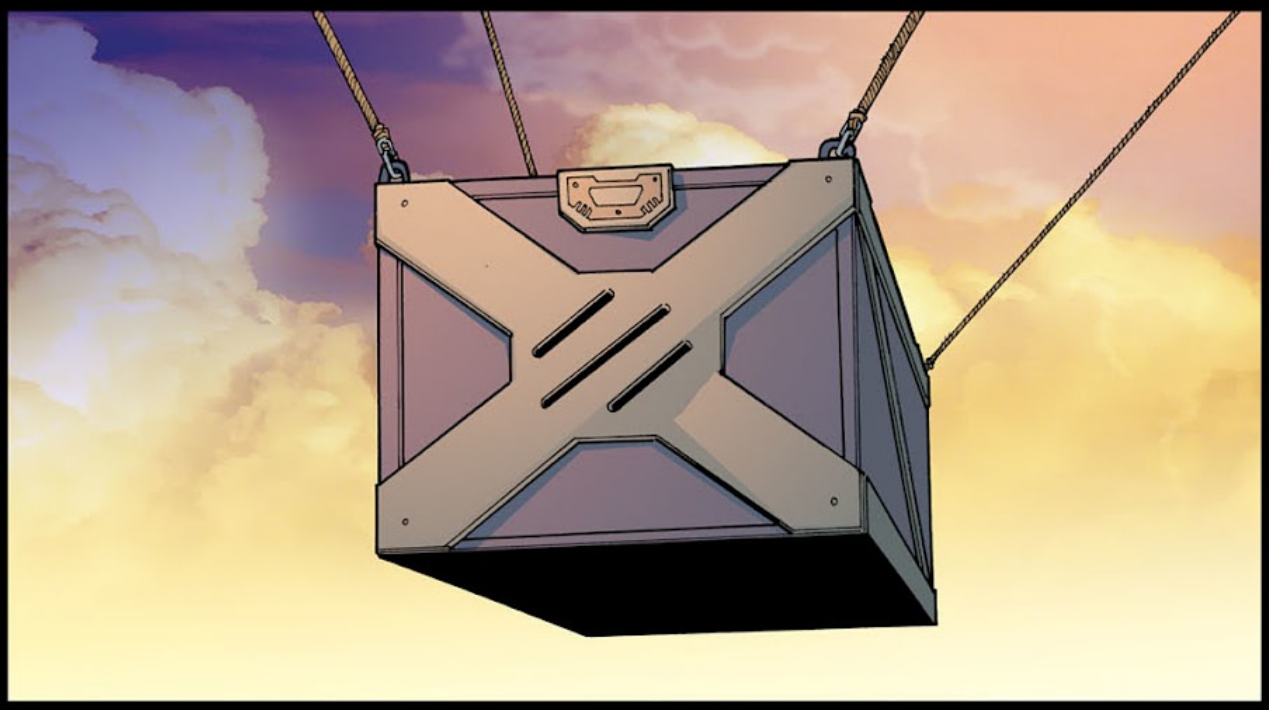
NO. I DIDN'T THINK SO.
BUT I KNOW WHO *MIGHT*.

FORMER RUSSIAN STATE OF BRASNYA:
ARE WE SET?

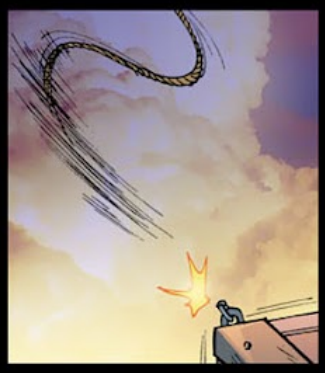
YES, SIR. SYSTEMS ARE ALL GREEN. THEY CAN BRING HIM IN.

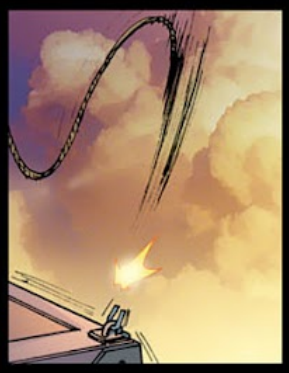
MOBILE COMMAND, THIS IS SKYWATCH-ONE. DELIVER THE PACKAGE.

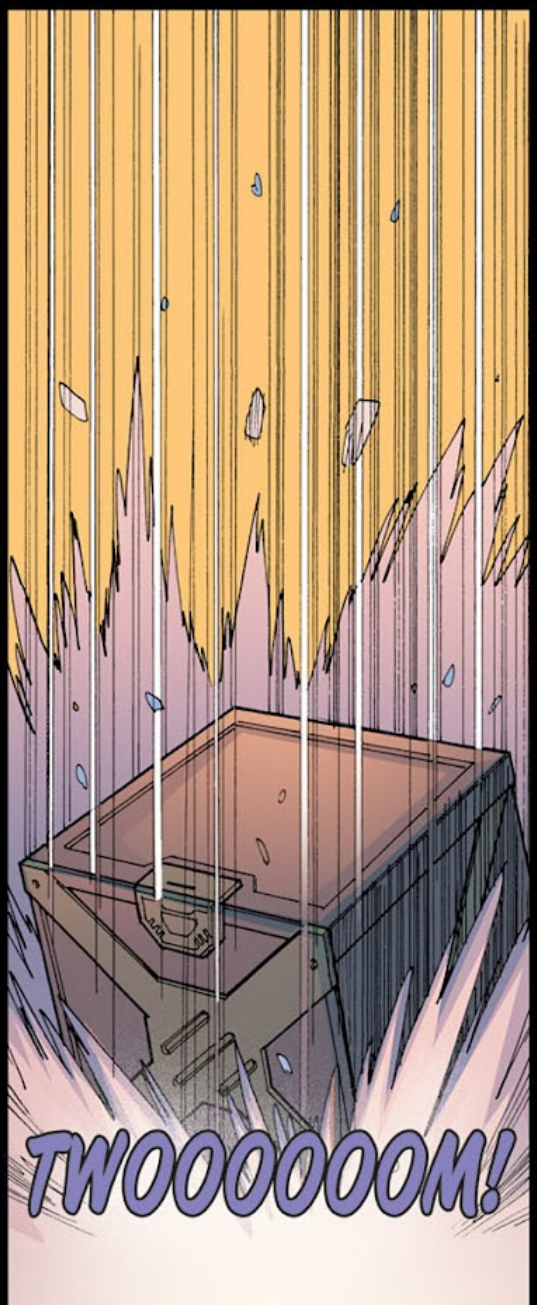

-:CRZ:- UNDERSTOOD. STAND BY...



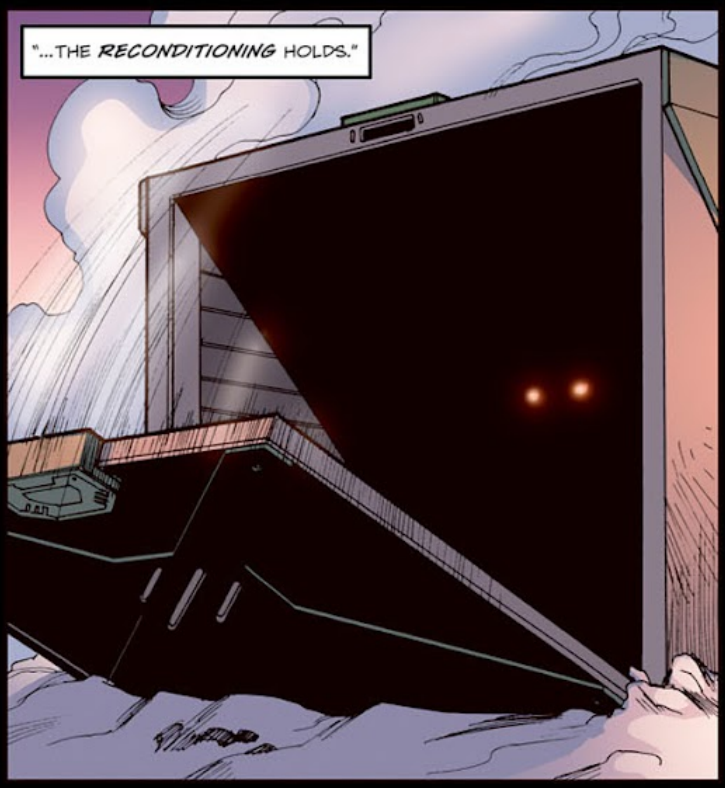
TWENTY-TWO YEARS IN THE MAKING...
SIR?
NEVER MIND.

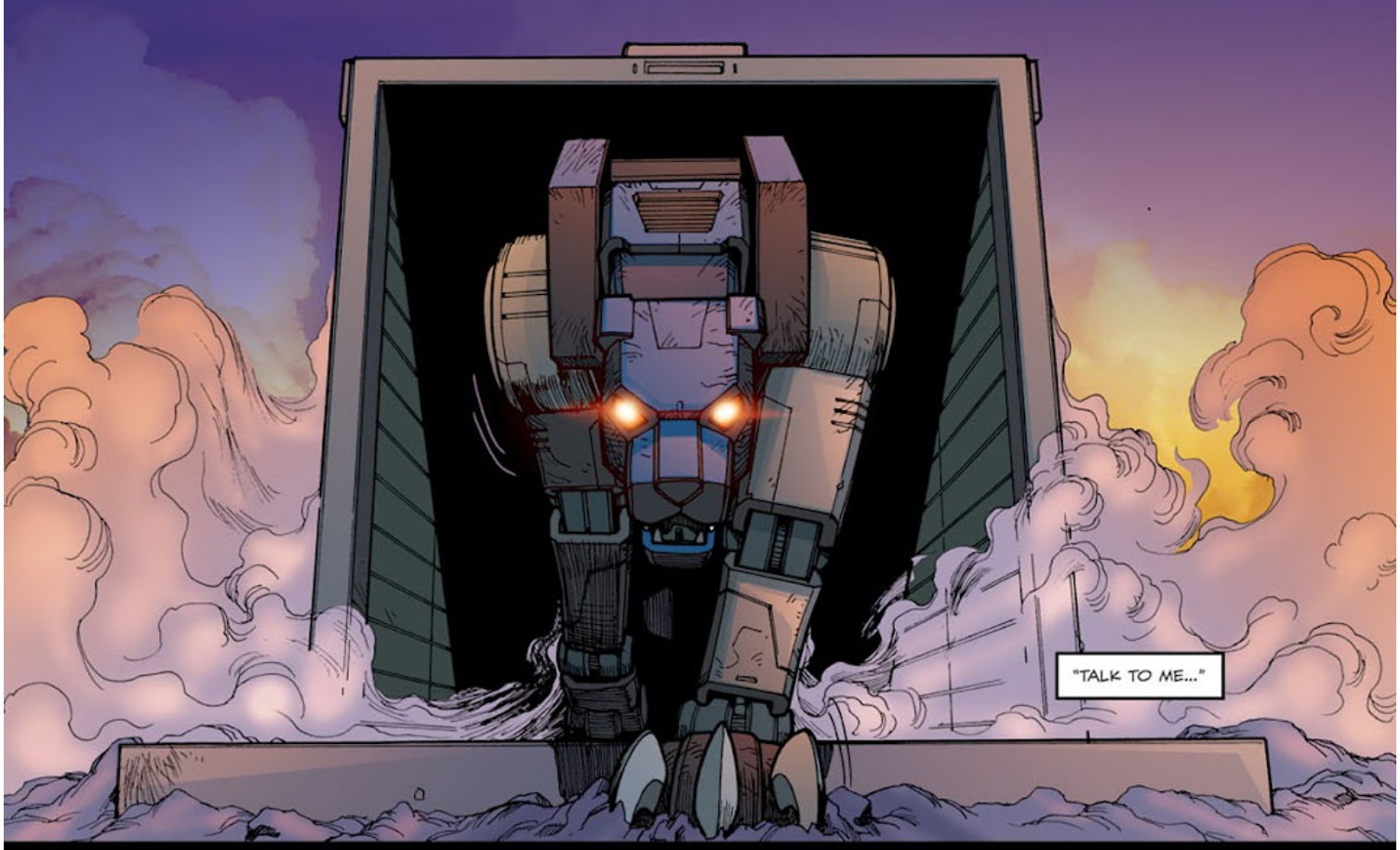




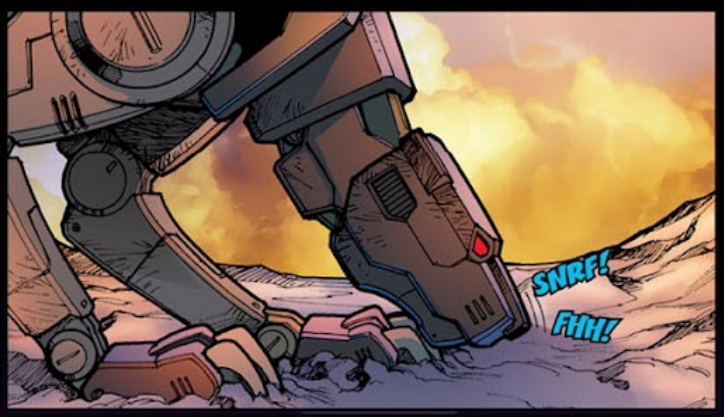

TWOOOOOOM!

RELEASE THE MAGNO-SEALS AND PRAY TO GOD...


"...THE *RECONDITIONING* HOLDS."


"TALK TO ME..."

READINGS ARE STABLE, *AGENT RED*. HIS HIGHER FUCTIONS ARE STILL SAFELY LOCKED DOWN.
AND... HE'S *RESPONDING* TO OUR SUBLIMINAL PROMPTS.


SNRF!
FHH!

THEY WERE HERE, WEREN'T THEY? OTHERS... LIKE *YOU*!
YES. I THINK...

ARROOO!
"...HE *HAS* THE SCENT!"

ARK-19:
LOOK, JAZZ...
...ALL WE WANT TO KNOW IS WHAT'S BEING DONE TO FIND HUNTER AND SUNSTREAKER. BECAUSE, FROM WHERE WE'RE STANDING...
...IT LOOKS DISTINCTLY LIKE NOTHING.
CAN'T STOP. SORRY. THINGS TO DO...
BUT–
JIMMY, VERITY–I PROMISE YOU, I'LL FIND OUT. JUST... NOT RIGHT NOW. AND, FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, THIS...
...IS AS FAR YOU GO!
GREAT. FIRST RATCHET, NOW JAZZ. WE'RE BEING STONEWALLED.
I THINK WHAT WE NEED HERE...

"...IS A FRESH PERSPECTIVE."
LOOK, PRIME...

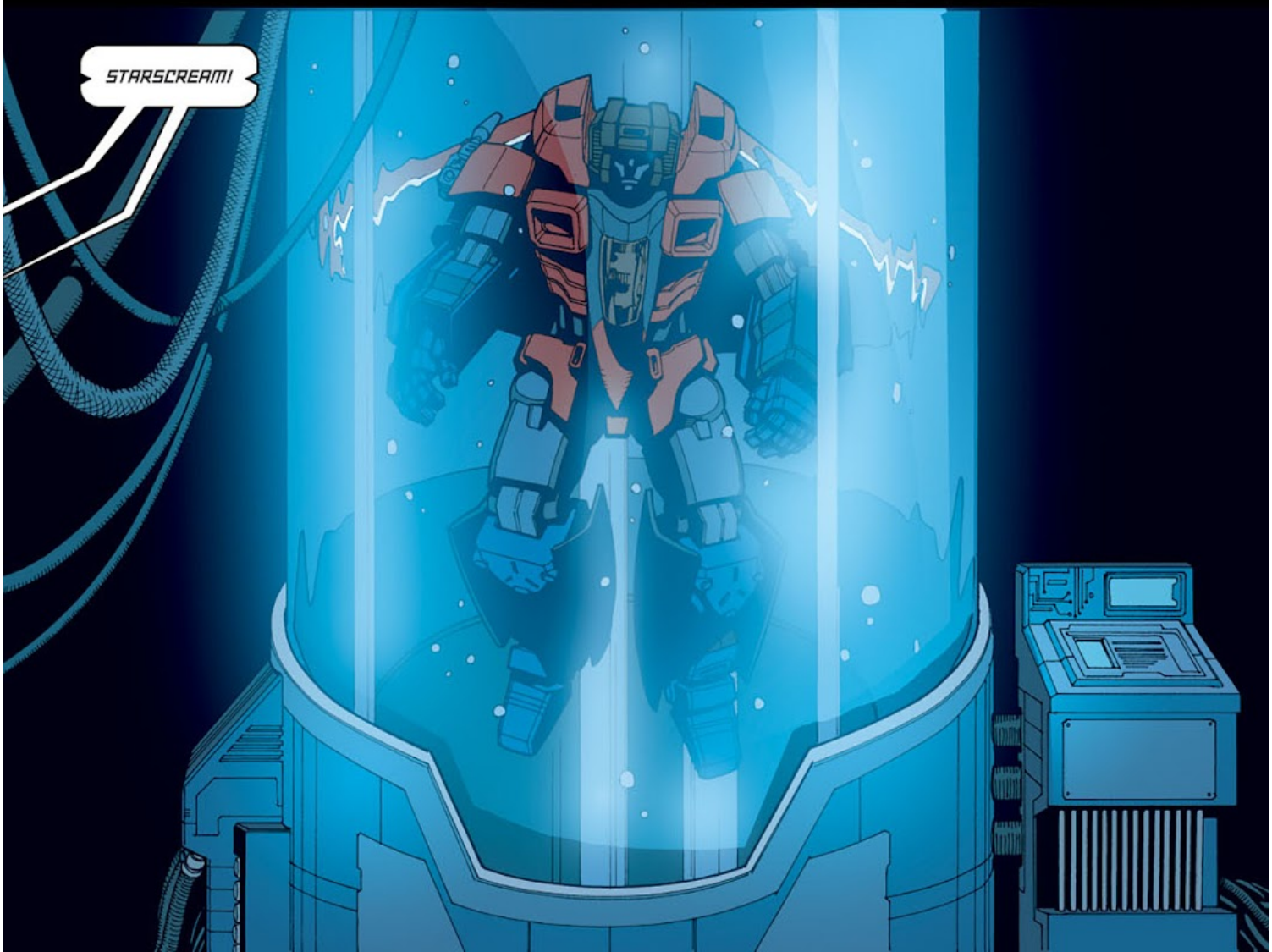
CYBERTRON:
...WHATEVER REASON THERE WAS FOR US TO BE HERE, IT'S GONE.

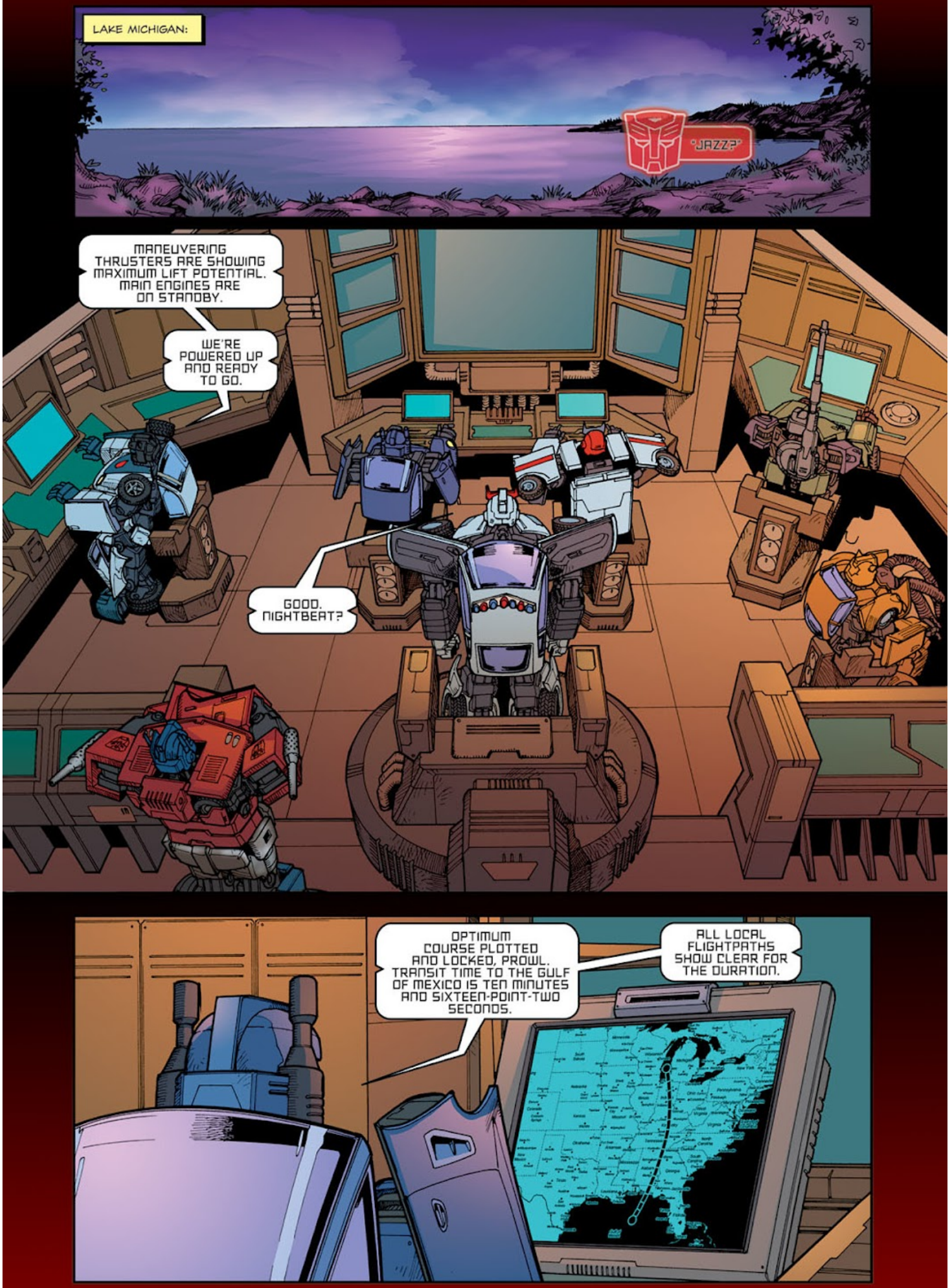
IT WENT WITH THUNDERWING!*
INSTEAD OF BABYSITTING AN EMPTY BASE, WE COULD BE THERE, ON EARTH, BACKING YOU UP. SEE, I'VE BEEN MONITORING YOUR SITUATION SO I KNOW THAT RIGHT NOW YOU COULD DO WITH REINFORCEMENTS.
PRIME?
SIDESWIPE...
...PUT HOUND BACK ON.
*SEE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT: GALVATRON

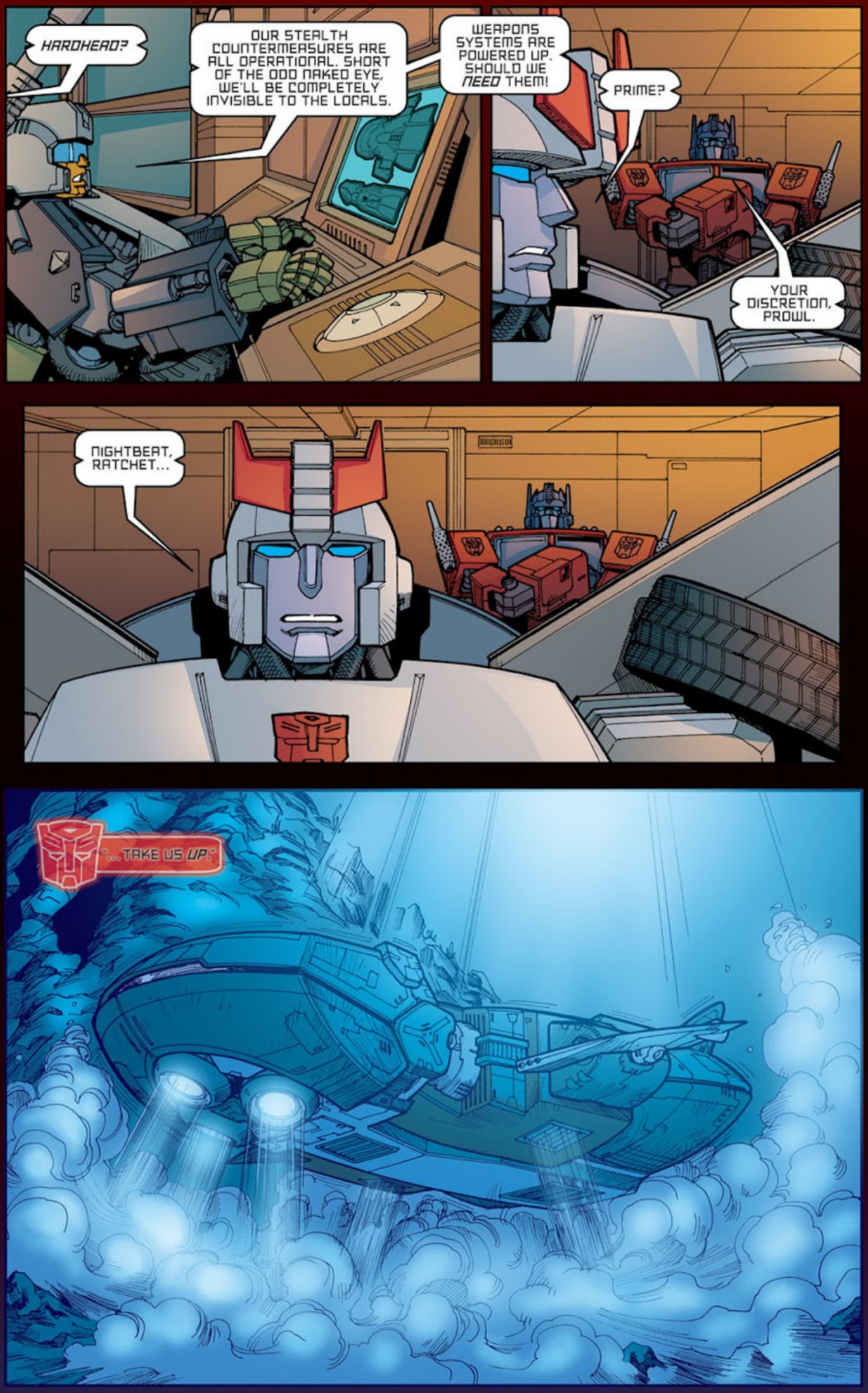
SORRY ABOUT THAT, PRIME. I–
HOUND, I'LL HAVE JETFIRE TAKE OVER FROM YOU THERE. HE CAN SEE TO THE DECOMMISSIONING OF BLUDGEON'S BASE.
YOU AND YOUR SQUAD...

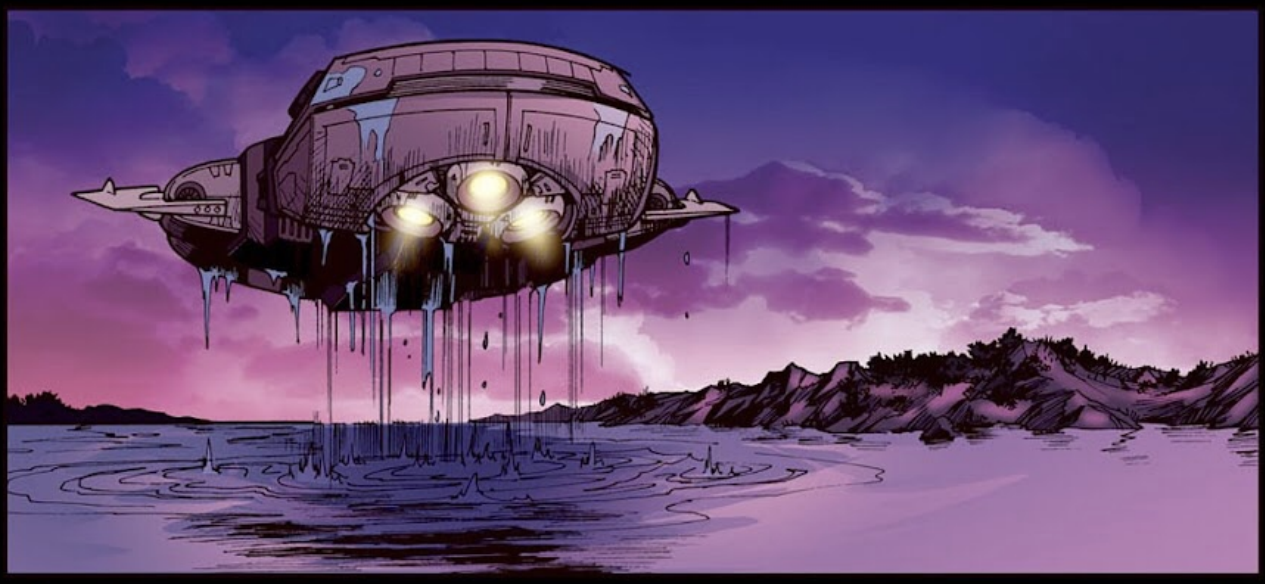
...PREPARE FOR ONWARD TRANSIT TO EARTH!

OREGON (DECEPTICON COMMAND BUNKER):
YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?
NO. BUT I DON'T SEE ANOTHER OPTION.
IF HE SO MUCH AS SUSPECTS WE'VE BEEN IN THERE, WE'RE DEAD. WE'RE NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO MENTION HIS NAME.
THEN I GUESS THIS...
...IS THE POINT OF NO RETURN!
SAY IT. SAY THE NAME...

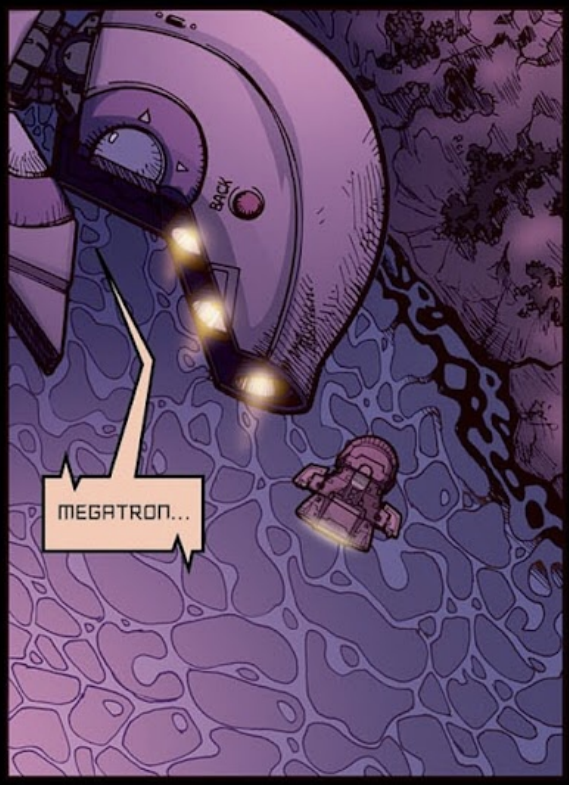

STARSCREAM!

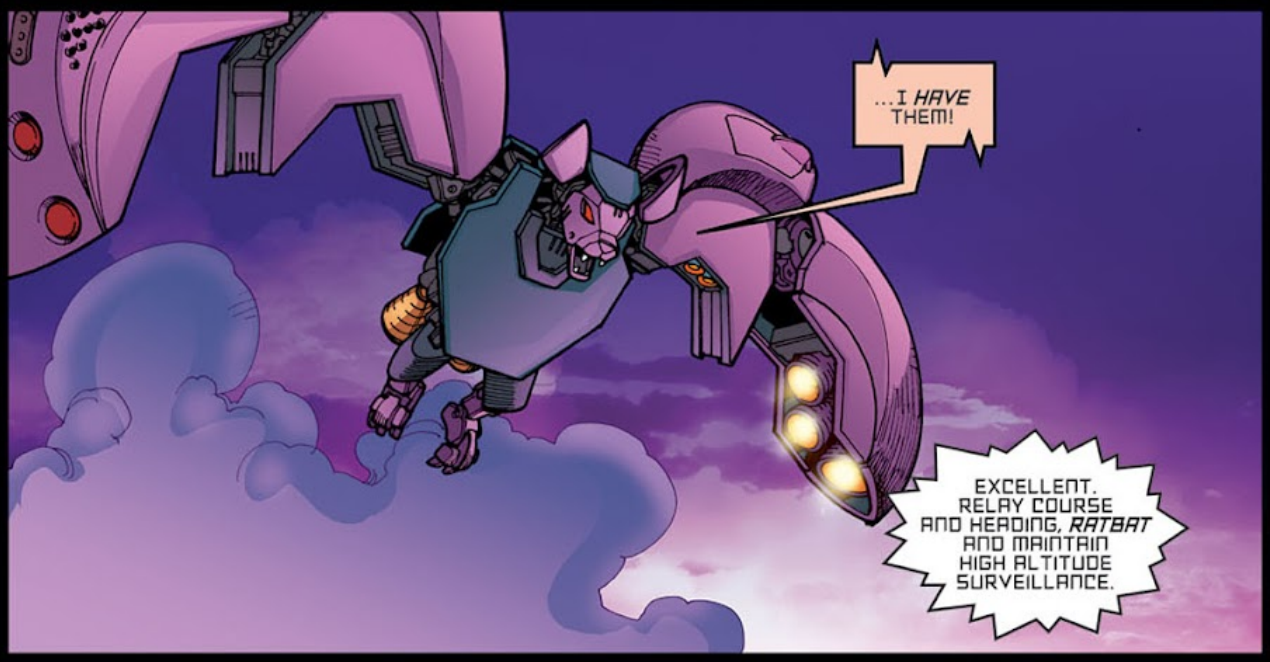

LAKE MICHIGAN:
"JAZZ?"
MANEUVERING THRUSTERS ARE SHOWING MAXIMUM LIFT POTENTIAL. MAIN ENGINES ARE ON STANDBY.
WE'RE POWERED UP AND READY TO GO.
GOOD. NIGHTBEAT?
OPTIMUM COURSE PLOTTED AND LOCKED, PROWL. TRANSIT TIME TO THE GULF OF MEXICO IS TEN MINUTES AND SIXTEEN-POINT-TWO SECONDS.
ALL LOCAL FLIGHTPATHS SHOW CLEAR FOR THE DURATION.


HARDHEAD?
OUR STEALTH COUNTERMEASURES ARE ALL OPERATIONAL. SHORT OF THE ODD NAKED EYE, WE'LL BE COMPLETELY INVISIBLE TO THE LOCALS.
WEAPONS SYSTEMS ARE POWERED UP. SHOULD WE *NEED* THEM!
PRIME?
YOUR DISCRETION, PROWL.
NIGHTBEAT, RATCHET...
"...TAKE US *UP*."

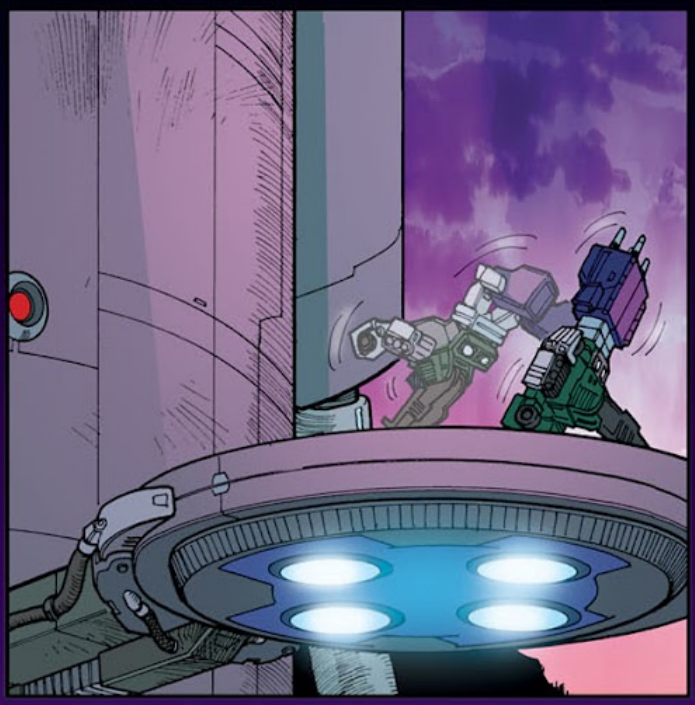


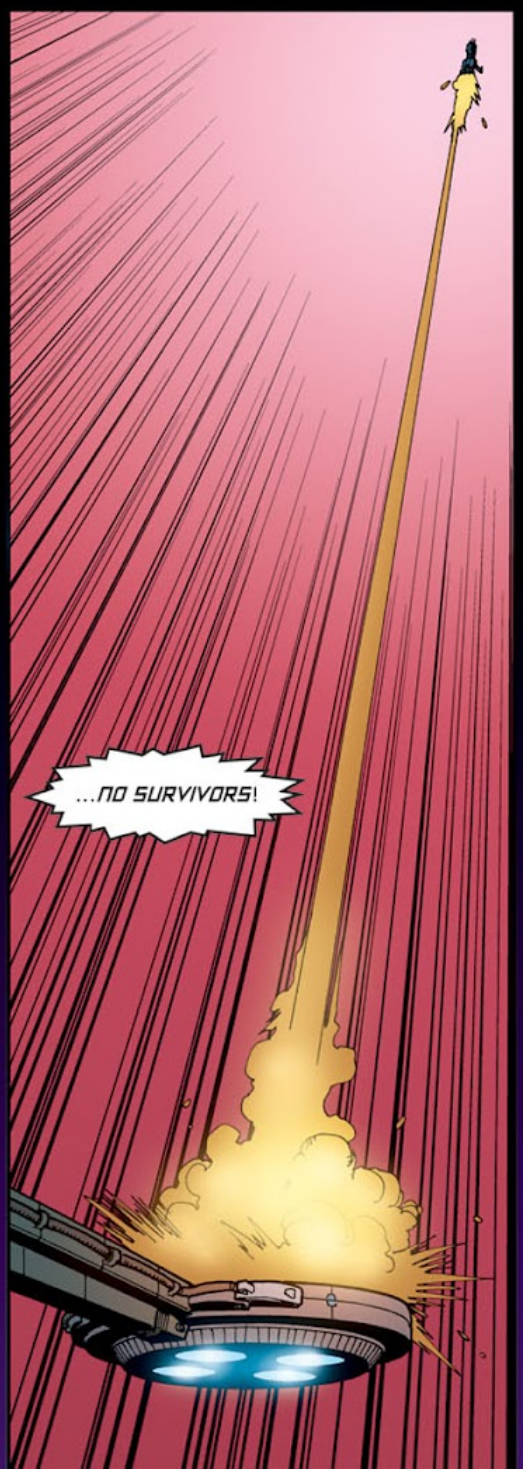
WHUUUM!


BACK
MEGATRON...


...I HAVE THEM!
EXCELLENT. RELAY COURSE AND HEADING, RATBAT AND MAINTAIN HIGH ALTITUDE SURVEILLANCE.

SIXSHOT...




...NO SURVIVORS!

(VICINITY OF) KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE:

SO FAR, SO GOOD. CALL IT, PEOPLE. ALL STATIONS...

CIVILIAN AND MILITARY WAVEBANDS ARE CLEAR. NO RED FLAGS.

FOUR MINUTES AND THIRTY-TWO SECONDS TO DESTINATION.

PLASMA-REACTOR LEVELS WITHIN OPERATIONAL GREEN ZONE. SILENT RUNNING STATUS MAINTAINED.

LOCAL AIRSPACE IS CLEAR. PROXIMITY SENSORS ARE—
—NO, WAIT! INCOMING... FAST... ON A DIRECT INTERCEPT COURSE!

GIVE ME A VISUAL!

OH... FRAG! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?
EVASIVE–NOW!
THERE'S NO SHAKING HIM. HE'S FAR MORE MANEUVERABLE THAN WE ARE!
CAN'T GET A TARGET LOCK. HE'S POWERING UP FORWARD WEAPONS!
EVERYONE–
–BRACE FOR IMPACT!
BARAKOOOM!

DOOOM!
TO BE CONTINUED...

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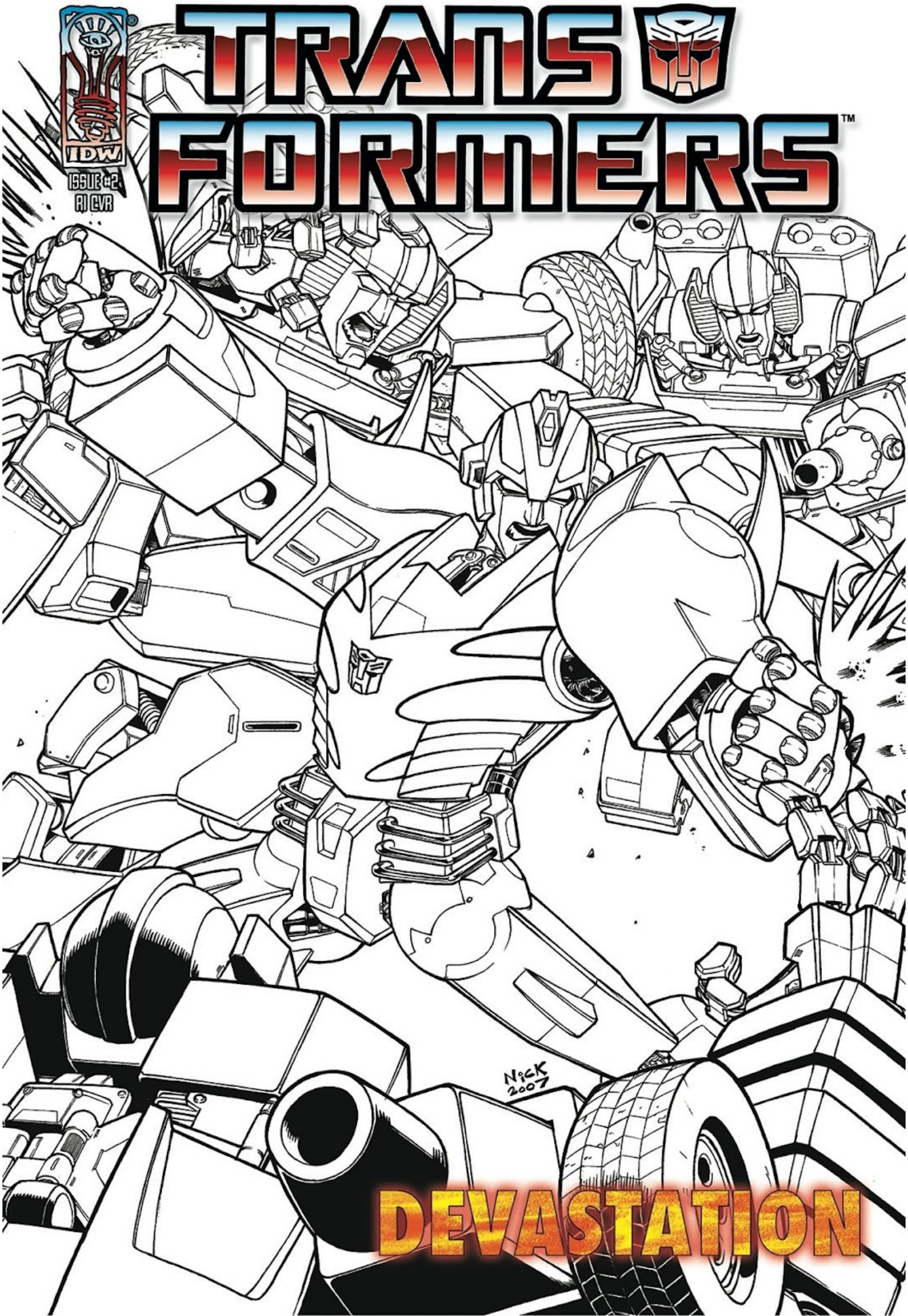
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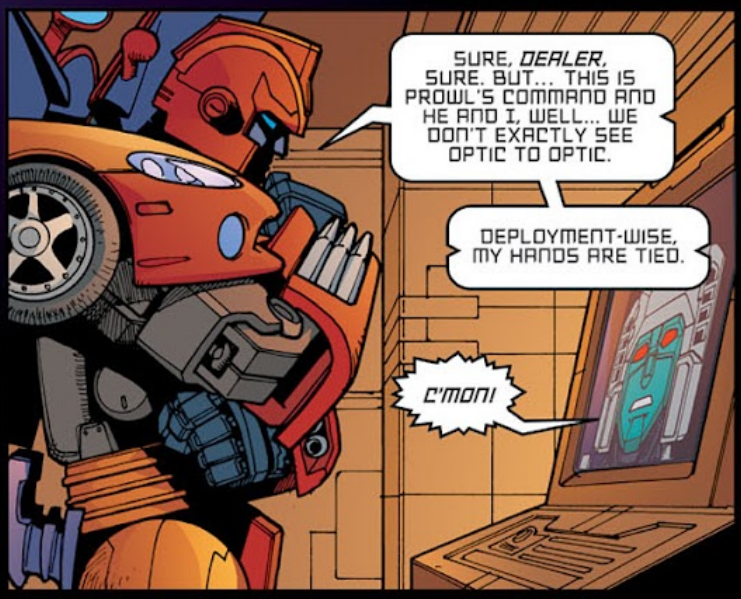
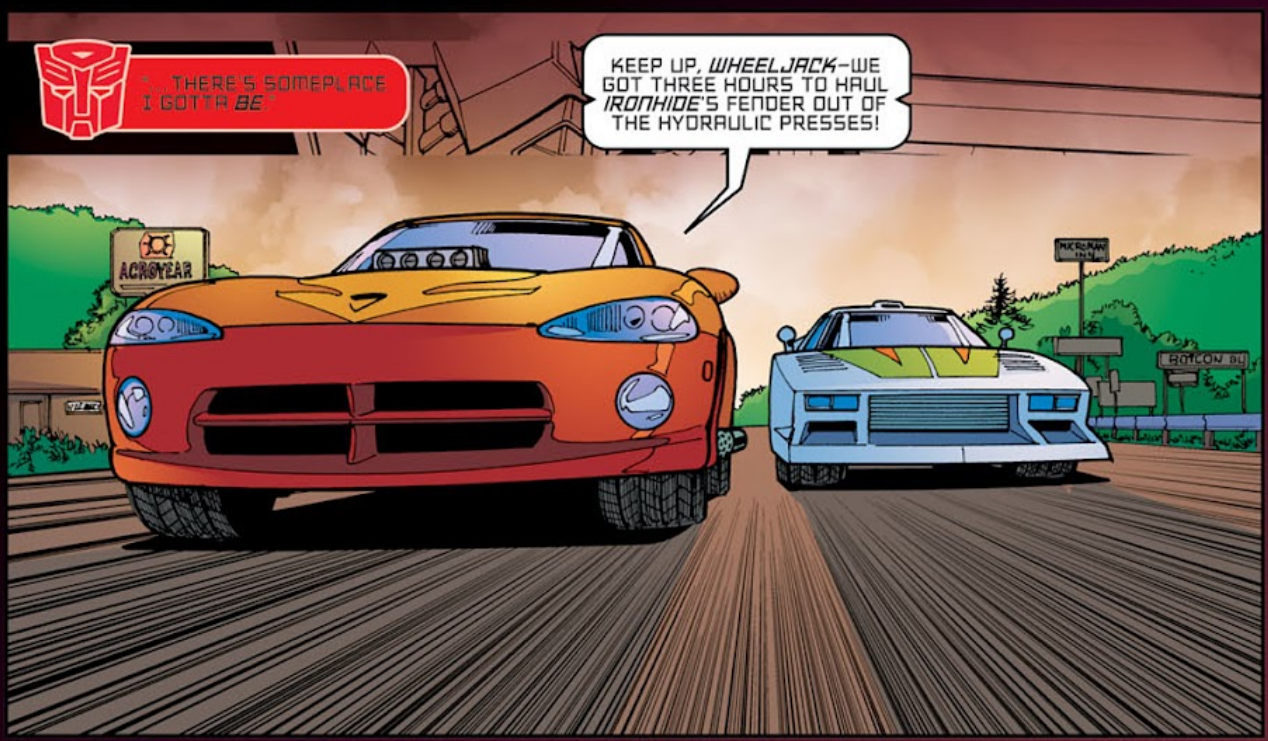
DEVASTATION

ARK-19 (EARLIER):
IT'D BE GREAT, HOT ROD. YOU-ME-TOGETHER AGAIN!


SURE, DEALER, SURE. BUT... THIS IS PROWL'S COMMAND AND HE AND I, WELL... WE DON'T EXACTLY SEE OPTIC TO OPTIC.
DEPLOYMENT-WISE, MY HANDS ARE TIED.
C'MON!

YOU TELLING ME YOU COULDN'T WHISPER IN THE RIGHT AUDIO RECEPTOR, GREASE A FEW STICKY WHEELS? YOU MUST BE LOSING YOUR TOUCH.
GET ME TO EARTH, HOT ROD, THE SOONER THE BETTER. YOU AND I, WELL...

"...WE'VE GOT HISTORY!"*
UM, YEAH. LET ME SEE WHAT I CAN DO. RIGHT NOW...
*SEE SPOTLIGHT: HOT ROD


"...THERE'S SOMEPLACE I GOTTA BE."
KEEP UP, WHEELJACK—WE GOT THREE HOURS TO HAUL IRONHIDE'S FENDER OUT OF THE HYDRAULIC PRESSES!
GOODYEAR

WHICH IS *PLENTY* OF TIME. SO LET'S KEEP IT A MITE CLOSER TO THE SPEED LIMIT, EH? AND, HOT ROD...
...INITIALIZE YOUR HOLO-DRIVER.

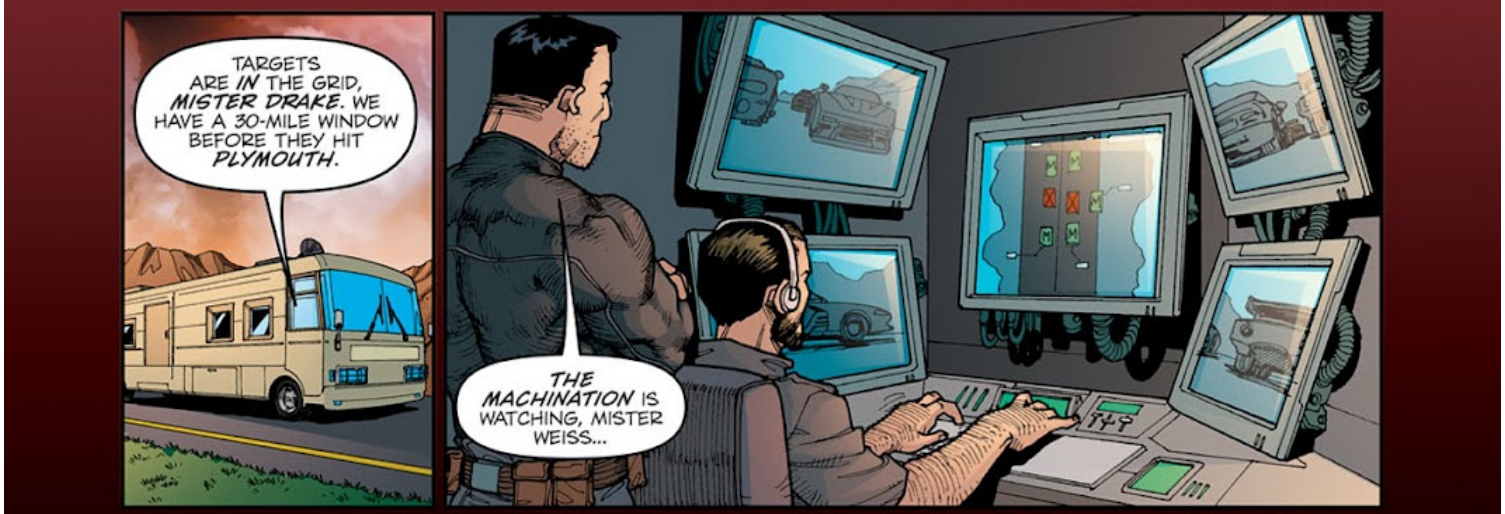
SURE, I CAN DO THAT...

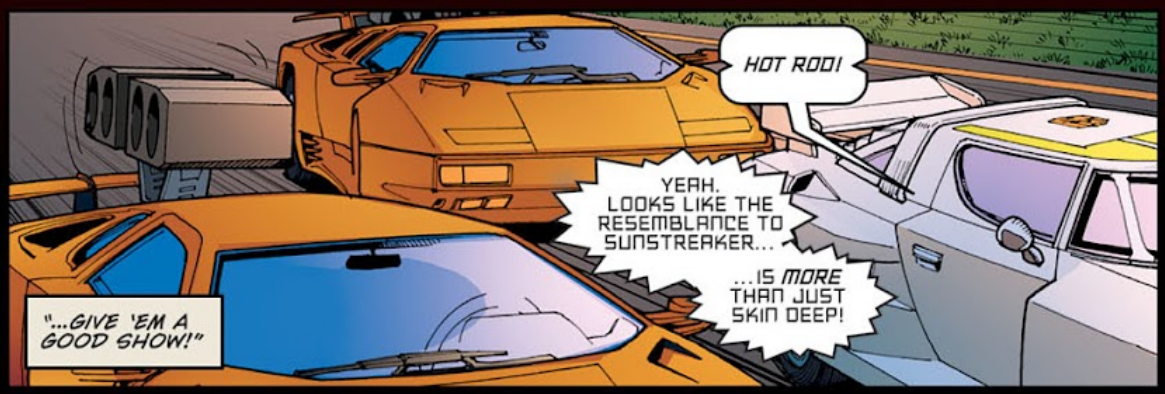
AS FOR THE SPEED LIMIT, IT'S NOT LIKE THERE'S ANYONE MUCH ELSE ON THE ROAD AT THIS HOU-

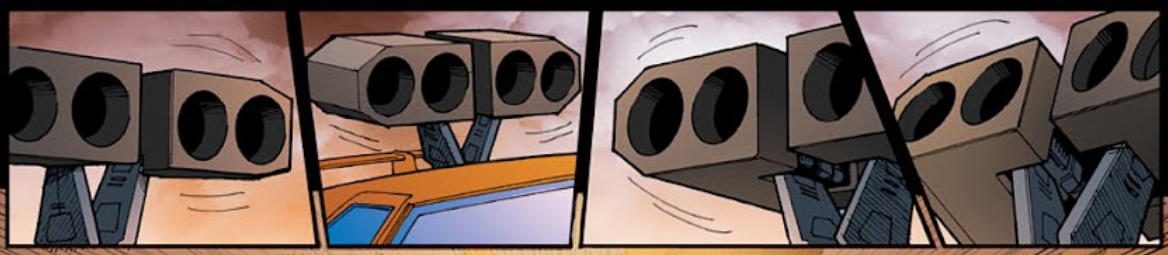
WHAT THE-?
RRRAW!

RRRAW!
DID YOU-?
YEAH...

...AND I WISH I HADN'T!
SUNSTREAKER? NO.
SUNSTREAKERS!

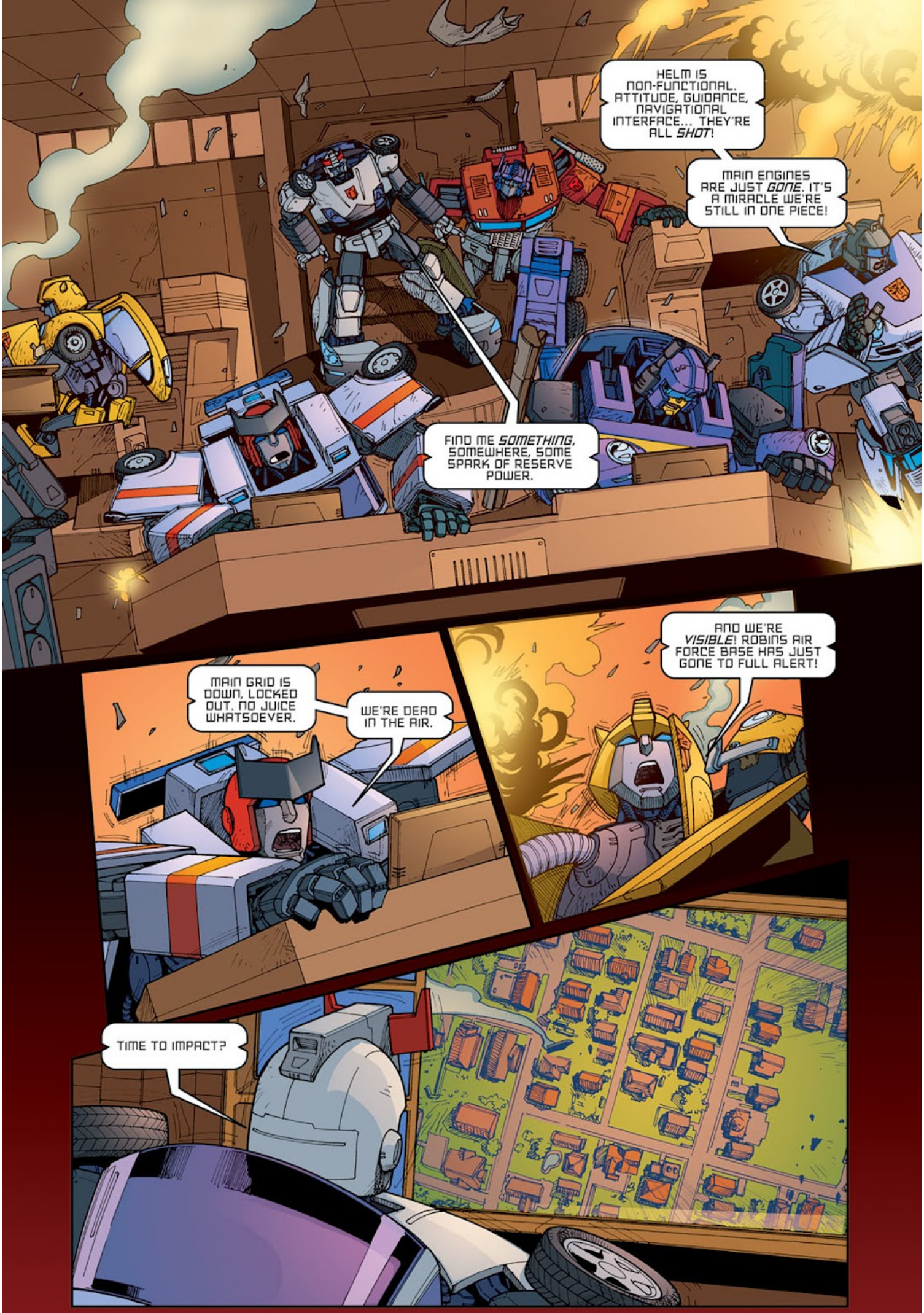

TARGETS ARE *IN* THE GRID, *MISTER DRAKE*. WE HAVE A 30-MILE WINDOW BEFORE THEY HIT *PLYMOUTH*.
THE MACHINATION IS WATCHING, MISTER WEISS...


HOT ROD!
YEAH. LOOKS LIKE THE RESEMBLANCE TO SUNSTREAKER...
...IS *MORE* THAN JUST SKIN DEEP!
"...*GIVE 'EM A GOOD SHOW!*"



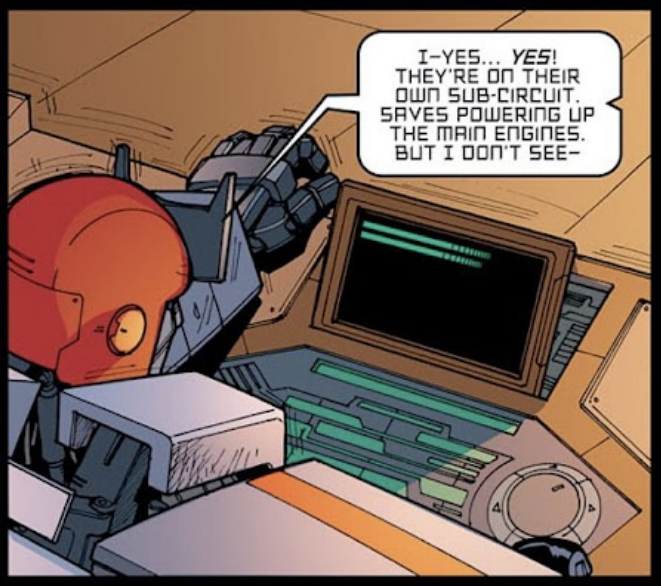
BREAK!
FUMM!

WE NEED TO PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM AND US.
SKRANG!
WHY?
I VOTE WE STICK AROUND AND SHOW THESE PALE IMITATIONS HOW TO FIGHT FIRE...
SCREEE!
...WITH FIRE!
FUUTH!
BECAUSE...
CHNG
...WHAT'S TO SAY ONE OF THEM ISN'T THE REAL SUNSTREAKER?
ARK-19 (NOW)...
SIT-REP!


HELM IS NON-FUNCTIONAL. ATTITUDE, GUIDANCE, NAVIGATIONAL INTERFACE... THEY'RE ALL *SHOT*!
MAIN ENGINES ARE JUST *GONE*. IT'S A MIRACLE WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!
FIND ME *SOMETHING*, SOMEWHERE, SOME SPARK OF RESERVE POWER.
MAIN GRID IS DOWN, LOCKED OUT. NO JUICE WHATSOEVER.
WE'RE DEAD IN THE AIR.
AND WE'RE *VISIBLE*! ROBINS AIR FORCE BASE HAS JUST GONE TO FULL ALERT!
TIME TO IMPACT?

"FIFTY-TWO SECONDS."

RATCHET–DO WE STILL HAVE MANEUVERING THRUSTERS?


I–YES... YES! THEY'RE ON THEIR OWN SUB-CIRCUIT. SAVES POWERING UP THE MAIN ENGINES. BUT I DON'T SEE–

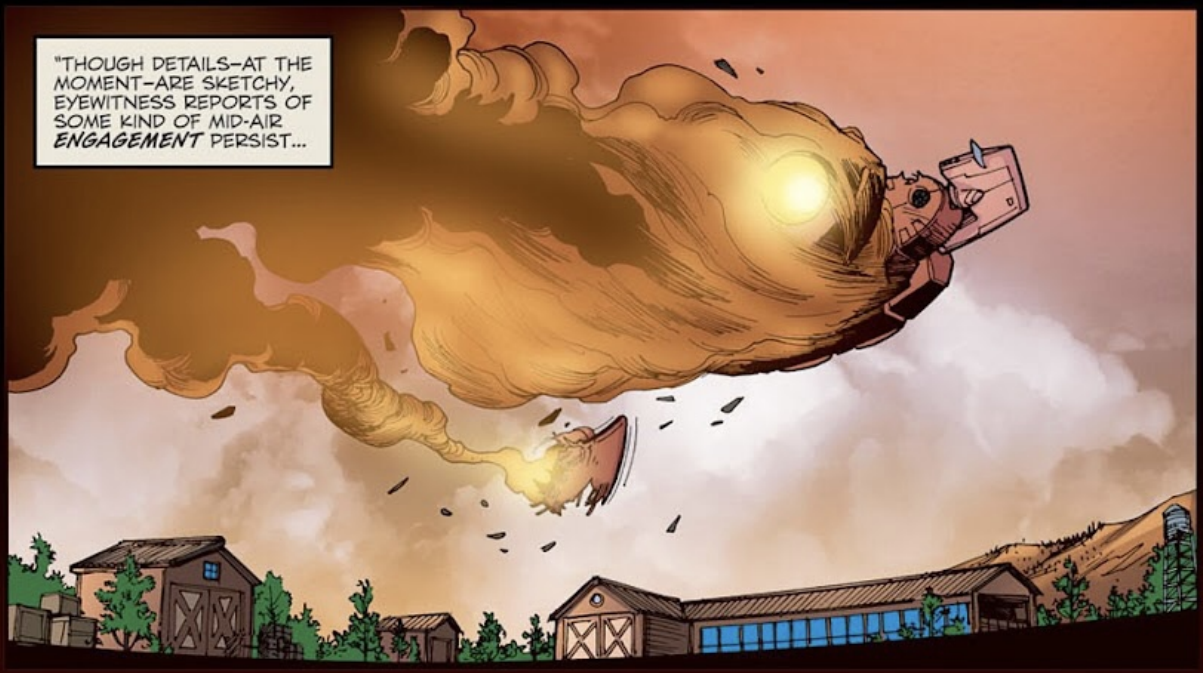
CHARGE THE FORWARD ARRAY ONLY AND GET OUR NOSE UP!
NIGHTBEAT–DISTANCE TO THIS LANDMASS' NEAREST COASTLINE?

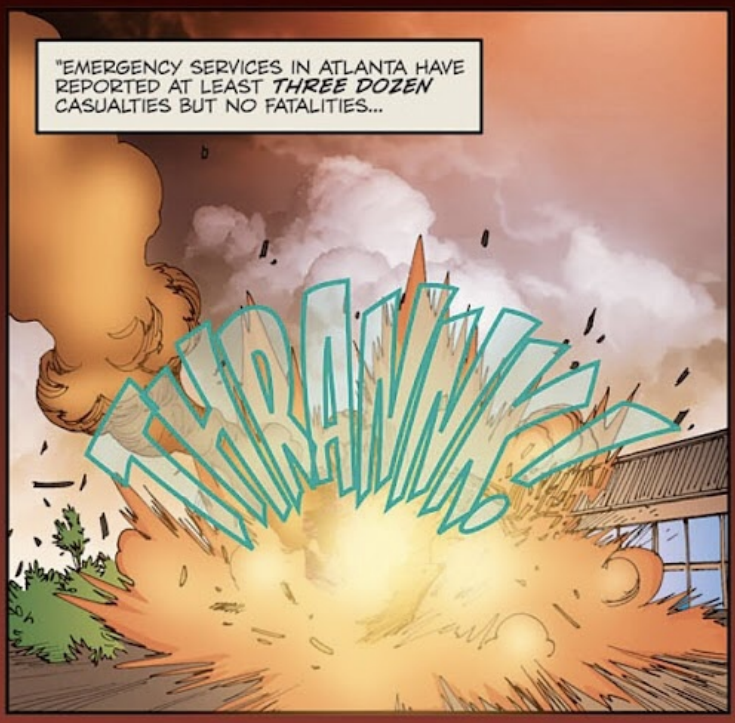
UM. WELL, INSTRUMENTATION IS DOWN. BUT BASED ON LAST POSITION AND COURSE, I...
NIGHTBEAT. BEST ESTIMATE!
YES. OF COURSE... APPROXIMATELY 200 MILES!

"WELL, THEN..."
"...THAT'S GOING TO BE CUTTING IT *VERY* FINE."
WAROOOOOM!

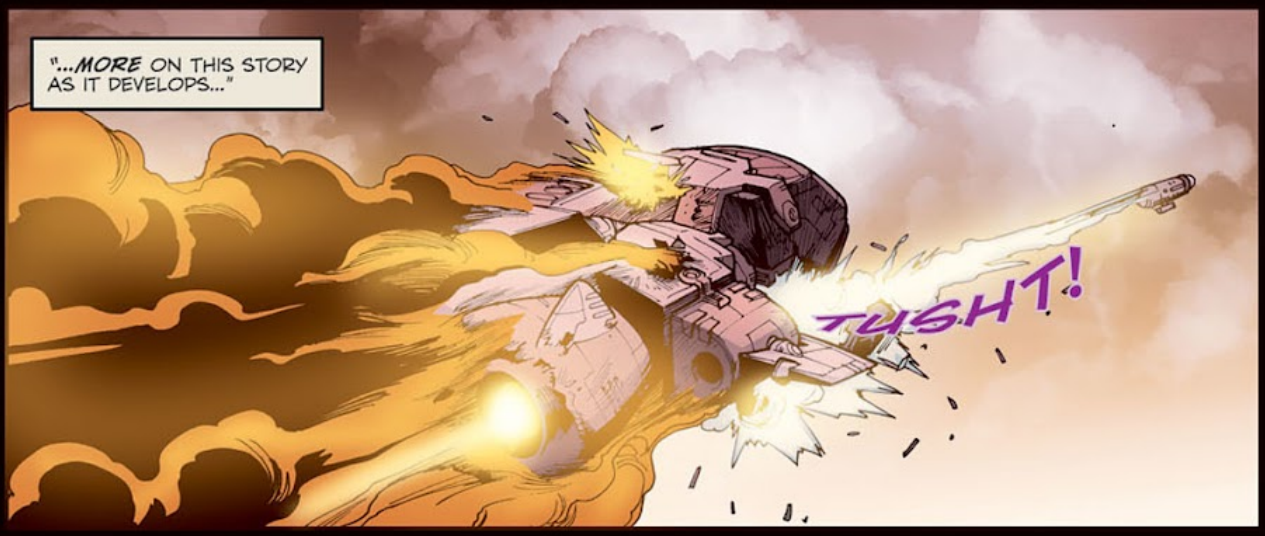
RATCHET–GET THE HUMANS TO AN ESCAPE POD. GO *WITH* THEM.
NIGHTBEAT–*ZIP* ALL THE DATA IN THE MAINFRAME AND TRANSFER TO *ARK-32*.
PROWL–

–*NOTHING* MUST SURVIVE THE CRASH!

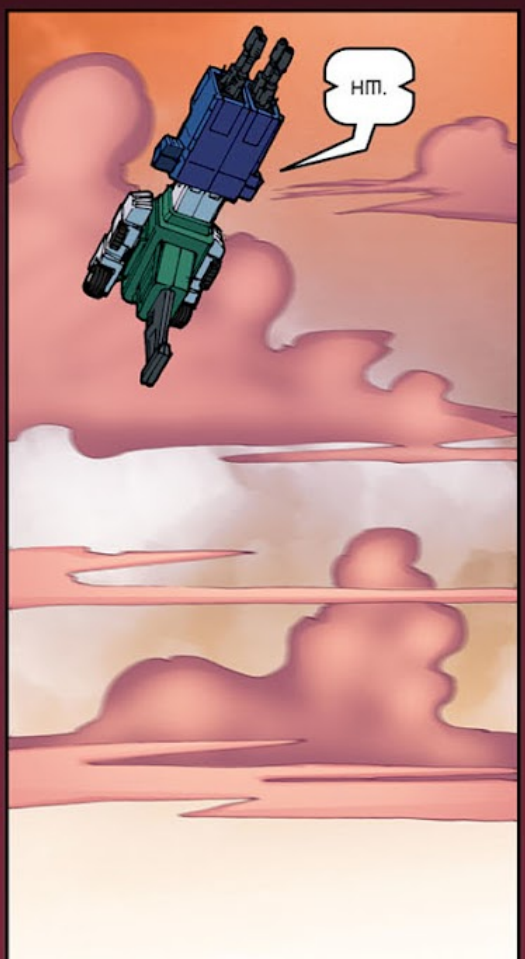

"THOUGH DETAILS–AT THE MOMENT–ARE SKETCHY, EYEWITNESS REPORTS OF SOME KIND OF MID-AIR *ENGAGEMENT* PERSIST...


"EMERGENCY SERVICES IN ATLANTA HAVE REPORTED AT LEAST *THREE DOZEN* CASUALTIES BUT NO FATALITIES...
KRAKK

"...A WHITE HOUSE SPOKESPERSON REFUSED TO CONFIRM OR DENY THAT AIR FORCE FIGHTER JETS HAVE BEEN SCRAMBLED..."

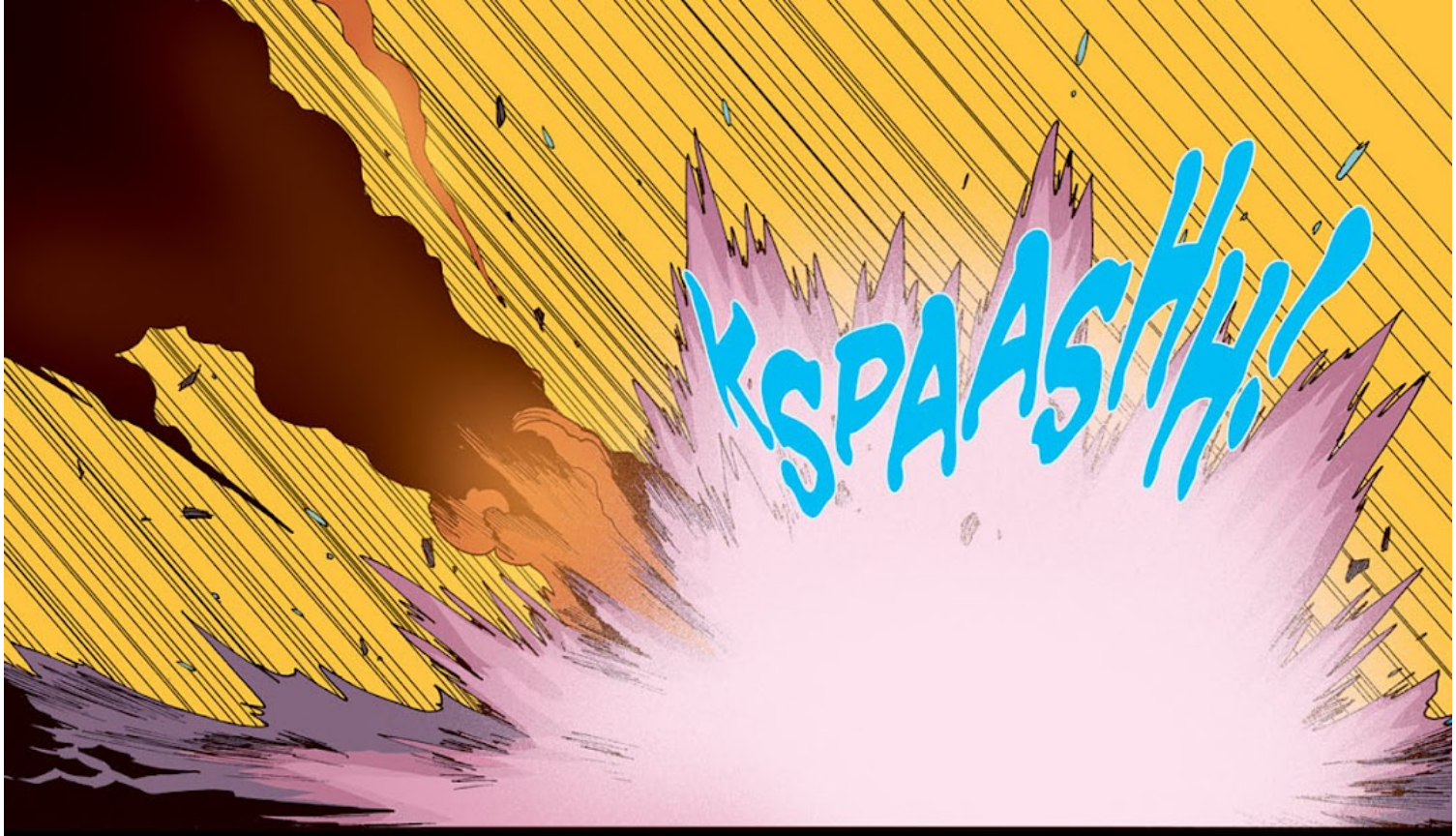

"...MORE ON THIS STORY AS IT DEVELOPS..."
TUSHT!

ESCAPE POD LAUNCH SUCCESSFUL. EXTRAPOLATING TRAJECTORY...

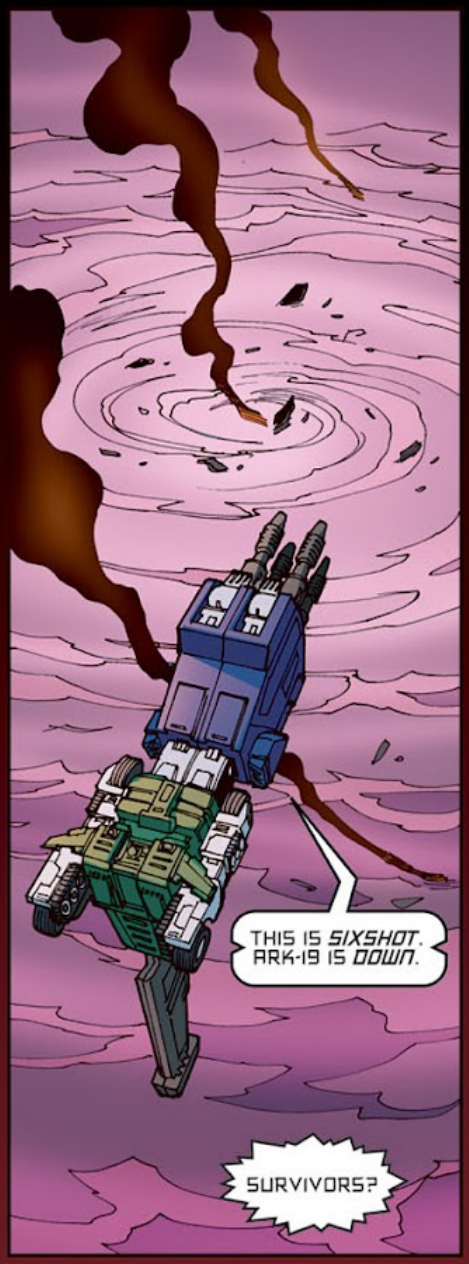

HM.

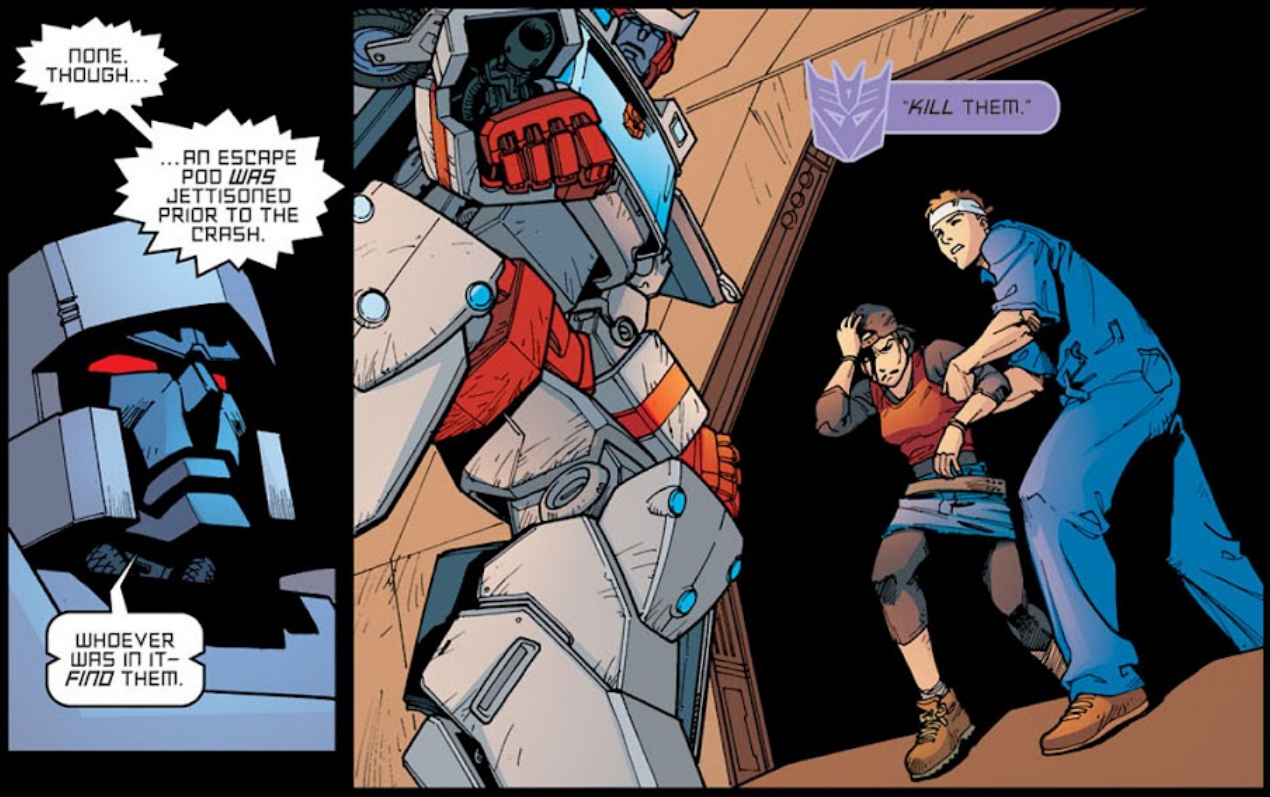
DISTANCE?

THIRTY-FIVE, FORTY MILES...
RIGHT. GET YOURSELF TO THE CARGO BAY WITH THE OTHERS.
PROWL?
READY. I JUST NEED TO VERIFY THE COMMAND SEQUENCE.
DO IT.
AUTO-DESTRUCT ENGAGED.


KSPAASHH!

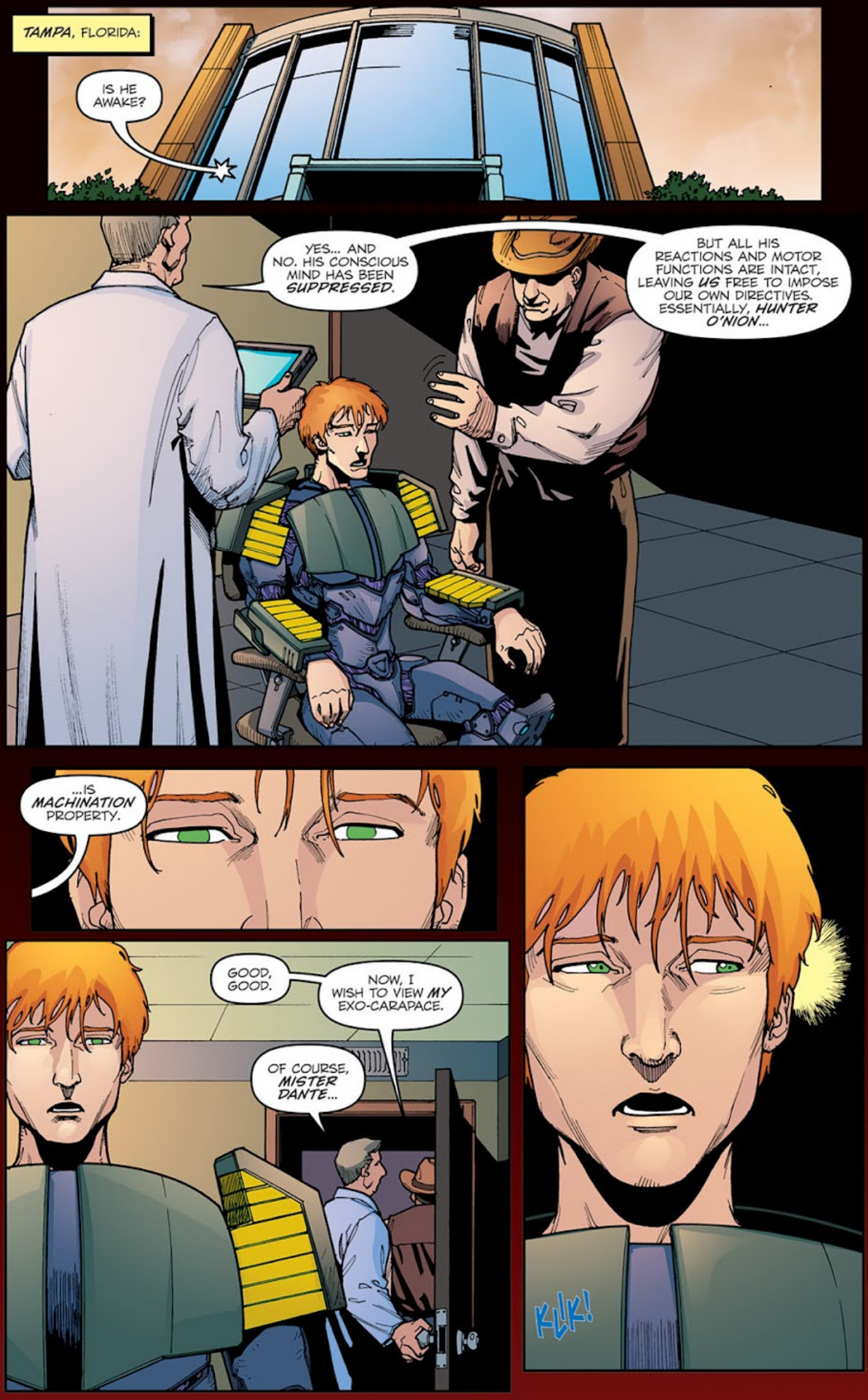
THA-DOOMPH!

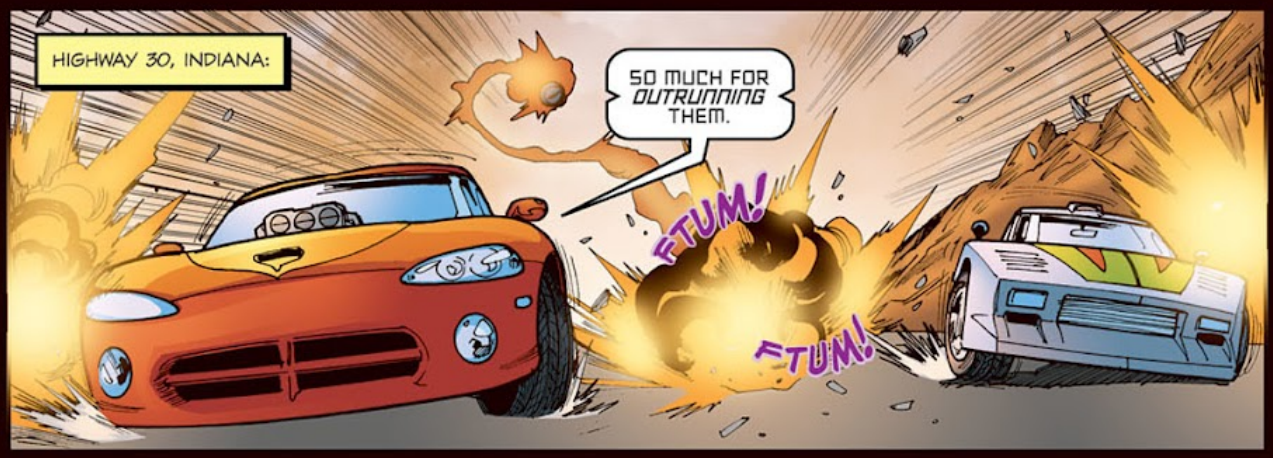

THIS IS *SIXSHOT*. ARK-19 IS *DOWN*.
SURVIVORS?


NONE. THOUGH...
...AN ESCAPE POD *WAS* JETTISONED PRIOR TO THE CRASH.
WHOEVER WAS IN IT– *FIND* THEM.
"*KILL* THEM."

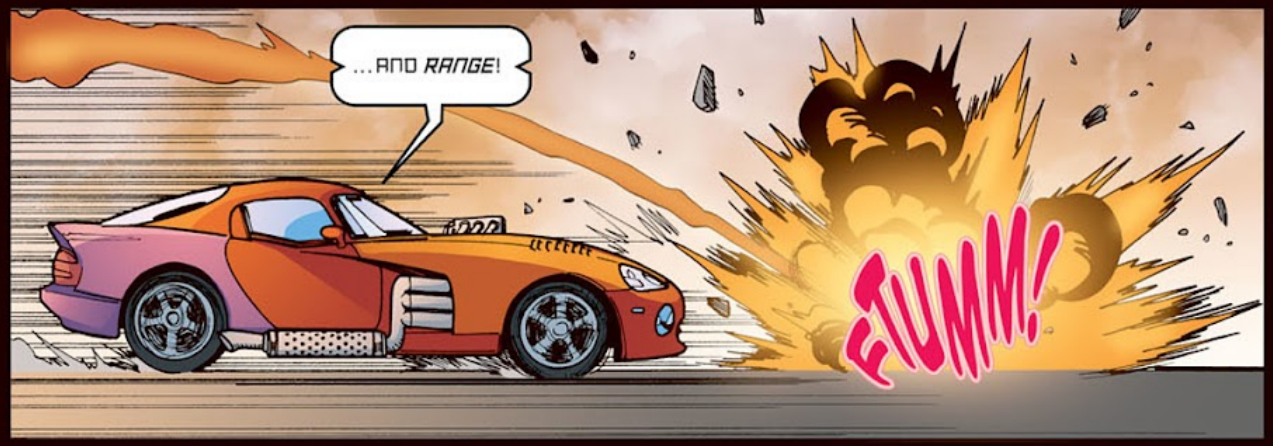
LORD *MEGATRON*, I NEED–
DON'T BOTHER ME WITH INCIDENTALS, *ASTROTRAIN*.
WHEN SIXSHOT REPORTS AGAIN... FIND ME.

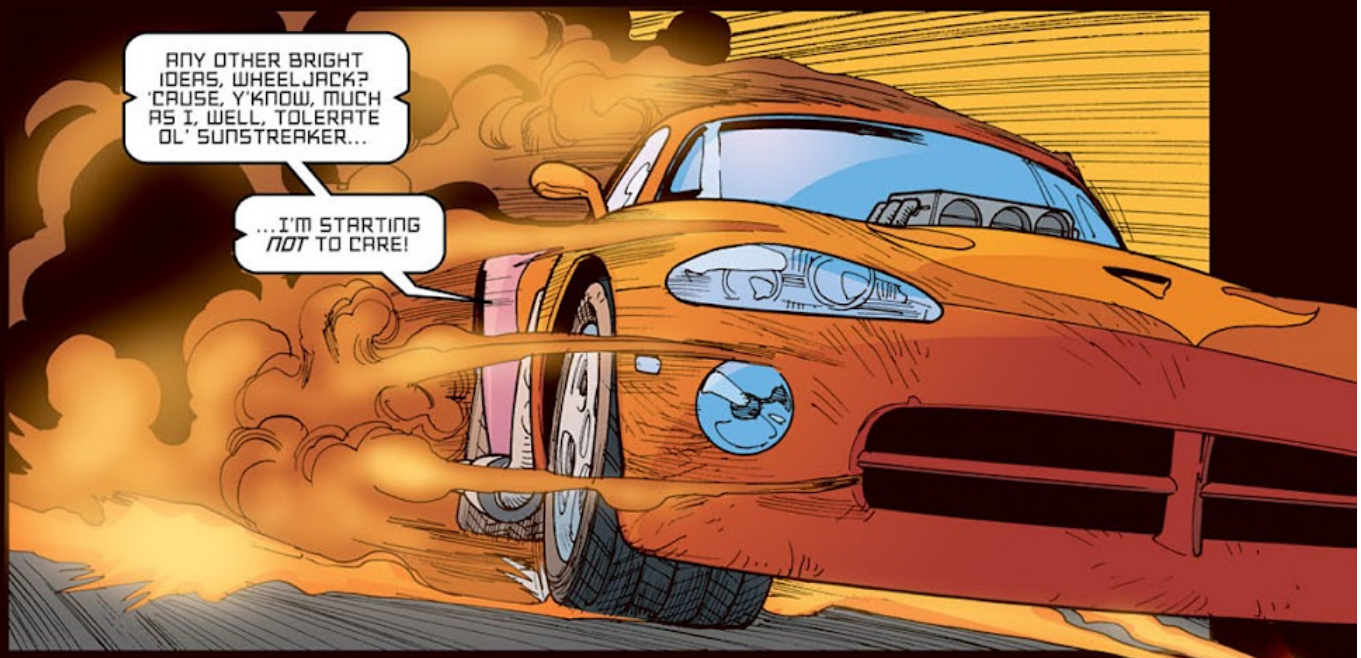
PSST! ASTROTRAIN.
HE–HE'S *AWAKE*!
BLITZWING? WHAT IS IT?

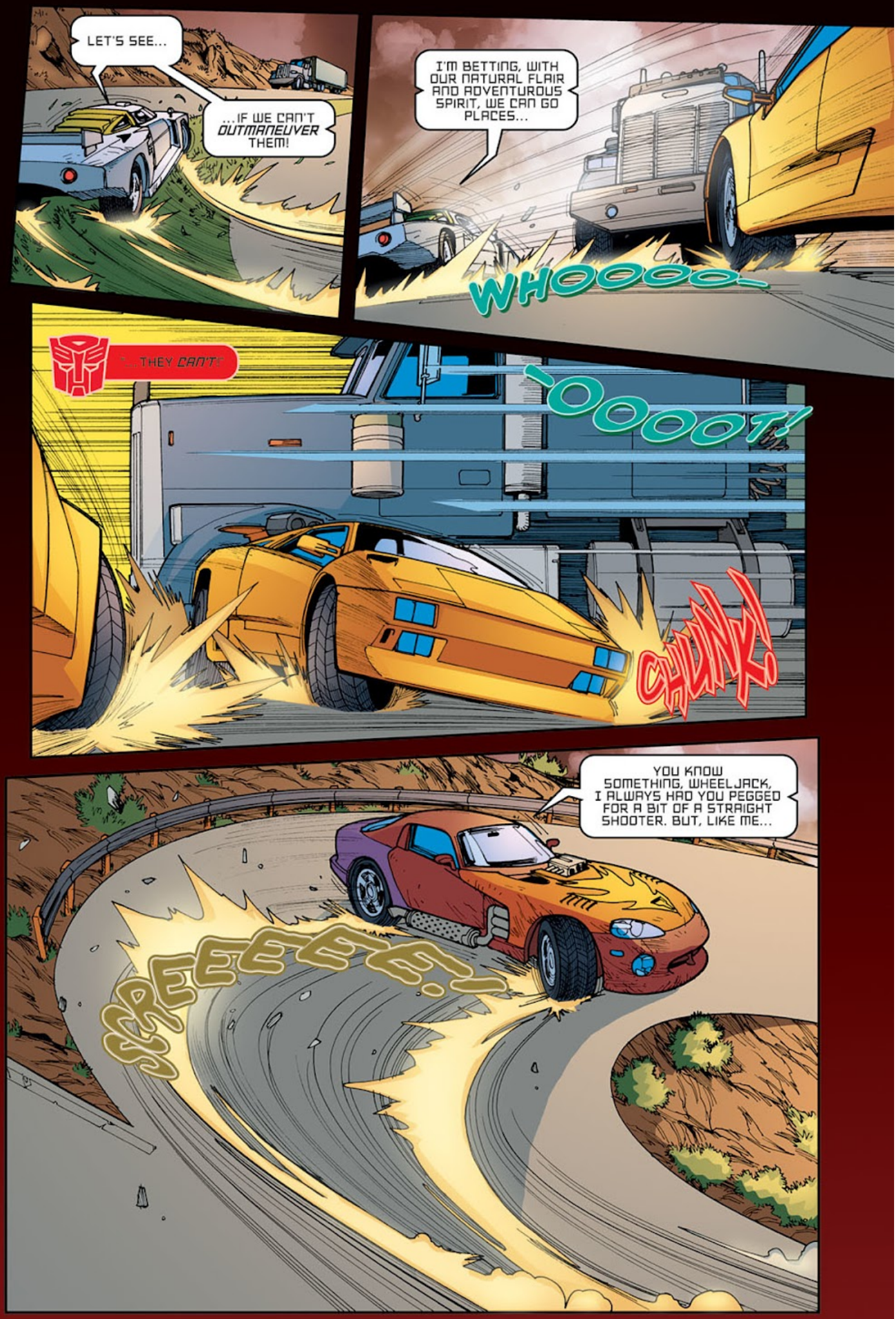

TAMPA, FLORIDA:
IS HE AWAKE?
YES... AND NO. HIS CONSCIOUS MIND HAS BEEN SUPPRESSED.
BUT ALL HIS REACTIONS AND MOTOR FUNCTIONS ARE INTACT, LEAVING US FREE TO IMPOSE OUR OWN DIRECTIVES. ESSENTIALLY, HUNTER O'NION...
...IS MACHINATION PROPERTY.
GOOD, GOOD.
NOW, I WISH TO VIEW MY EXO-CARAPACE.
OF COURSE, MISTER DANTE...
KLK!


HIGHWAY 30, INDIANA:
SO MUCH FOR *OUTRUNNING* THEM.
FTUM!
FTUM!

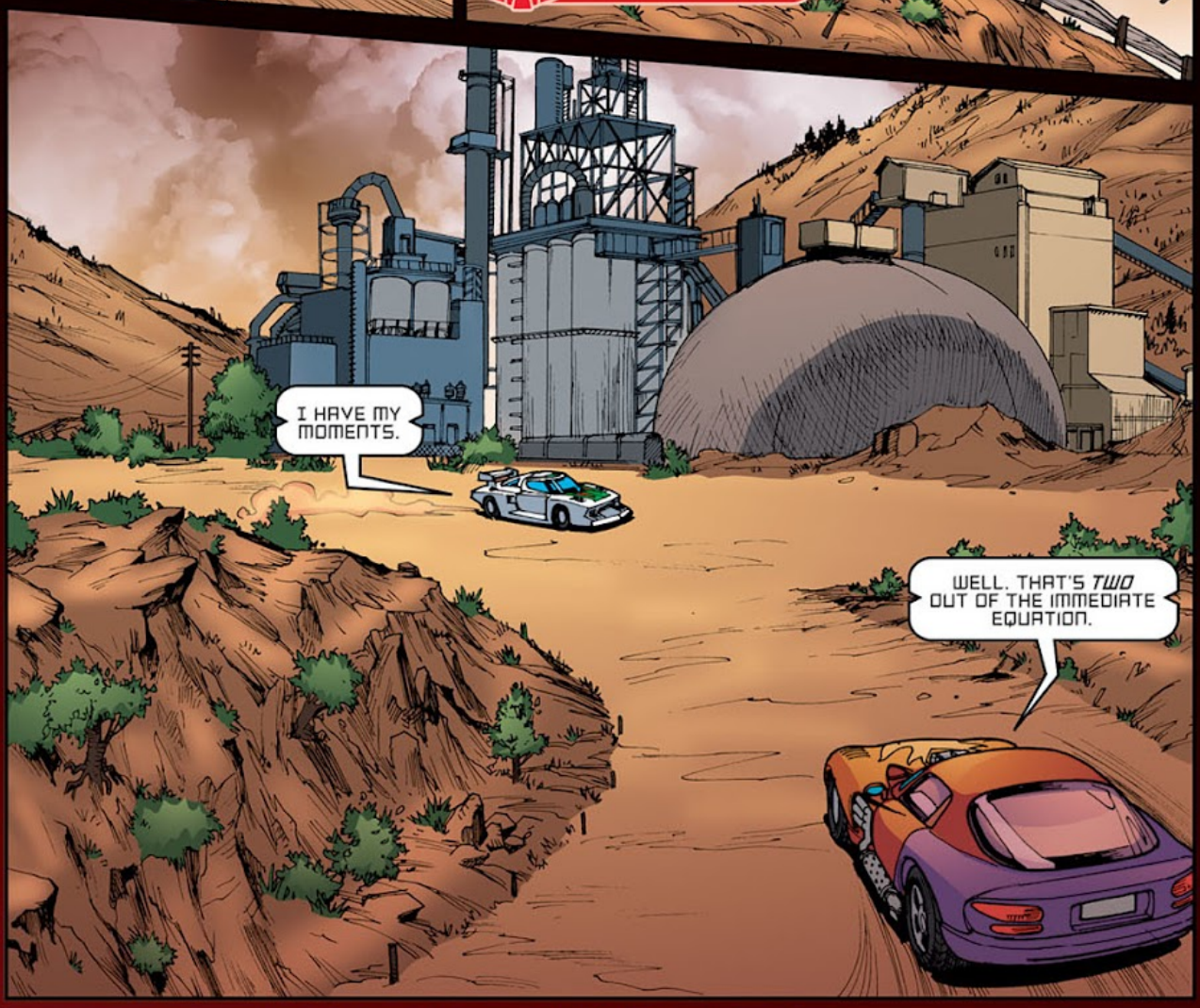
YEAH. THEY'VE GOT PACE...


...AND *RANGE*!
FUMM!


ANY OTHER BRIGHT IDEAS, WHEELJACK? 'CAUSE, Y'KNOW, MUCH AS I, WELL, TOLERATE OL' SUNSTREAKER...
...I'M STARTING *NOT* TO CARE!


LET'S SEE...
...IF WE CAN'T OUTMANEUVER THEM!
I'M BETTING, WITH OUR NATURAL FLAIR AND ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT, WE CAN GO PLACES...
WHOOOOO-
"...THEY CAN'T!"
`OOOOT!
CHUNK!
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, WHEELJACK, I ALWAYS HAD YOU PEGGED FOR A BIT OF A STRAIGHT SHOOTER. BUT, LIKE ME...
SCREEEEEE!!

VRANK!
"...YOU HAVE DANGEROUS CURVES!"


I HAVE MY MOMENTS.
WELL. THAT'S TWO OUT OF THE IMMEDIATE EQUATION.

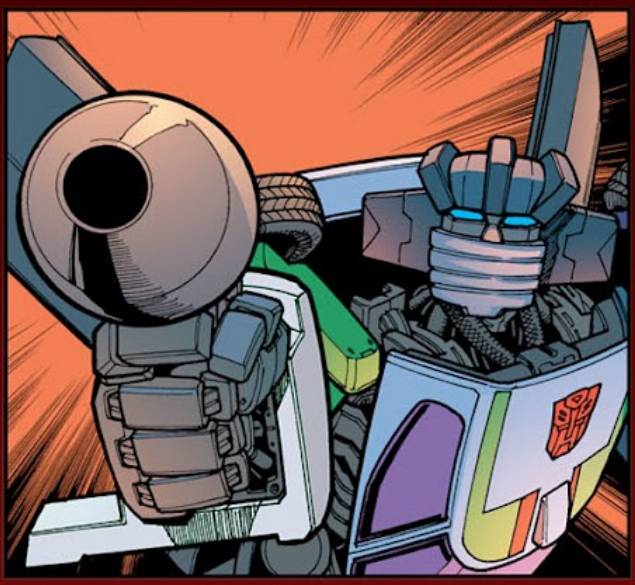
YEAH. BUT HERE COME THE OTHER ONE, TWO...
...THREE.

DAMMIT. IT'S LIKE...

...THEY *KNOW* HOW WE THINK.
ANTICIPATE *EVERY* MOVE WE MAKE.

BUT THEY'RE JUST AUTO-PILOTED DRONES, RIGHT?
RIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW. THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED, BUT NOW I'M NOT SO SURE! LET'S SEE WHAT THEY *DO* WHEN WE...
...DO *THIS*!

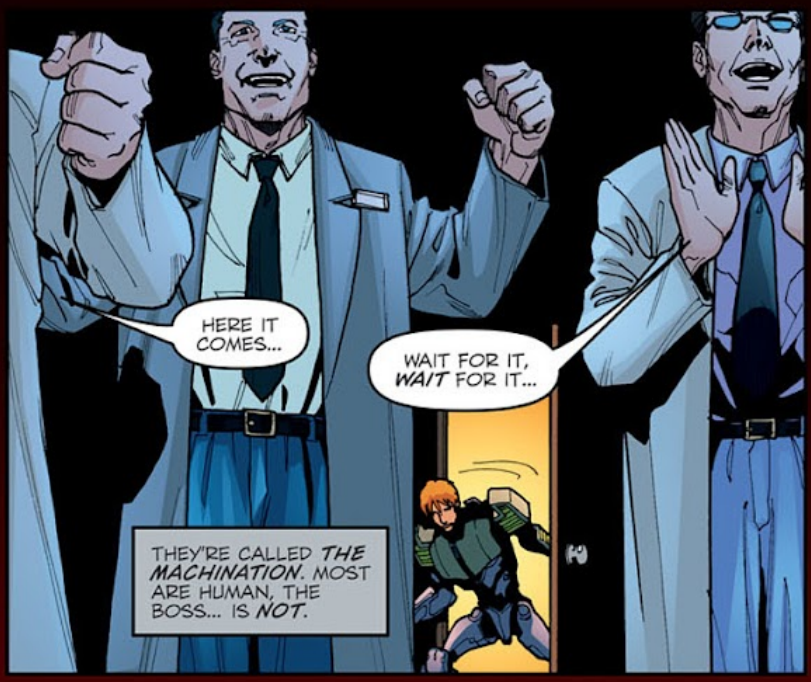


TAMPA:
I HAVE TO KNOW...

...WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO ME.
WHAT I AM NOW!

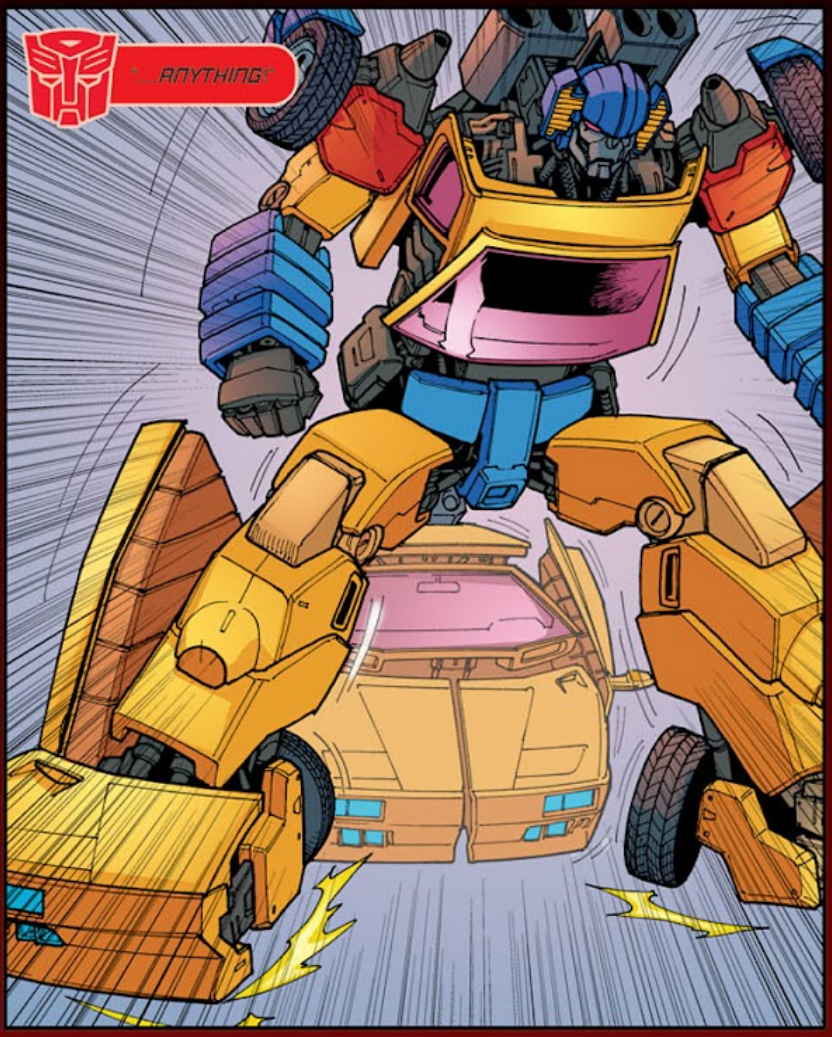
HEHN.
HK.
IT'S NOT JUST EXTERNAL EITHER. I'M DIFFERENT INSIDE. I CAN FEEL IT.
TOOK A PERSONAL MANTRA OF USELESS TRIVIA TO RESIST THE DRUGS AND HYPNOSIS, BUT I DID IT. AND IF I BEAT THEM ONCE...

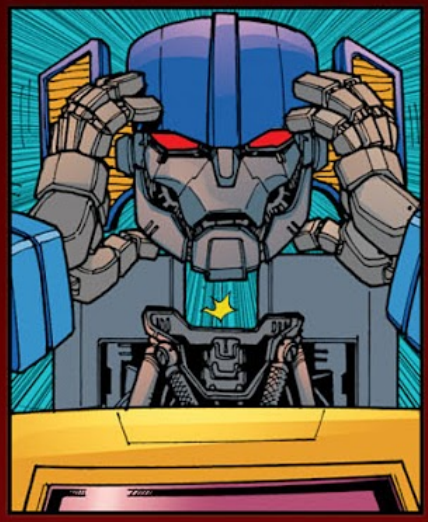
...I CAN DO IT AGAIN!
NOW!
LAB


HERE IT COMES...
WAIT FOR IT, WAIT FOR IT...
THEY'RE CALLED THE MACHINATION. MOST ARE HUMAN, THE BOSS... IS NOT.

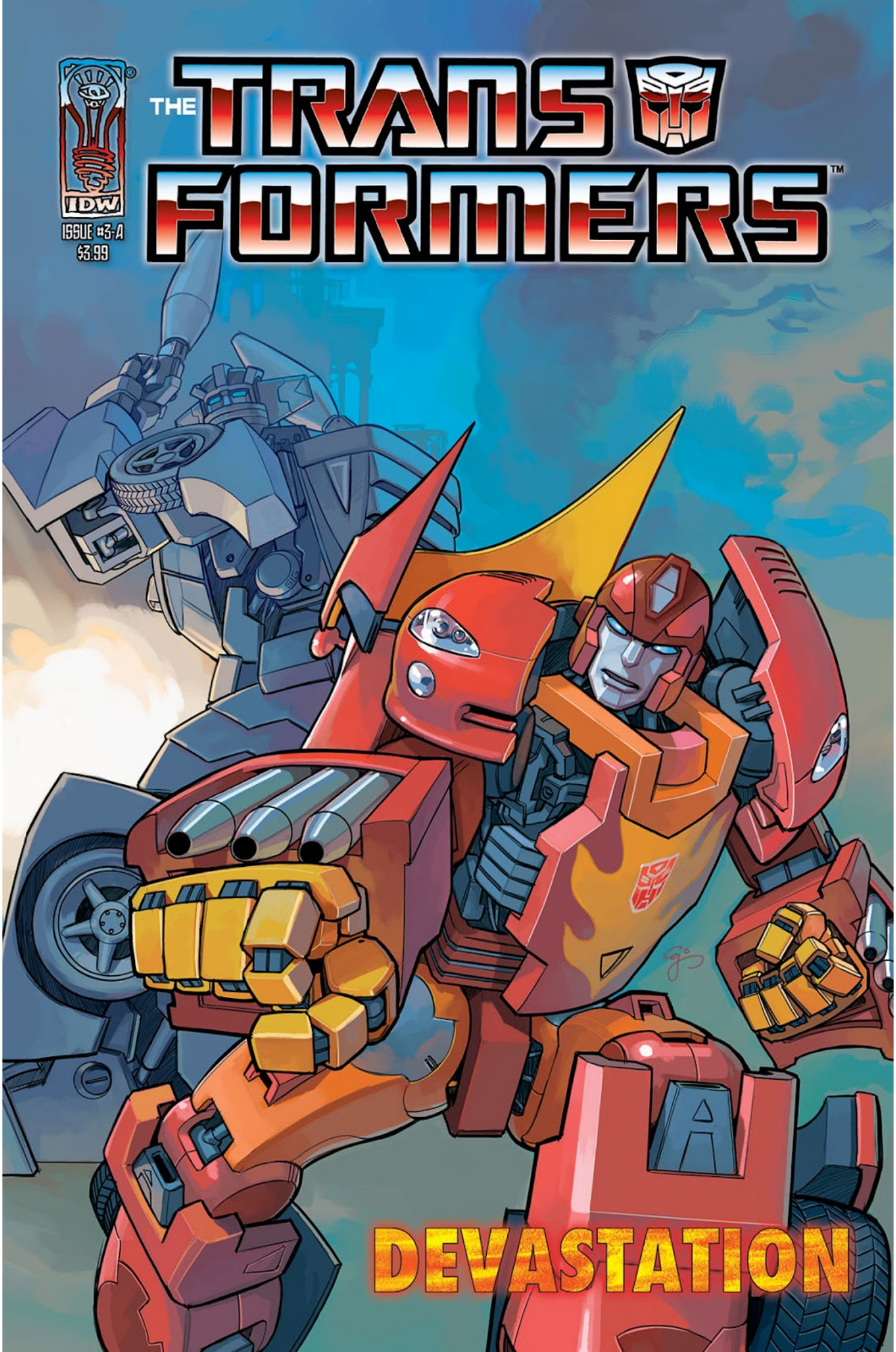
WHAT IT WANTS IS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO ME, BUT I DON'T–
HT–
HUNTERRR...

HIGHWAY 30:
MAKE NO SUDDEN MOVES. BE READY FOR...


"...ANYTHING!"



KRIKATAKARI!
"WHAT ARE YOU?"
HEADMASTERS.
IN EVOLUTIONARY TERMS, THE NEXT STEP. WHICH RATHER MAKES YOU TWO...
...SURPLUS TO REQUIREMENTS!
SUH-
-SUNSTREAKER!
PEHLEASE...
...KILL ME!
TO BE CONTINUED.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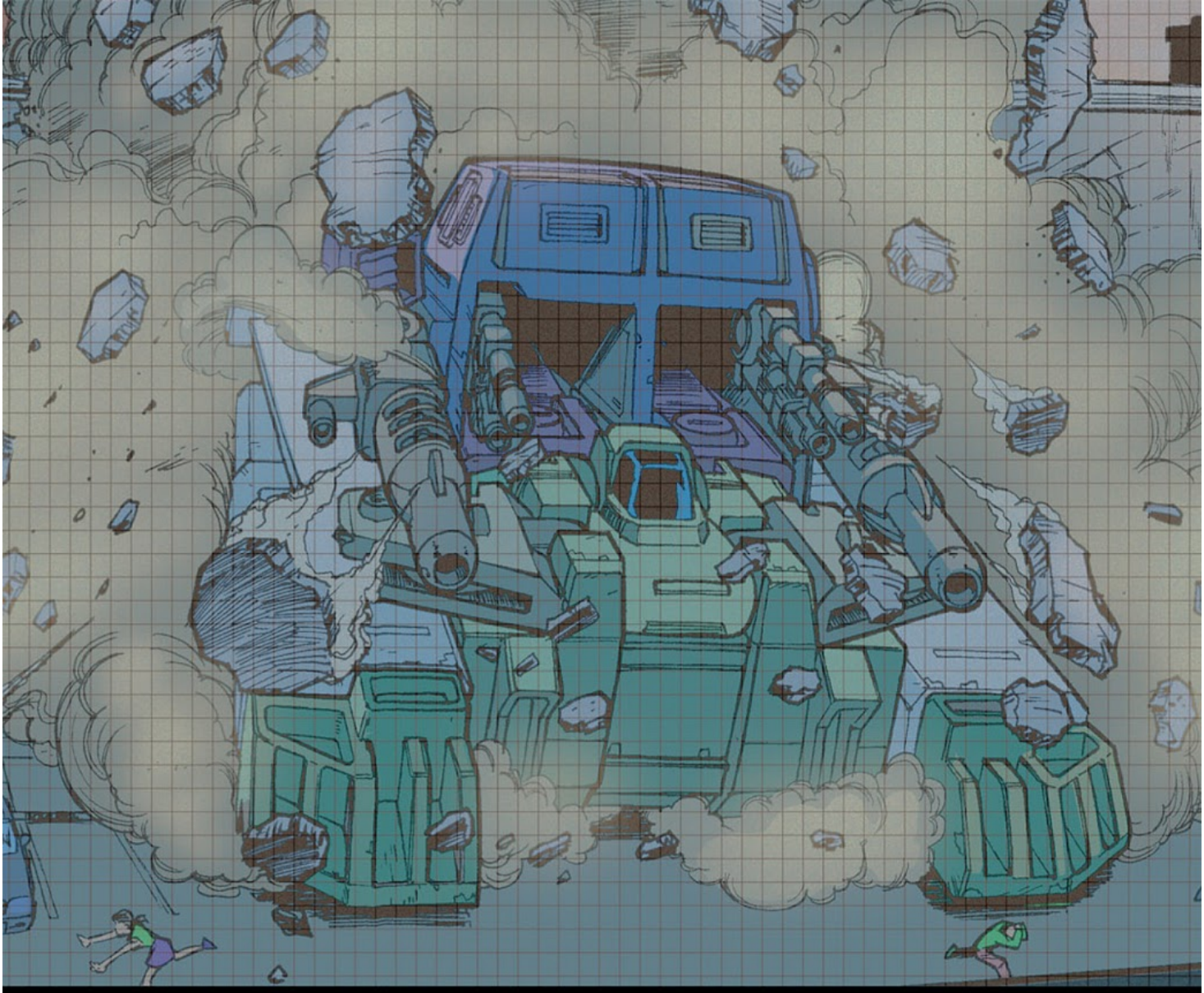

PHASE THREE: DEVASTATION

Decepticon living weapon SIXSHOT has struck decisively, downing the Autobot space vessel Ark-19 over the Gulf of Mexico. The only evident survivor is RATCHET (along with human passengers JIMMY PINK and VERITY CARLO), but MEGATRON is adamant: nobody gets out alive. Elsewhere, the Machination Headmasters continue their remorseless pursuit of WHEELJACK and HOT ROD, while in the Machination's Florida HQ HUNTER O'NION comes face to face with the missing SUNSTREAKER, or at least what's *left* of him.

PHASE THREE CONTINUES...

THE TRANSFORMERS: DEVASTATION #3

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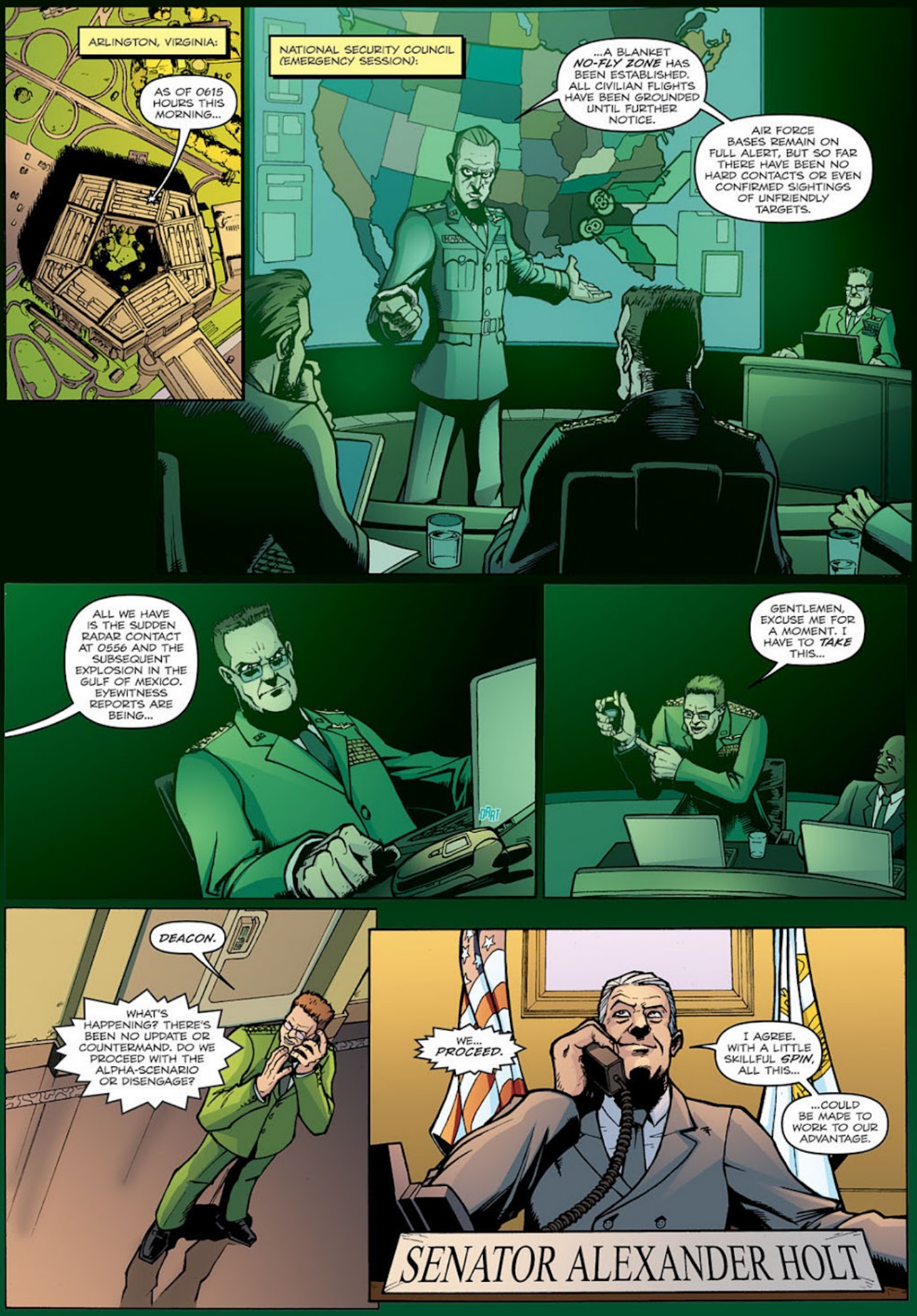
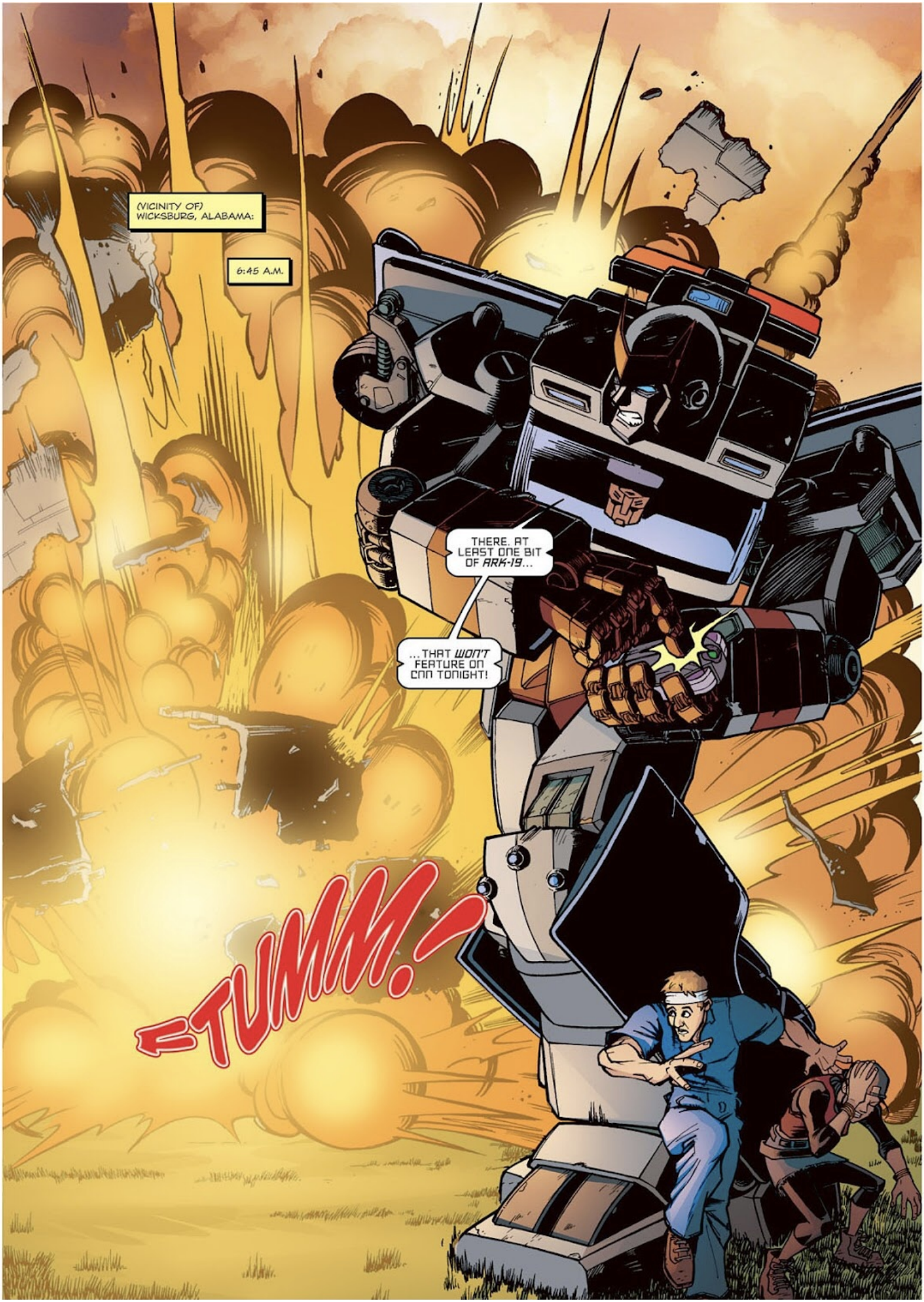
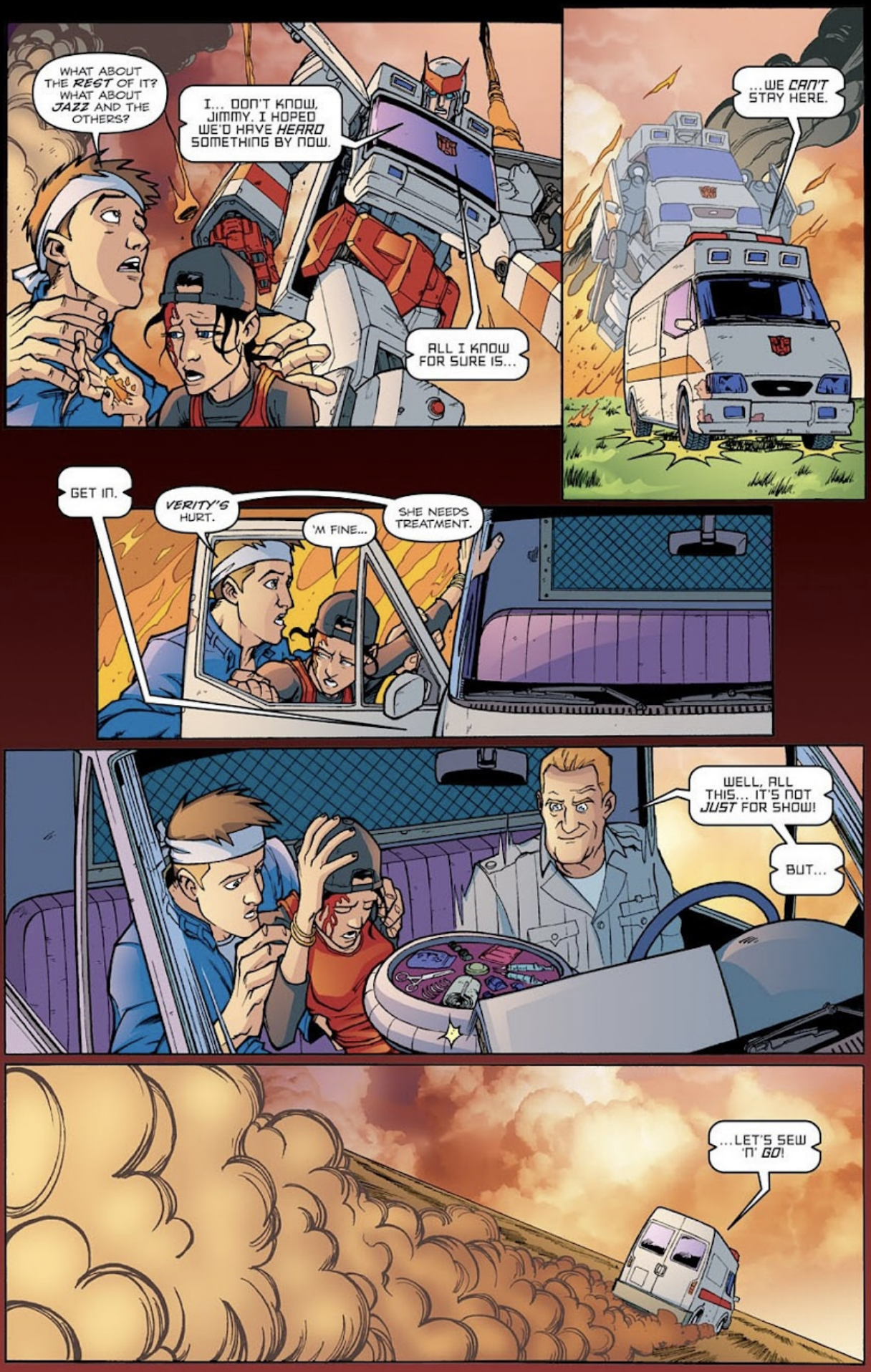
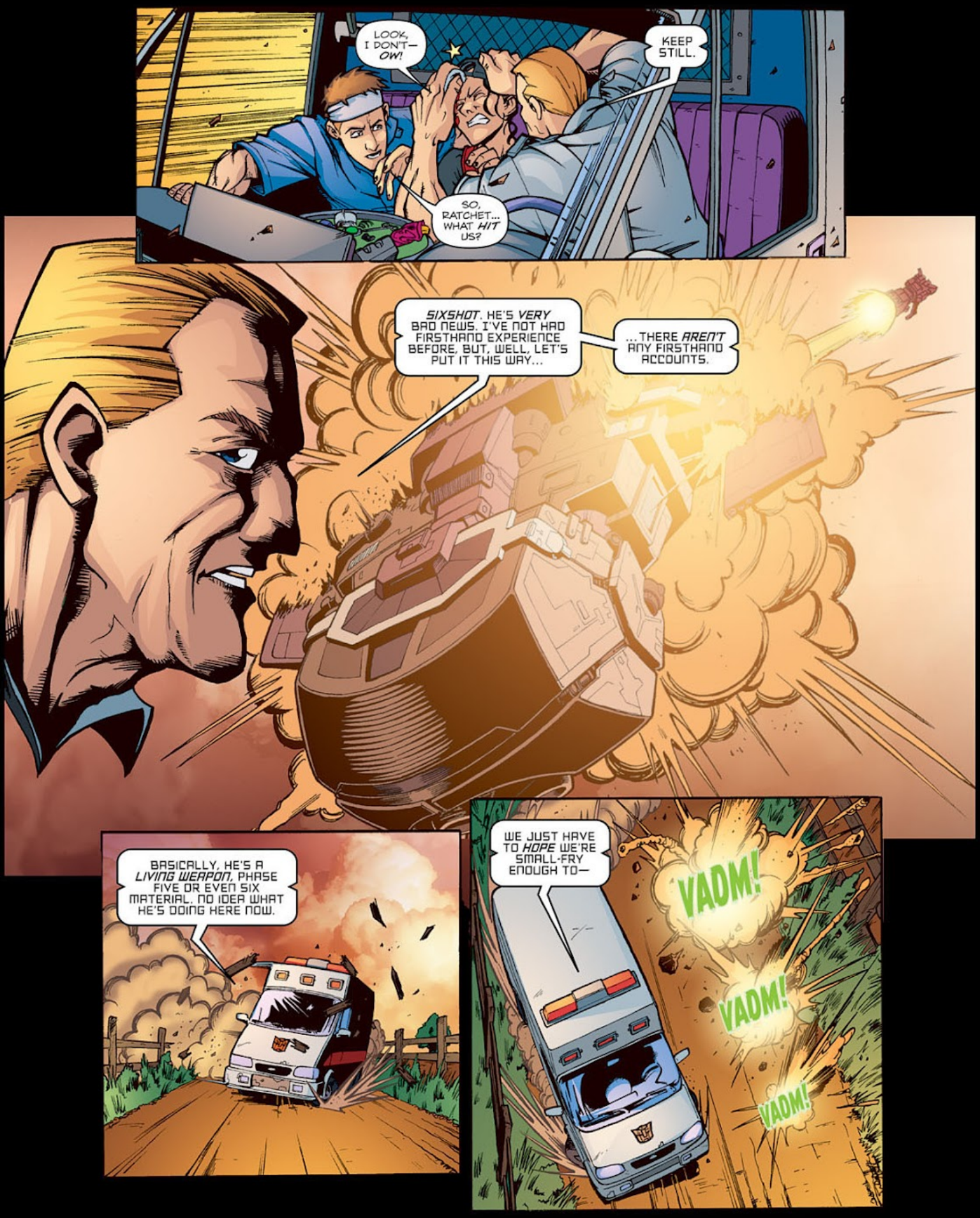
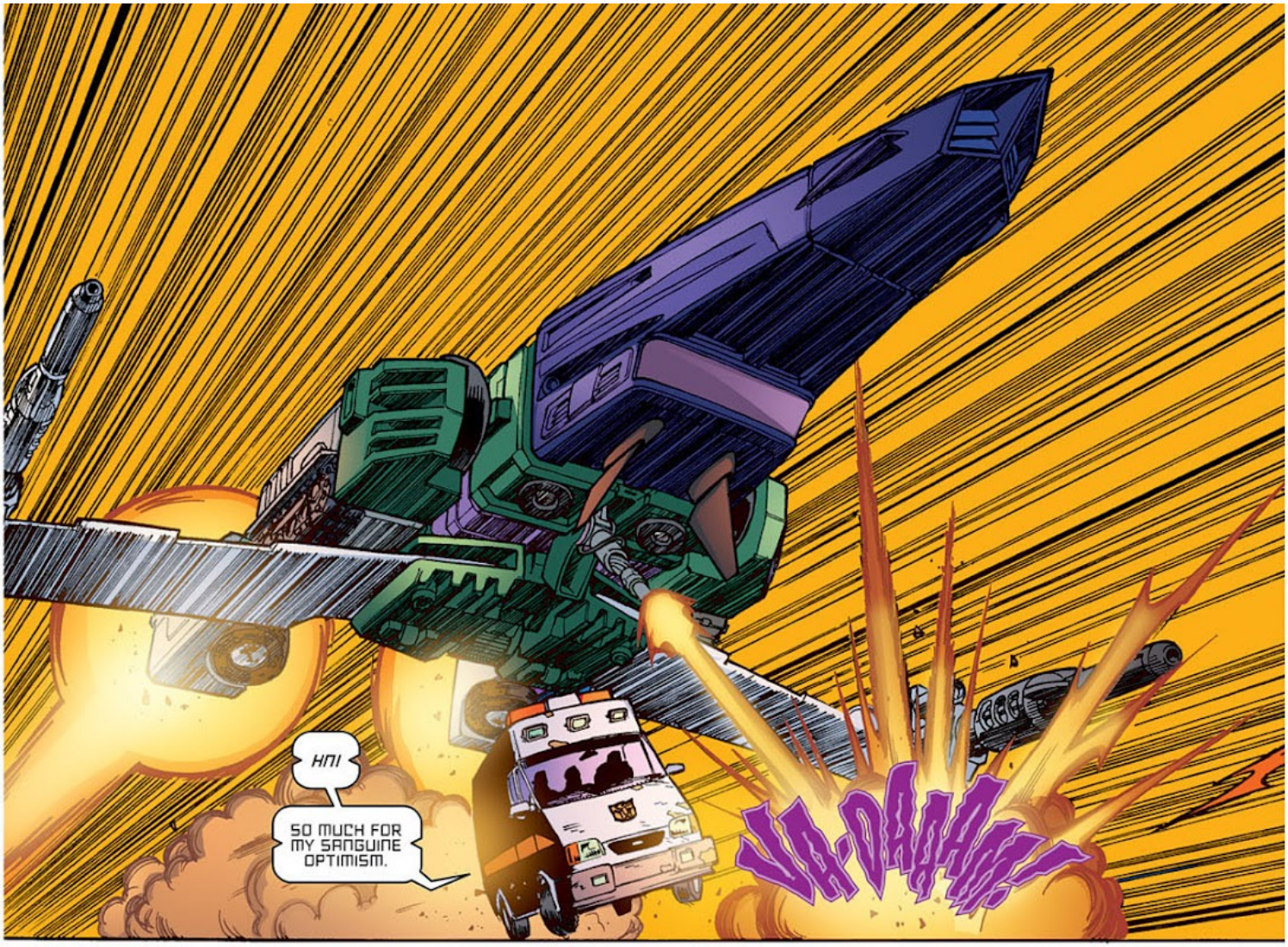
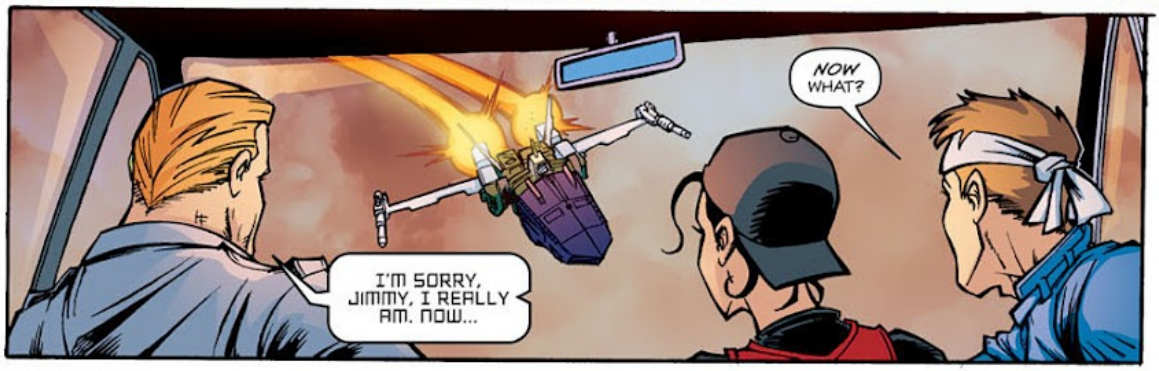

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA:
AS OF 0615 HOURS THIS MORNING...
NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL (EMERGENCY SESSION):
...A BLANKET NO-FLY ZONE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED. ALL CIVILIAN FLIGHTS HAVE BEEN GROUNDED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
AIR FORCE BASES REMAIN ON FULL ALERT, BUT SO FAR THERE HAVE BEEN NO HARD CONTACTS OR EVEN CONFIRMED SIGHTINGS OF UNFRIENDLY TARGETS.
ALL WE HAVE IS THE SUDDEN RADAR CONTACT AT 0556 AND THE SUBSEQUENT EXPLOSION IN THE GULF OF MEXICO. EYEWITNESS REPORTS ARE BEING...
GENTLEMEN, EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT. I HAVE TO TAKE THIS...
DEACON.
WHAT'S HAPPENING? THERE'S BEEN NO UPDATE OR COUNTERMAND. DO WE PROCEED WITH THE ALPHA-SCENARIO OR DISENGAGE?
WE... PROCEED.
I AGREE. WITH A LITTLE SKILLFUL SPIN, ALL THIS...
...COULD BE MADE TO WORK TO OUR ADVANTAGE.
SENATOR ALEXANDER HOLT

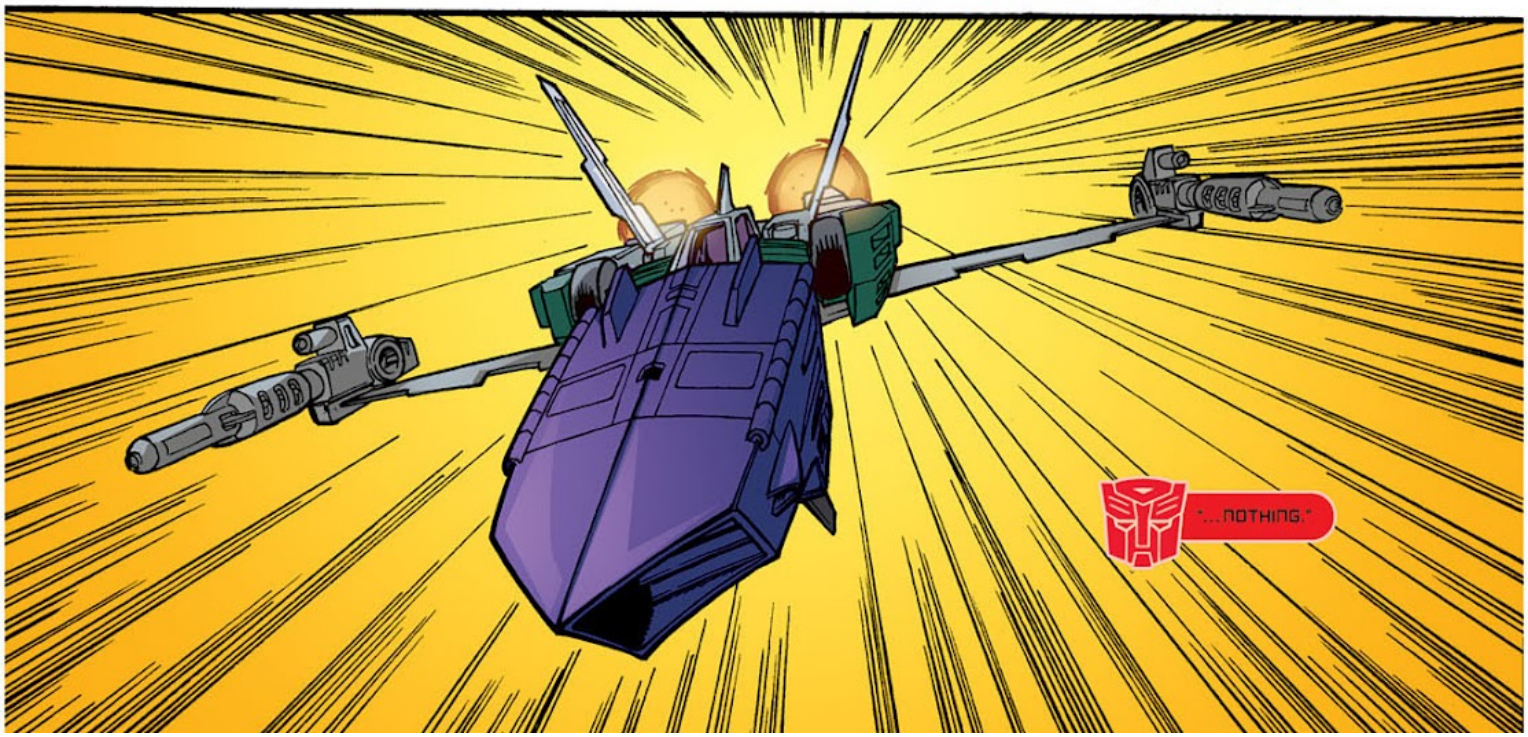

(VICINITY OF) WICKSBURG, ALABAMA:
6:45 A.M.
THERE. AT LEAST ONE BIT OF *ARK-19*...
...THAT *WON'T* FEATURE ON CNN TONIGHT!
TUMM!

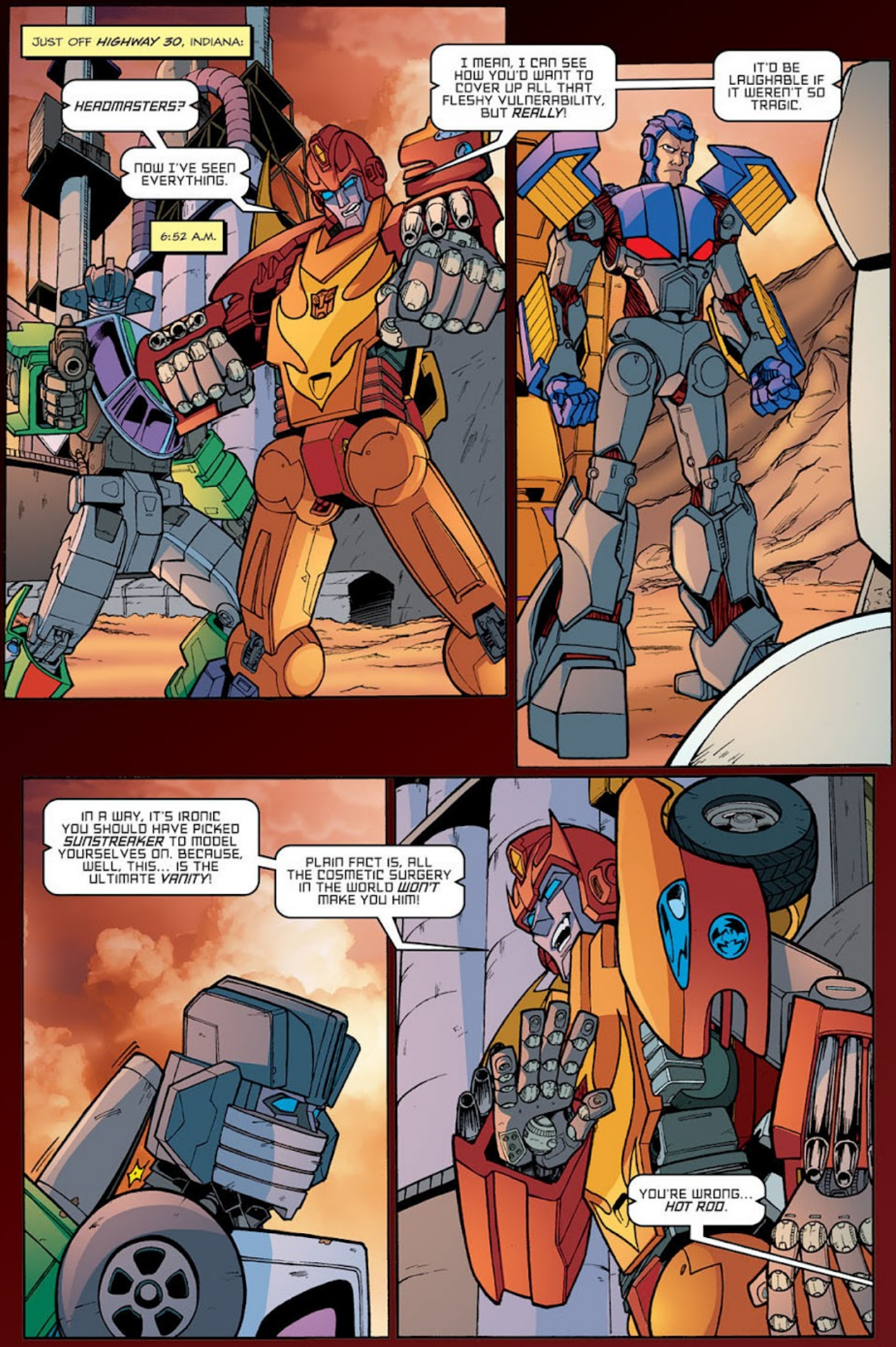

WHAT ABOUT THE *REST* OF IT? WHAT ABOUT *JAZZ* AND THE OTHERS?
I... DON'T KNOW, JIMMY. I HOPED WE'D HAVE *HEARD* SOMETHING BY NOW.
ALL I KNOW FOR SURE IS...
...WE *CAN'T* STAY HERE.
GET IN.
VERITY'S HURT.
'M FINE...
SHE NEEDS TREATMENT.
WELL, ALL THIS... IT'S NOT *JUST* FOR SHOW!
BUT...
...LET'S SEW 'N' *GO*!

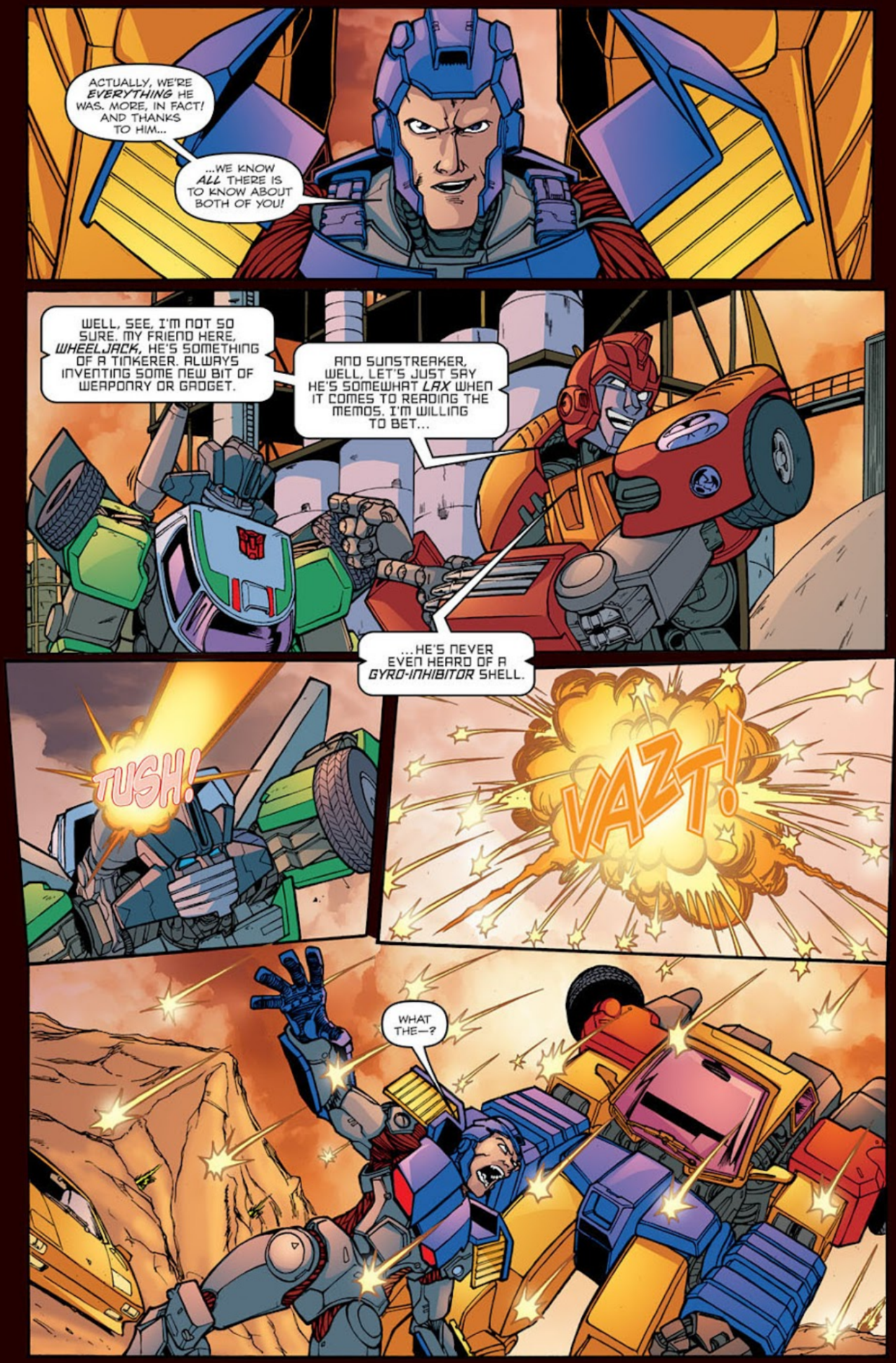

LOOK, I DON'T— OW!
KEEP STILL.
SO, RATCHET... WHAT HIT US?
SIXSHOT. HE'S VERY BAD NEWS. I'VE NOT HAD FIRSTHAND EXPERIENCE BEFORE, BUT, WELL, LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY...
...THERE AREN'T ANY FIRSTHAND ACCOUNTS.
BASICALLY, HE'S A LIVING WEAPON, PHASE FIVE OR EVEN SIX MATERIAL. NO IDEA WHAT HE'S DOING HERE NOW.
WE JUST HAVE TO HOPE WE'RE SMALL-FRY ENOUGH TO—
VADM!
VADM!
VADM!

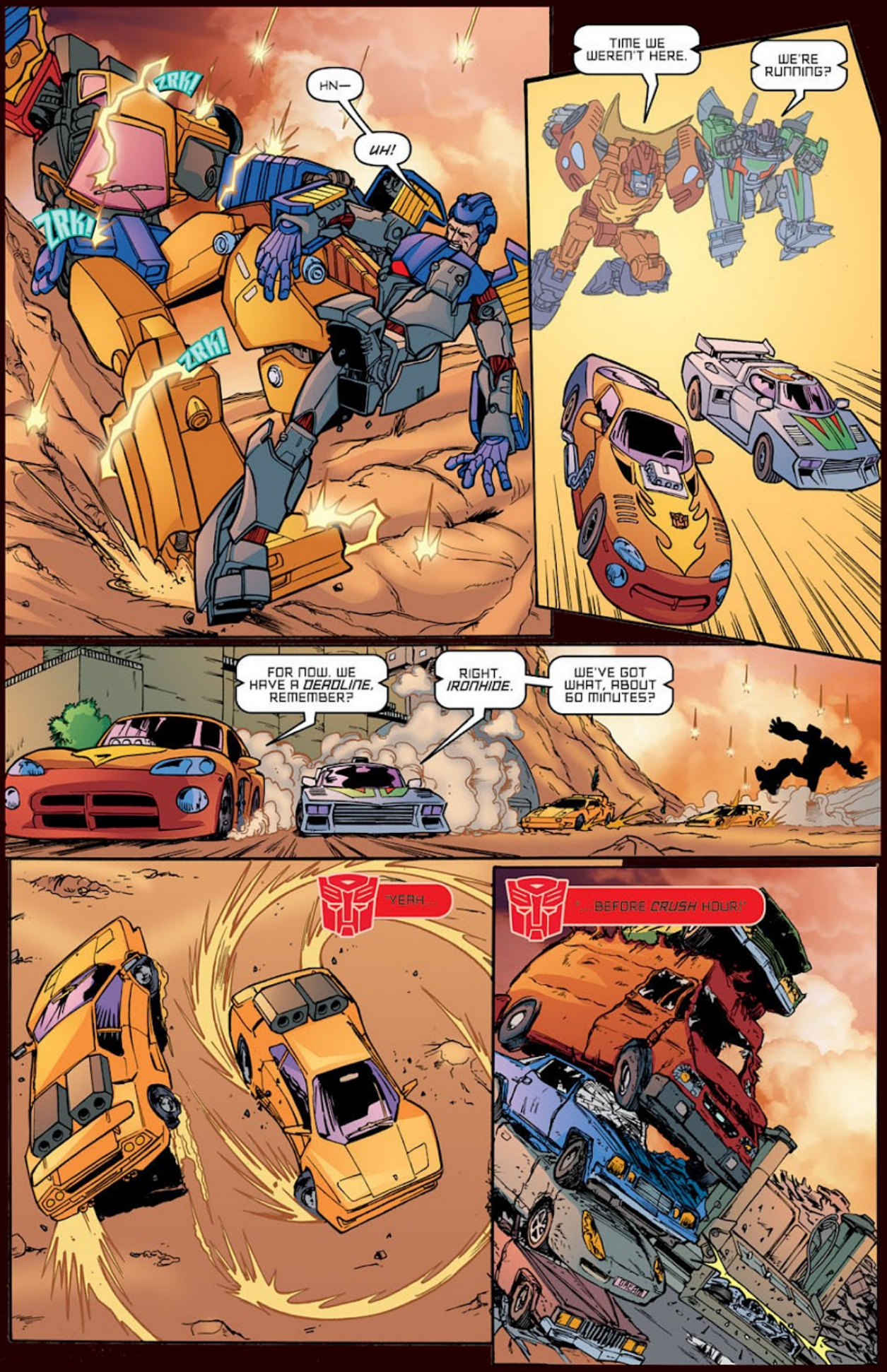

HM!
SO MUCH FOR MY SANGUINE OPTIMISM.
KA-DHAAG!

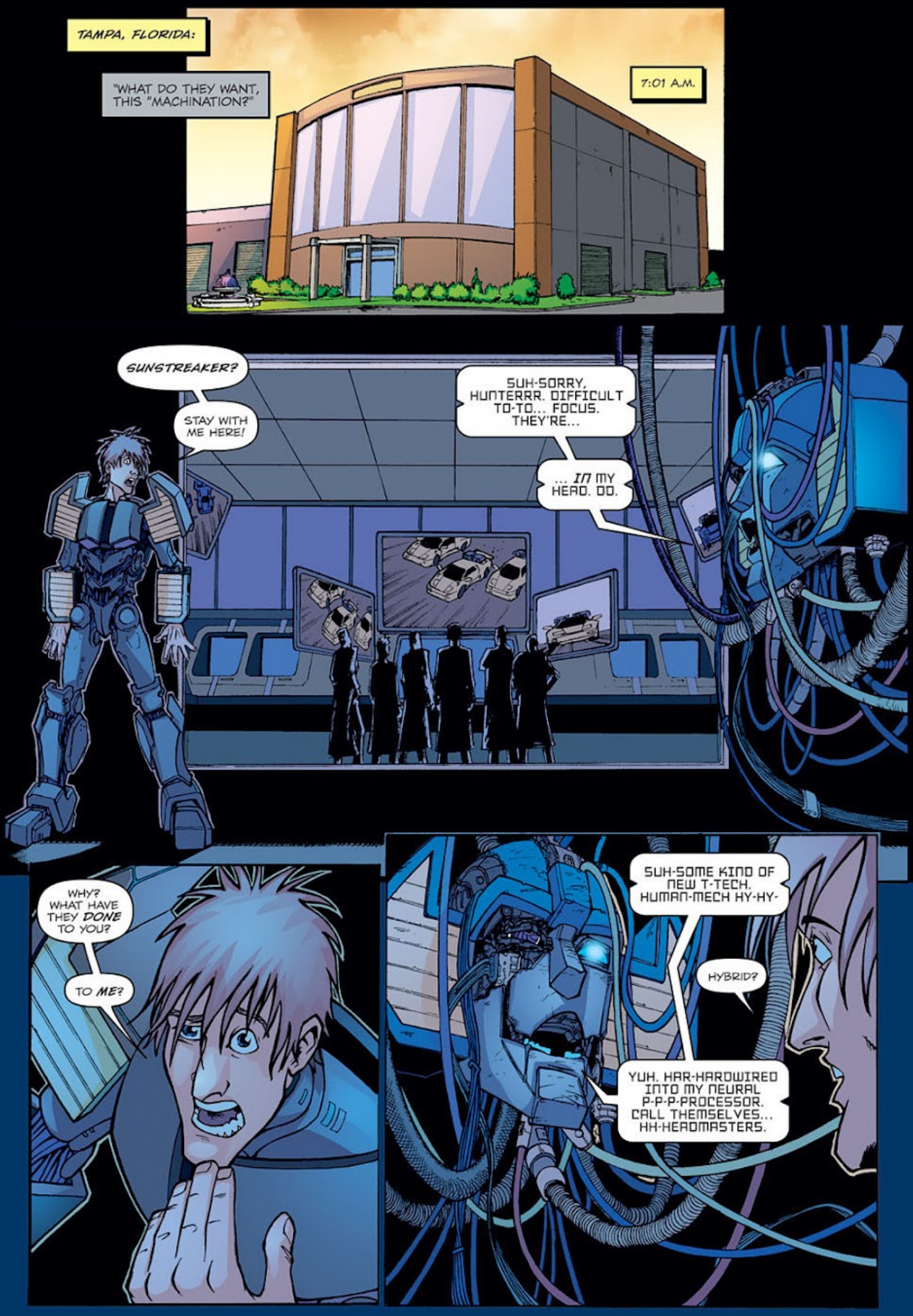

NOW WHAT?
I'M SORRY, JIMMY, I REALLY AM. NOW...


"...NOTHING."

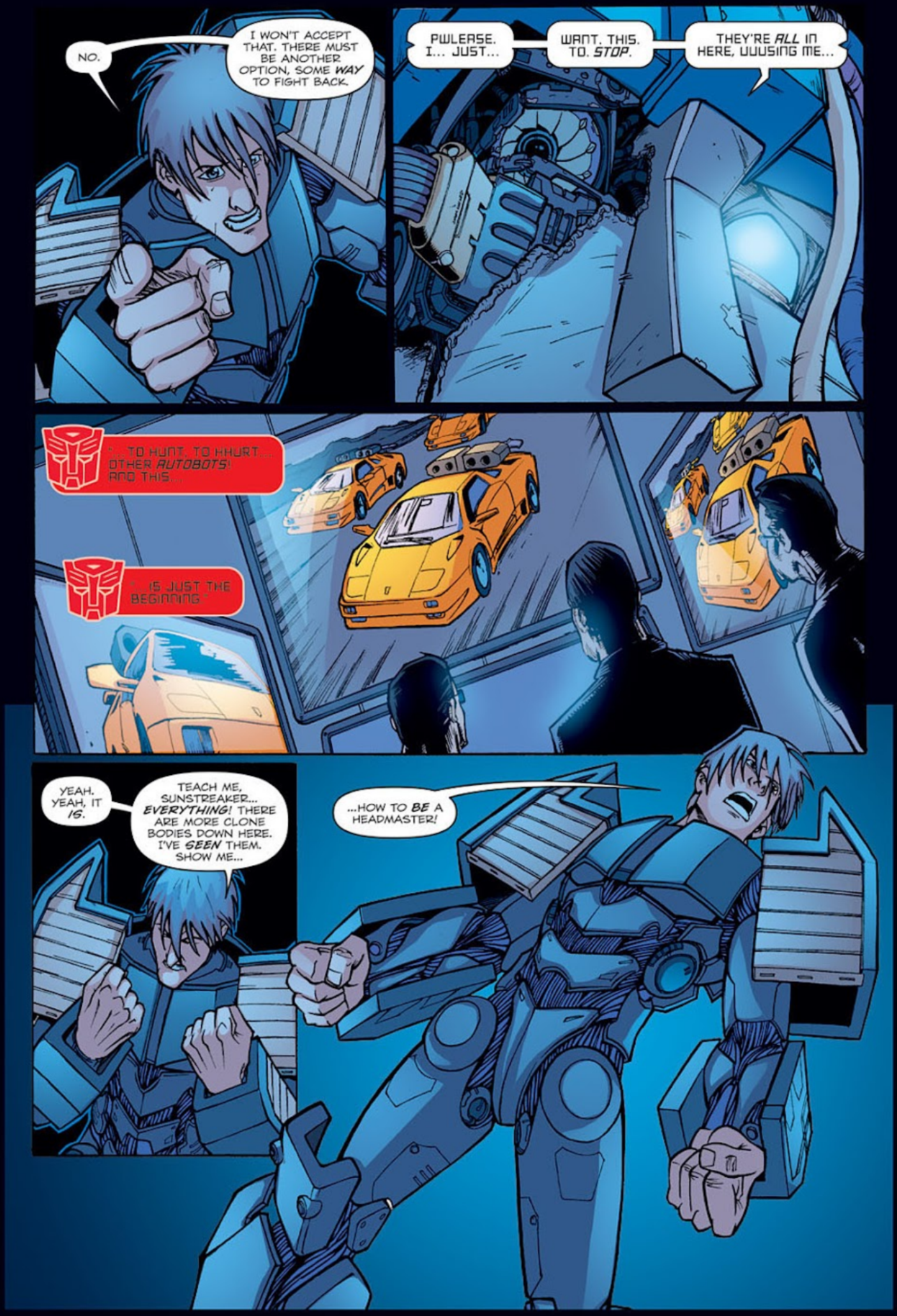

JUST OFF HIGHWAY 30, INDIANA:
HEADMASTERS?
NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING.
6:52 A.M.
I MEAN, I CAN SEE HOW YOU'D WANT TO COVER UP ALL THAT FLESHY VULNERABILITY, BUT REALLY!
IT'D BE LAUGHABLE IF IT WEREN'T SO TRAGIC.
IN A WAY, IT'S IRONIC YOU SHOULD HAVE PICKED SUNSTREAKER TO MODEL YOURSELVES ON. BECAUSE, WELL, THIS... IS THE ULTIMATE VANITY!
PLAIN FACT IS, ALL THE COSMETIC SURGERY IN THE WORLD WON'T MAKE YOU HIM!
YOU'RE WRONG... HOT ROD.

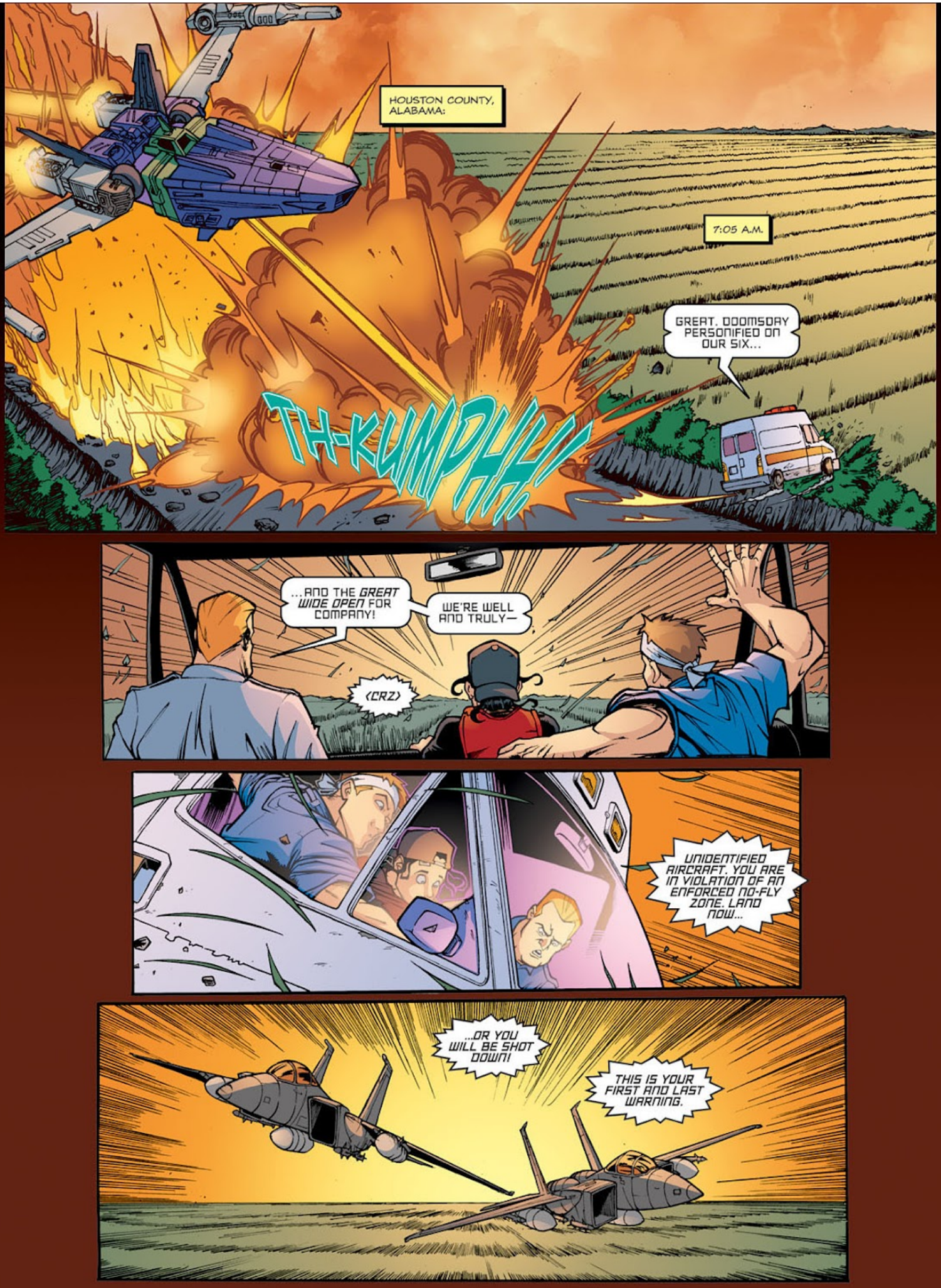

ACTUALLY, WE'RE *EVERYTHING* HE WAS. MORE, IN FACT! AND THANKS TO HIM...
...WE KNOW *ALL* THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT BOTH OF YOU!
WELL, SEE, I'M NOT SO SURE. MY FRIEND HERE, *WHEELJACK,* HE'S SOMETHING OF A TINKERER. ALWAYS INVENTING SOME NEW BIT OF WEAPONRY OR GADGET.
AND SUNSTREAKER, WELL, LET'S JUST SAY HE'S SOMEWHAT *LAX* WHEN IT COMES TO READING THE MEMOS. I'M WILLING TO BET...
...HE'S NEVER EVEN HEARD OF A *GYRO-INHIBITOR* SHELL.
TUSH!
VAZT!
WHAT THE—?


ZRK!
ZRK!
ZRK!
HN—
UH!
TIME WE WEREN'T HERE.
WE'RE RUNNING?
FOR NOW, WE HAVE A DEADLINE, REMEMBER?
RIGHT, IRONHIDE.
WE'VE GOT WHAT, ABOUT 60 MINUTES?
"YERH...
"...BEFORE CRUSH HOUR!"


TAMPA, FLORIDA:
"WHAT DO THEY WANT, THIS "MACHINATION?"
7:01 A.M.
SUNSTREAKER?
STAY WITH ME HERE!
SUH-SORRY, HUNTERRR. DIFFICULT TO-TO... FOCUS. THEY'RE...
... IN MY HEAD. DO.
WHY? WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?
TO ME?
SUH-SOME KIND OF NEW T-TECH. HUMAN-MECH HY-HY-
HYBRID?
YUH. HAR-HARDWIRED INTO MY NEURAL P-P-P-PROCESSOR. CALL THEMSELVES... HH-HEADMASTERS.

HEAD— IS THAT WHAT I *AM*, A HEADMASTER?
OH, DEAR GOD.
DO I... *CH-CHANGE?*
YUH.
INTO MUH-MY HEAD. THEY'RE B-B-BUILDING ANN... ARMY. USING ME AS THE... *HUB*. SQ-SQUEEZING MY MIND.
I SAW *ANOTHER* HEAD. A MECH. HE—
SK-NK. ⟨HH⟩ HIS NAME IS—
OKAY, RIGHT. SO WHAT DO WE *DO?*
KUH—
—*KILL* ME.


NO.
I WON'T ACCEPT THAT. THERE MUST BE ANOTHER OPTION, SOME WAY TO FIGHT BACK.
PWLEASE. I... JUST...
WANT. THIS. TO. STOP.
THEY'RE ALL IN HERE, UUUSING ME...
"... TO HUNT. TO HHURT.... OTHER AUTOBOTS! AND THIS....
"... IS JUST THE BEGINNING."
YEAH. YEAH, IT IS.
TEACH ME, SUNSTREAKER... EVERYTHING! THERE ARE MORE CLONE BODIES DOWN HERE. I'VE SEEN THEM. SHOW ME...
...HOW TO BE A HEADMASTER!

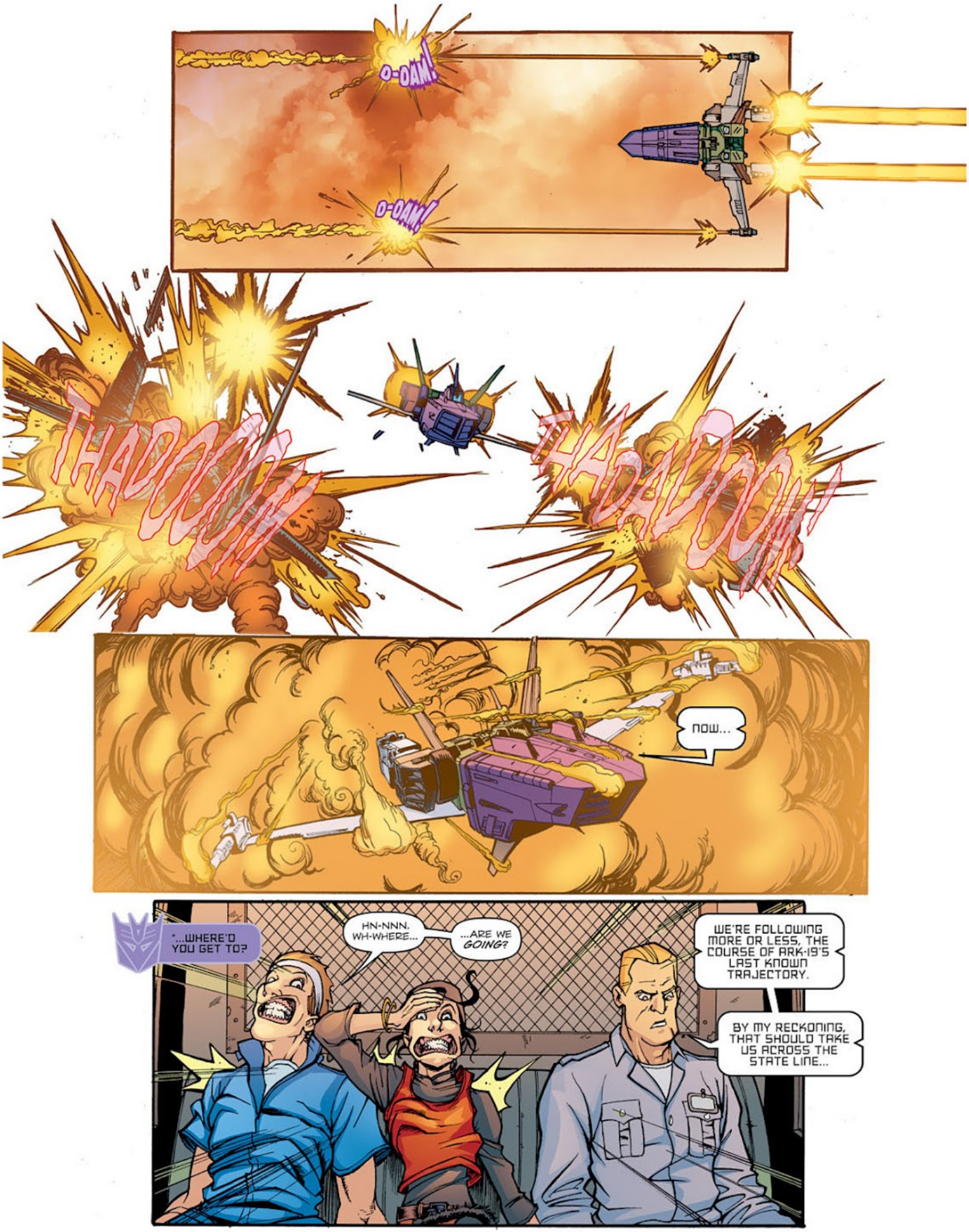

HOUSTON COUNTY, ALABAMA:
7:05 A.M.
GREAT. DOOMSDAY PERSONIFIED ON OUR SIX...
TH-KUMPHH!
...AND THE GREAT WIDE OPEN FOR COMPANY!
WE'RE WELL AND TRULY—
(CRZ)
UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT. YOU ARE IN VIOLATION OF AN ENFORCED NO-FLY ZONE. LAND NOW...
...OR YOU WILL BE SHOT DOWN!
THIS IS YOUR FIRST AND LAST WARNING.

WHATEVER...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO*?
FOR THEM? SORRY, JIMMY, THERE'S NOTHING I *CAN* DO.
BUT I AM GOING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE PRECIOUS SECONDS THEY'VE JUST BOUGHT US...

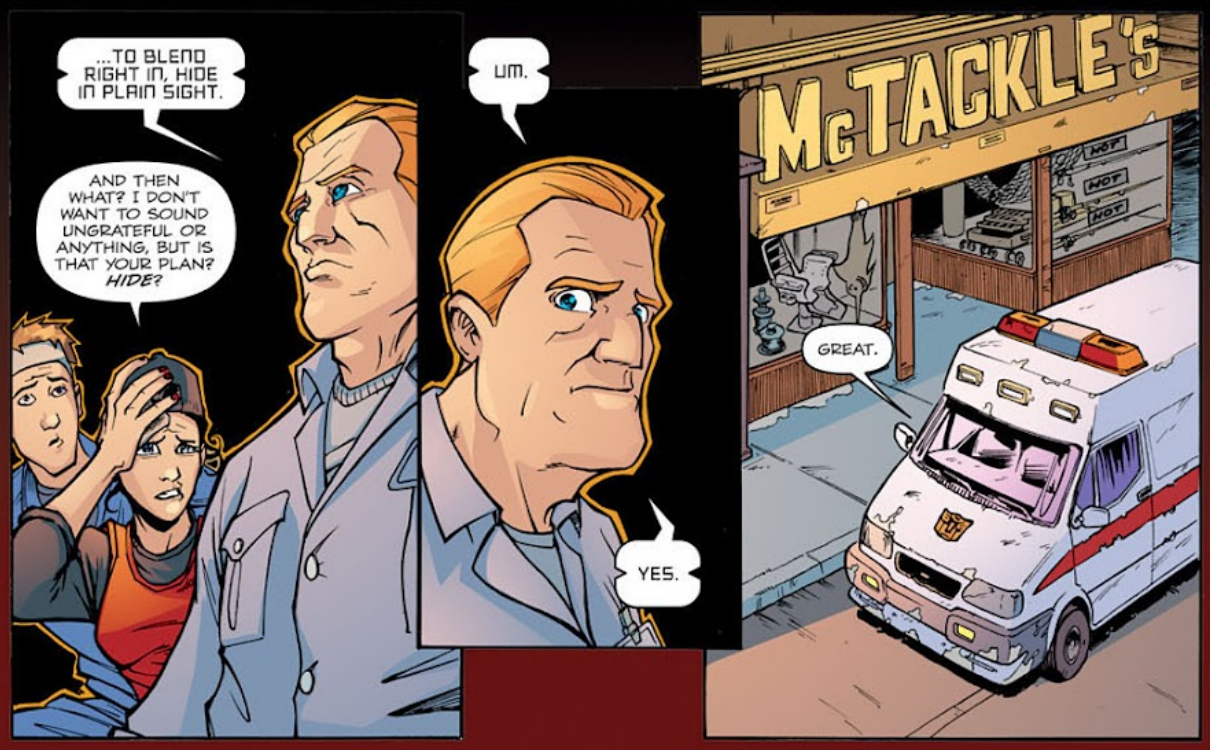
...TO PUT SOME *DISTANCE* BETWEEN SIXSHOT AND US!
WOOSH!

YAIM-120


O-OAM!
O-OAM!
THADOOM!
THADOOM!
NOW...
"...WHERE'D YOU GET TO?
HN-NNN. WH-WHERE...
...ARE WE GOING?
WE'RE FOLLOWING MORE OR LESS, THE COURSE OF ARK-19'S LAST KNOWN TRAJECTORY.
BY MY RECKONING, THAT SHOULD TAKE US ACROSS THE STATE LINE...

"...INTO FLORIDA."
7:25 A.M.
DARKSTONE
911
K-IDW

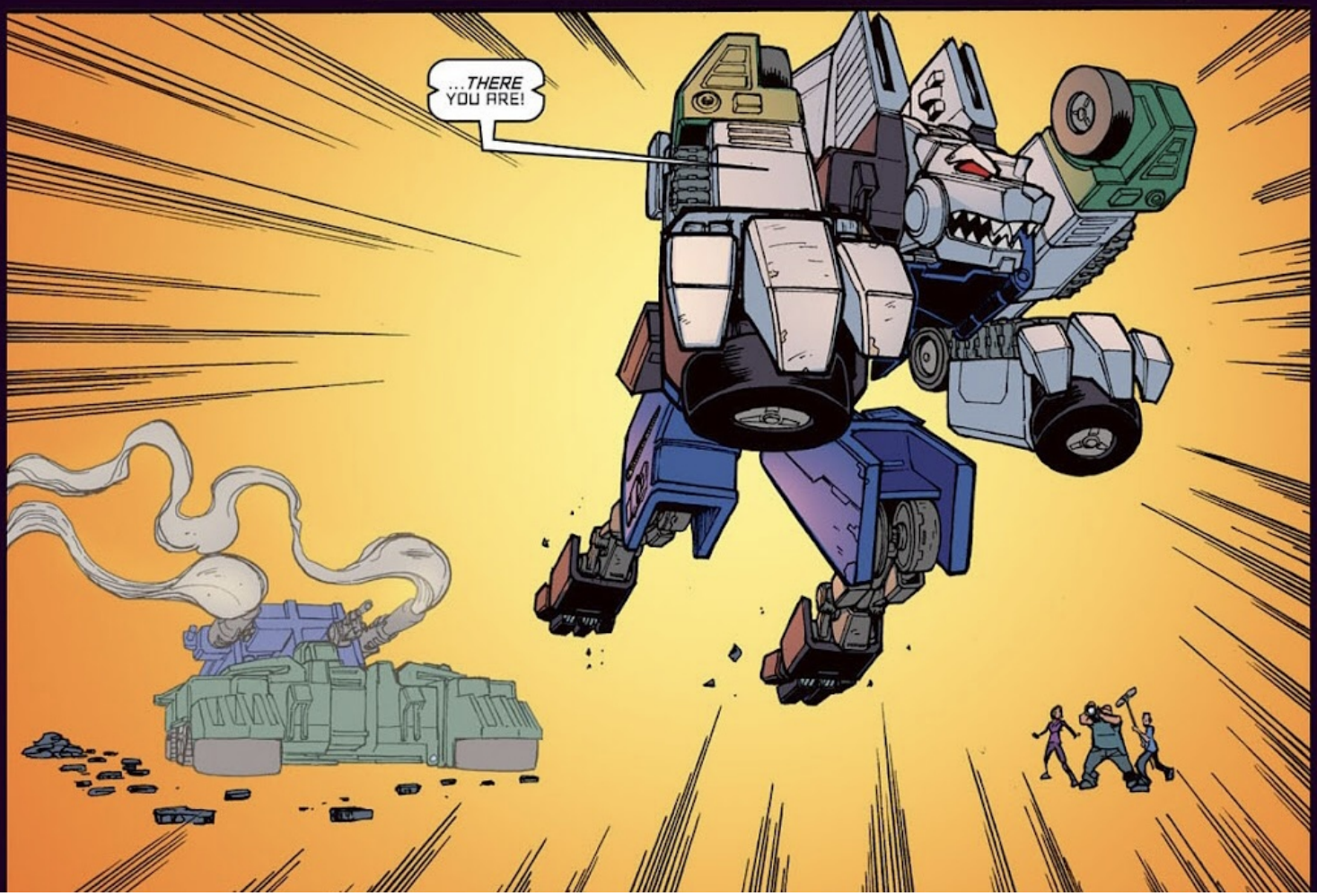
THIS IS LINDY SIMMONS FOR K-IDW...
...REPORTING FROM PENSACOLA, WHERE EARLY THIS MORNING THE SKY FELL ON THIS OTHERWISE TRANQUIL COASTAL RESORT.
BEHIND ME...
DARKSTONE
GOOD. ENOUGH LOCAL COVER...


...TO BLEND RIGHT IN, HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT.
AND THEN WHAT? I DON'T WANT TO SOUND UNGRATEFUL OR ANYTHING, BUT IS THAT YOUR PLAN? HIDE?
UM.
YES.
McTACKLE'S
GREAT.

KRUMPH!
HM.
VA-VOOM!
VA-VOOM!

WHAT'S HE DOING?!
YA-VOOOM!

PROCESS OF ELIMINATION.
THE LOCAL RULES OF ENGAGEMENT DON'T SEEM TO APPLY TO SIXSHOT.
HOLD ON TIGHT...
"...WE'RE OFF AGAIN."
AH...


...THERE YOU ARE!

DID YOU GET THAT?
TELL ME YOU GOT THAT!

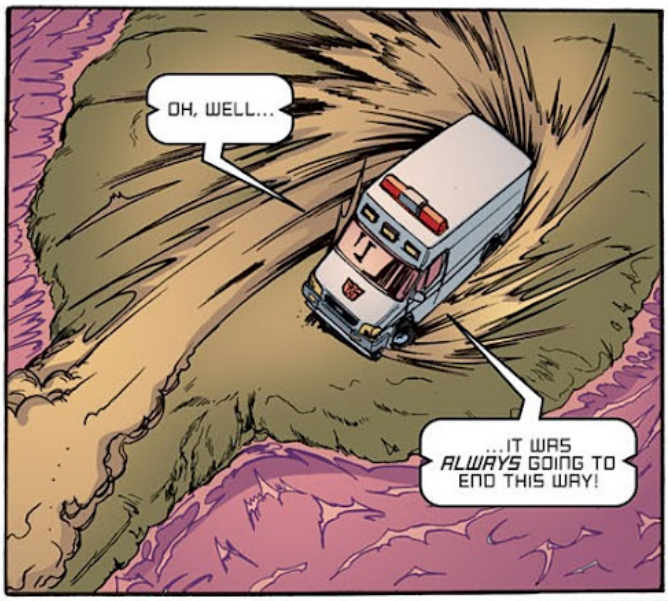
I GOT IT.

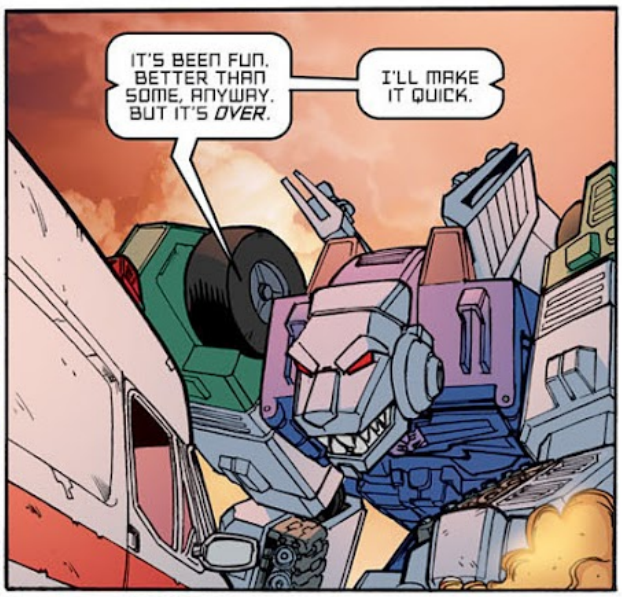
OUT. NOW!
VREEEK!

NO ARGUMENTS, NO BACKCHAT, NO MISPLACED LOYALTY. JUST GO!

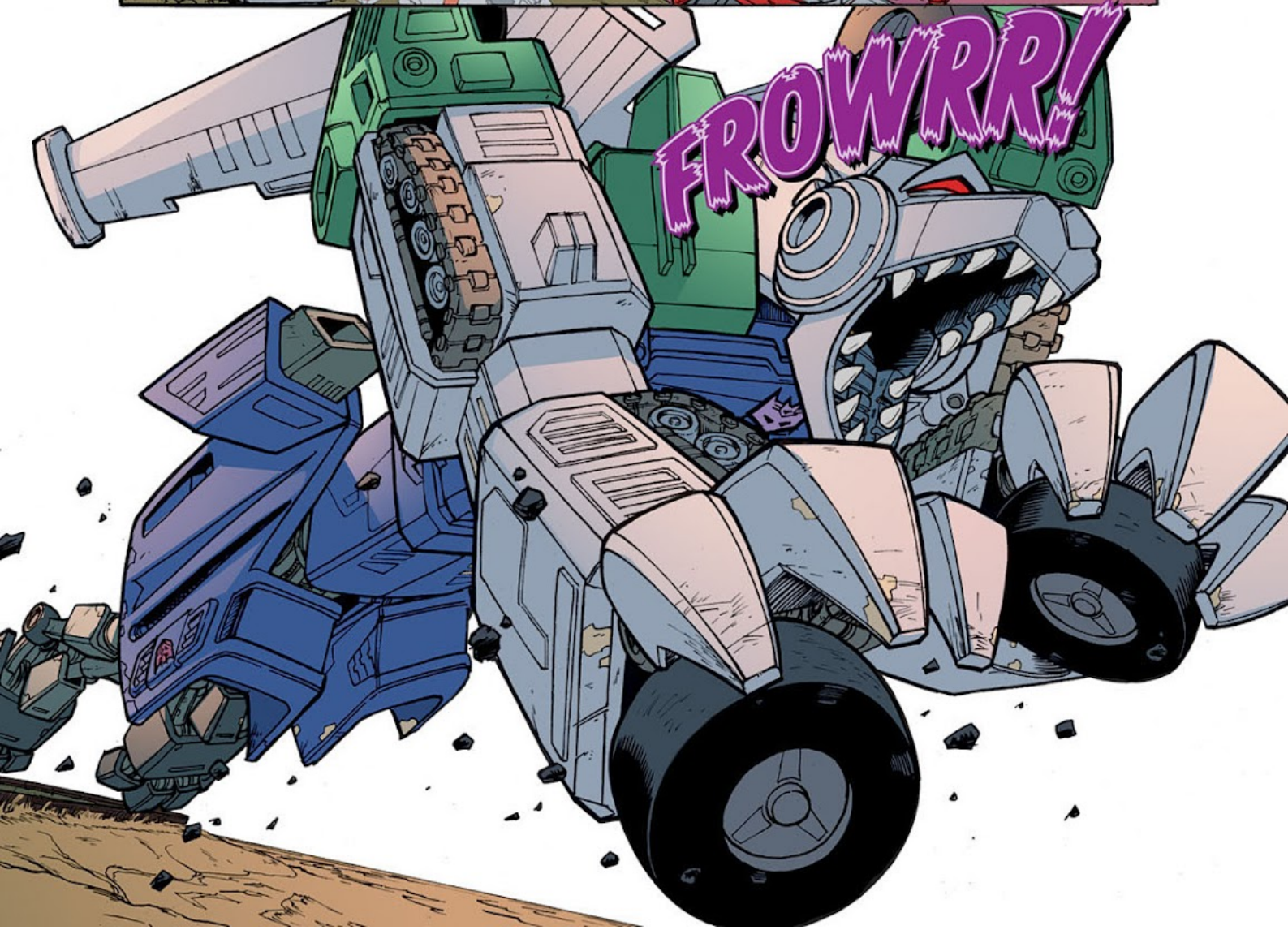
HE DOESN'T WANT YOU. I DOUBT YOU EVEN REGISTER. JIMMY, VERITY—I SIMPLY CAN'T PROTECT YOU IF YOU STAY HERE. PLEASE, GET OUT...
...WHILE YOU STILL CAN!

KTSHT-
KTSHT!
KTSHT!
OH... FRAG.
END OF THE ROAD!


OH, WELL...
...IT WAS *ALWAYS* GOING TO END THIS WAY!

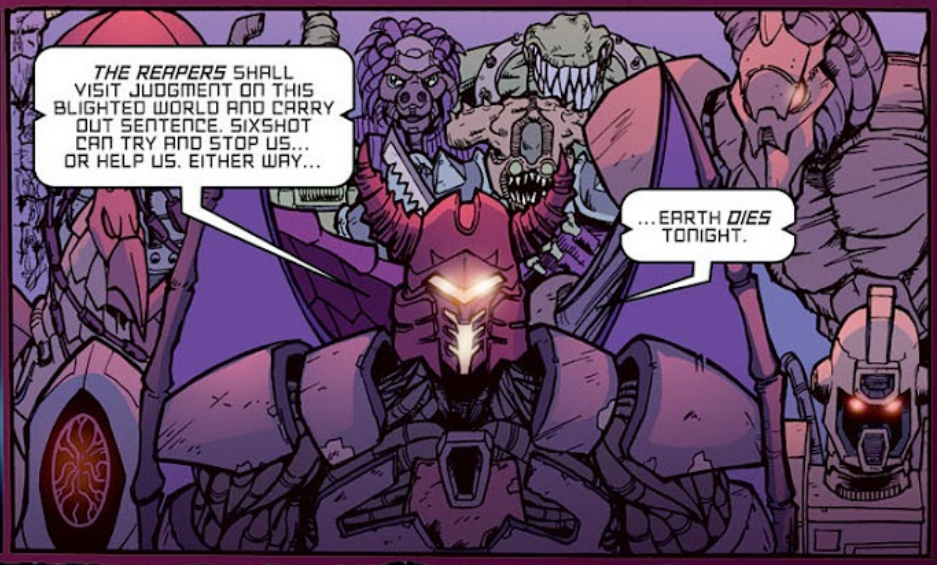

IT'S BEEN FUN. BETTER THAN SOME, ANYWAY. BUT IT'S *OVER*.
I'LL MAKE IT QUICK.

GEE...
...THANKS.

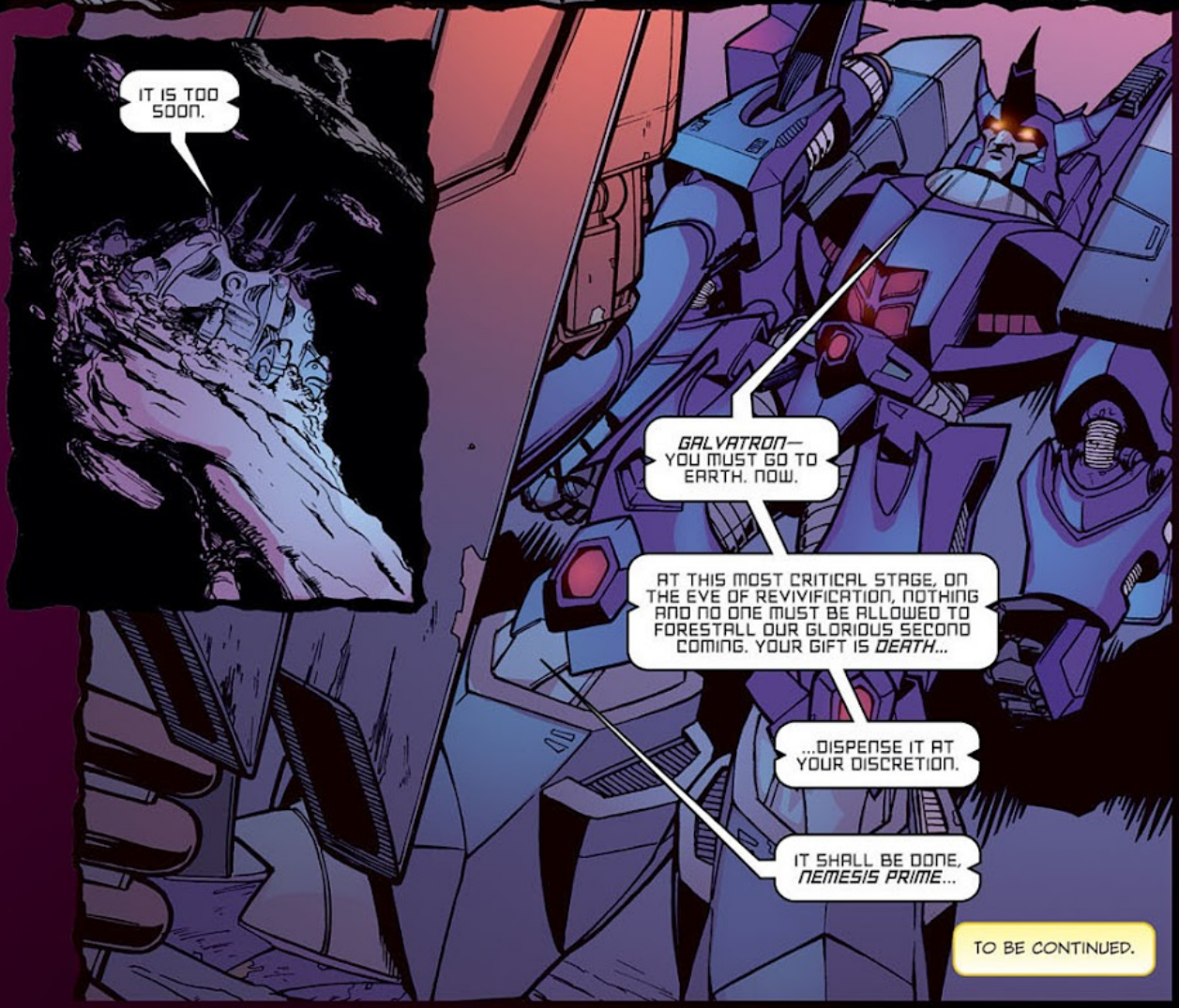

FROWRR!

DDTTTUM!
SO, DOC...
...NEED A HAND?

"IT IS DECIDED."


THE REAPERS SHALL VISIT JUDGMENT ON THIS BLIGHTED WORLD AND CARRY OUT SENTENCE. SIXSHOT CAN TRY AND STOP US... OR HELP US. EITHER WAY...
...EARTH DIES TONIGHT.

THE DEAD UNIVERSE:


IT IS TOO SOON.
GALVATRON— YOU MUST GO TO EARTH. NOW.
AT THIS MOST CRITICAL STAGE, ON THE EVE OF REVIVIFICATION, NOTHING AND NO ONE MUST BE ALLOWED TO FORESTALL OUR GLORIOUS SECOND COMING. YOUR GIFT IS DEATH...
...DISPENSE IT AT YOUR DISCRETION.
IT SHALL BE DONE, NEMESIS PRIME...
TO BE CONTINUED.

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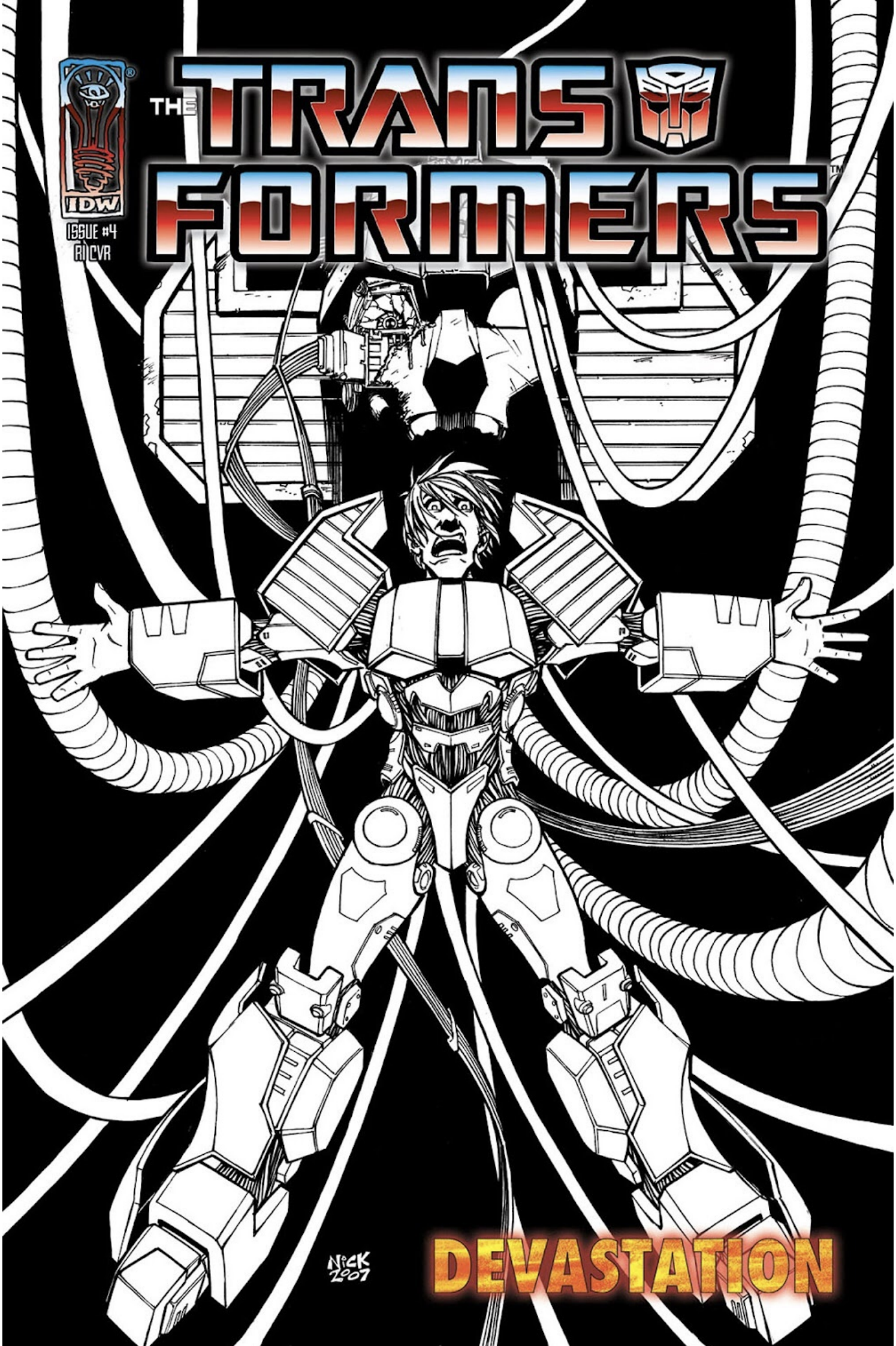
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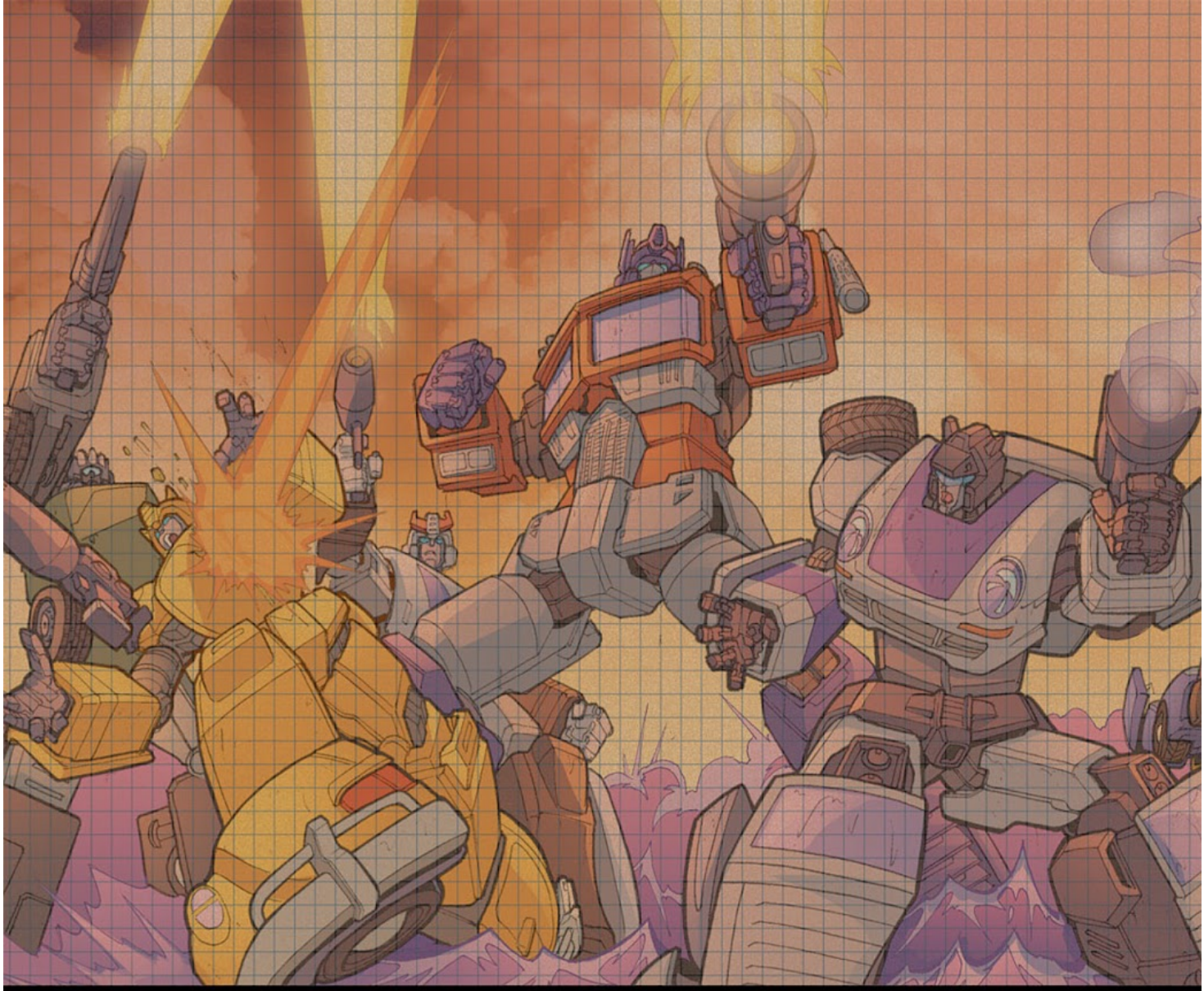

THE TRANSFORMERS: DEVASTATION #4

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The Autobot space vessel, Ark-19, has been destroyed by SIXSHOT, but his belief that all aboard (with the exception of RATCHET) perished in the crash is proven mistaken when OPTIMUS PRIME, PROWL, HARDHEAD, JAZZ, BUMBLEBEE and NIGHTBEAT appear—alive and well—on the Florida coast and engage the Decepticon living weapon. Meanwhile, the Machination's Headmasters continue their pursuit of WHEELJACK and HOT ROD as HUNTER O'NION takes the next inexorable step to becoming a Headmaster himself!

PHASE THREE CONTINUES...

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Special thanks to Hasbro's Aaron Archer, Elizabeth Griffin, Sheri Lucci, Richard Zambarano, Jared Jones, Michael Provost, Michael Richie, and Michael Verrecchia for their invaluable assistance.

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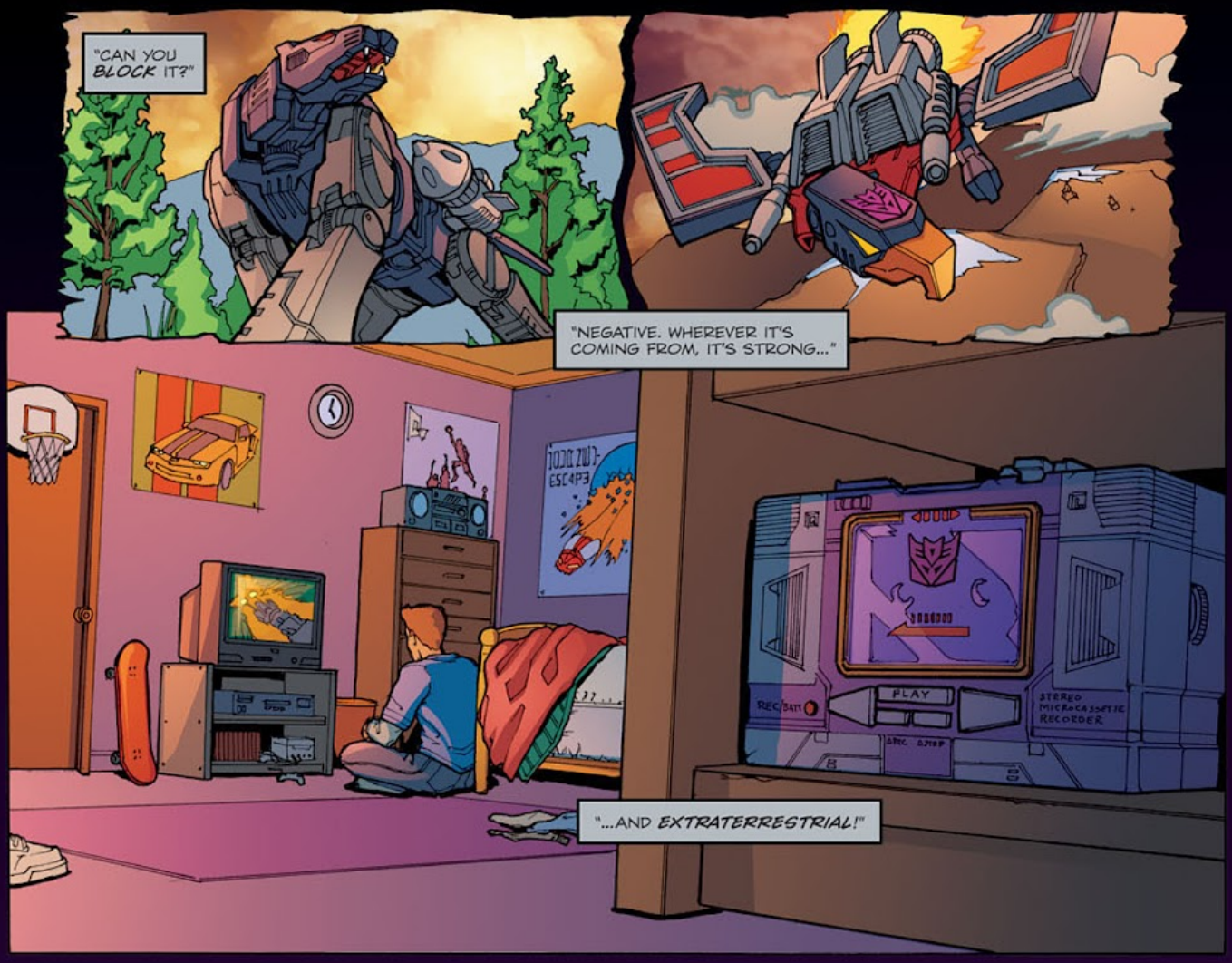
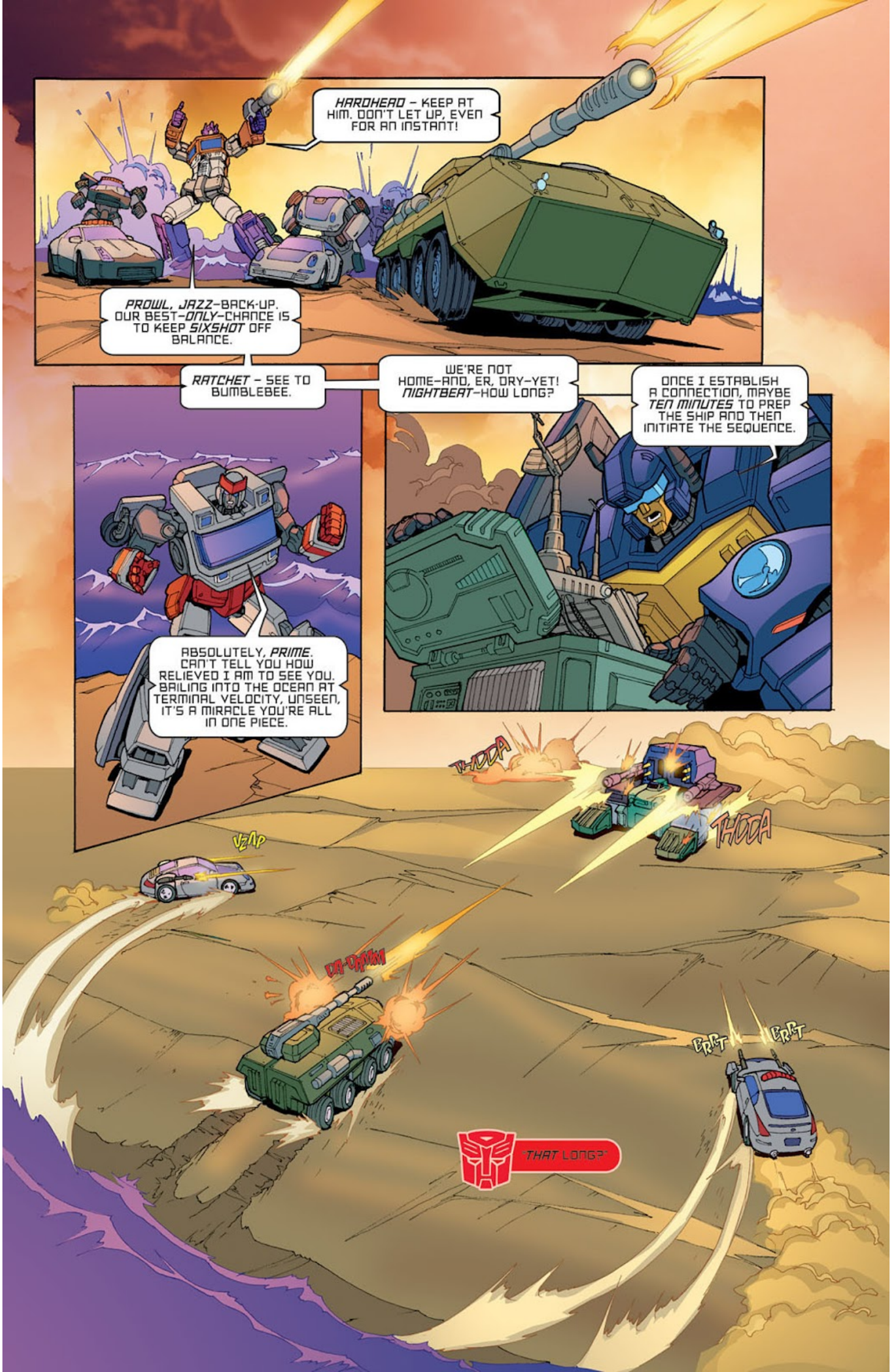
WASHINGTON D.C.:
THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING.
SKYWATCH:
RECALL THE SEEKERS IMMEDIATELY. AND GET ME AN URGENT STATUS UPDATE ON THE EUREKA ACQUISITIONS.
YES SIR, AGENT RED.

WHATEVER IT WAS BEFORE... NOW IT'S WAR!
PROBLEM?
I THINK SO. YES. THE SEEKERS ARE NOT RESPONDING. THERE'S SOME KIND OF COMPETING SIGNAL.


"CAN YOU BLOCK IT?"
"NEGATIVE. WHEREVER IT'S COMING FROM, IT'S STRONG..."
PLAY
REC/BATT
STEREO MICROCASSETTE RECORDER
"...AND EXTRATERRESTRIAL!"

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA:
YOU'RE JUST *FULL* OF SURPRISES, AREN'T YOU? TROUBLE IS, SO AM I.
AND MINE ARE ALL SO DELICIOUSLY, UTTERLY *LETHAL*!
DZUM
DZUM

GAHT!
VAMPH!
BUMBLEBEE!
FRAG. WHAT DOES IT *TAKE* TO PUT THIS ONE DOWN?
HEAVY ARTILLERY, THAT'S WHAT!
THWBOOM


HARDHEAD – KEEP AT HIM. DON'T LET UP, EVEN FOR AN INSTANT!
PROWL, JAZZ–BACK-UP. OUR BEST–ONLY–CHANCE IS TO KEEP SIXSHOT OFF BALANCE.
RATCHET – SEE TO BUMBLEBEE.
ABSOLUTELY, PRIME. CAN'T TELL YOU HOW RELIEVED I AM TO SEE YOU. BAILING INTO THE OCEAN AT TERMINAL VELOCITY, UNSEEN, IT'S A MIRACLE YOU'RE ALL IN ONE PIECE.
WE'RE NOT HOME–AND, ER, DRY–YET! NIGHTBEAT–HOW LONG?
ONCE I ESTABLISH A CONNECTION, MAYBE TEN MINUTES TO PREP THE SHIP AND THEN INITIATE THE SEQUENCE.
THDCA
THDCA
VZAP
KA-CHOOM
BRT
BRT
"THAT LONG?"

YES! GO AUTOBOTS...
FADOOOM
IF ONLY...
...I FELT REASSURED!

YEAH. YEAH. SIXSHOT. HE'S THIS DECEPTICON WEAPON OF LAST RESORT, RIGHT?
RIGHT.

WHICH MEANS...
...THOSE CAREFULLY PLANNED PHASES RATCHET TOLD US ABOUT ARE, LIKE, GONE. FAST-FORWARD TO THE END OF THE WORLD.

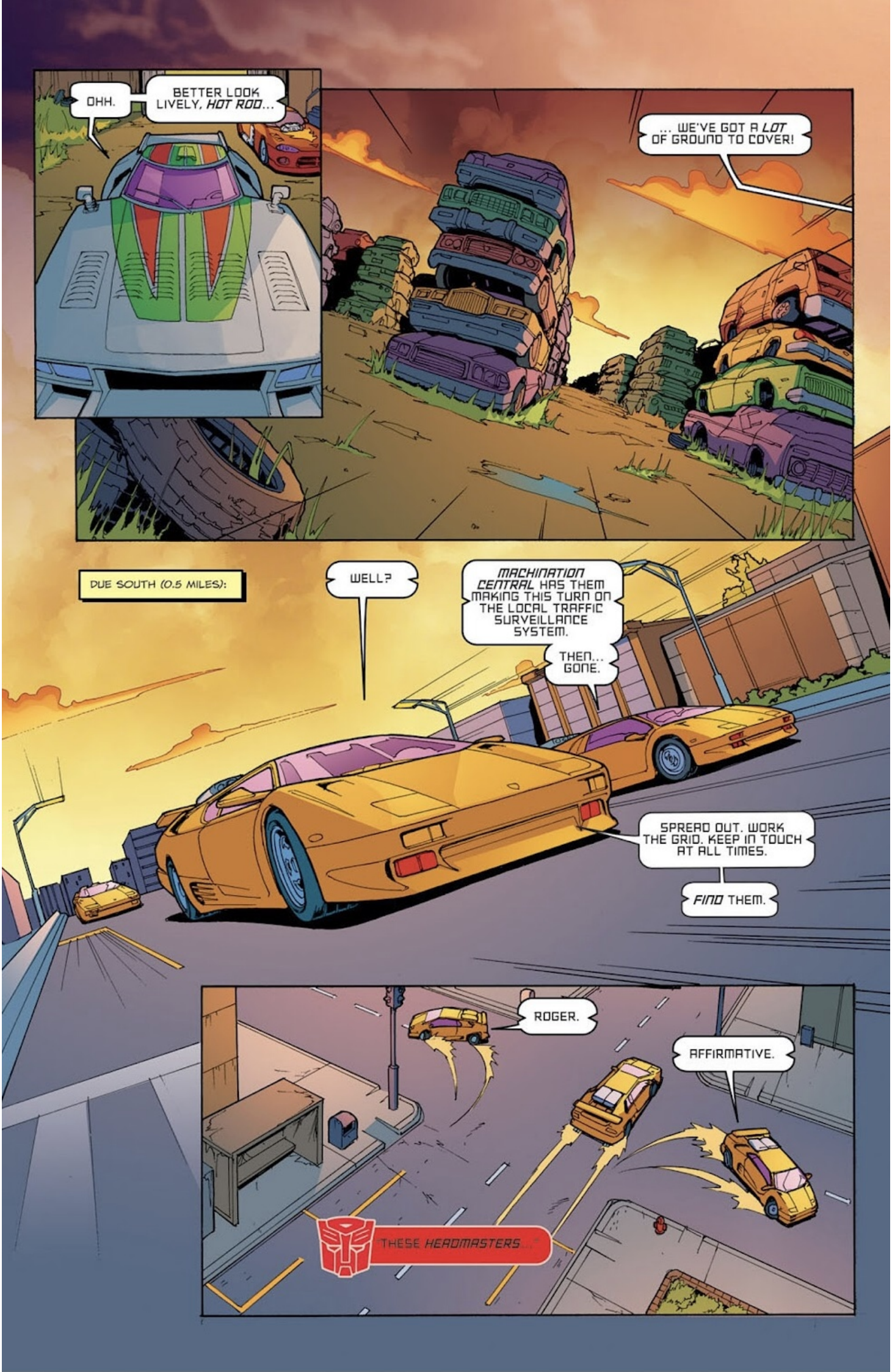
AND WHAT'S MORE, THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG, THE CAN OF WORMS IS OPEN...
...ALL LIVE AT FIVE!

WARSAW, INDIANA:
TIME?
7:53 A.M.
DID WE *LOSE* THEM?
WRECK 'N' RULE
Sorry we're CLOSED
539

CAN'T AFFORD TO ASSUME SO.
BUT NEITHER CAN WE AFFORD TO DO MORE THAN WE'VE DONE TO SHAKE THEM OFF. *IRONHIDE*'S SCHEDULED FOR THE PRESSES FIRST THING...

... SO WE NEED TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE–*FAST*!
Meister
CLANG
TSHK

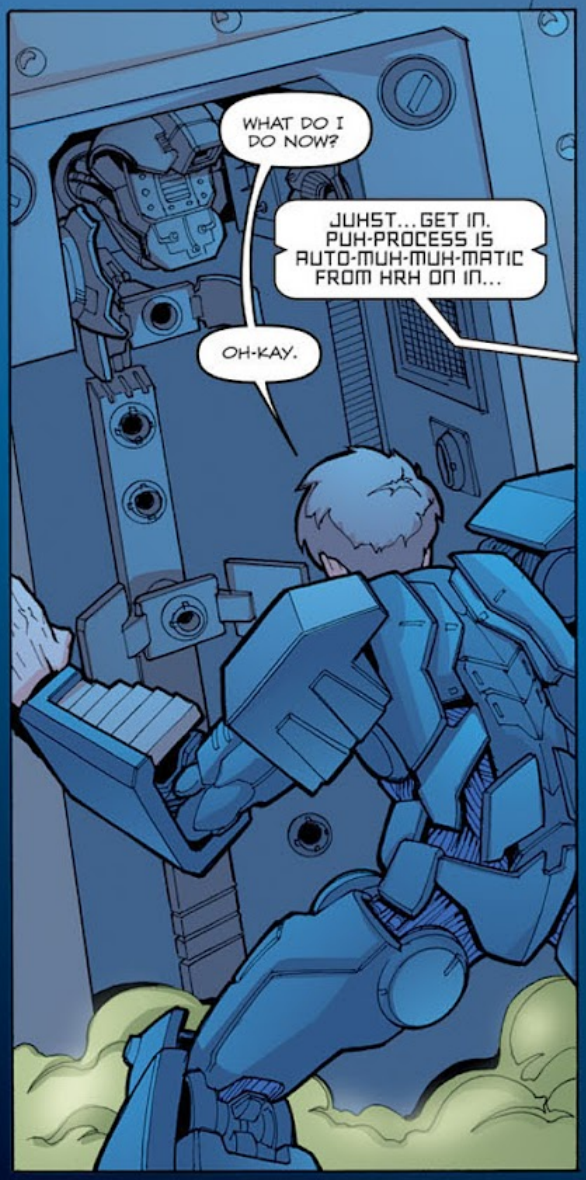
I CAN'T SEEM TO GET A G.P.S. ECHO. DIDN'T RATCHET SAY HE HAD IT LOCKED IN?
YEAH, *WHEELJACK*, HE DID. FUNNY THING IS, I CAN'T FIND ARK-19, LET ALONE THE G.P.S. LOCATOR PULSE.
SOMETHING'S WRONG. *VERY* WRONG!


OHH.
BETTER LOOK LIVELY, HOT ROD...
... WE'VE GOT A LOT OF GROUND TO COVER!
DUE SOUTH (0.5 MILES):
WELL?
MACHINATION CENTRAL HAS THEM MAKING THIS TURN ON THE LOCAL TRAFFIC SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM.
THEN... GONE.
SPREAD OUT. WORK THE GRID. KEEP IN TOUCH AT ALL TIMES.
FIND THEM.
ROGER.
AFFIRMATIVE.
"THESE HEADMASTERS..."

...THEY LOOK LIKE YOU AND THINK LIKE YOU.
AND THAT'S BECAUSE AT THIS STAGE OF THE PROCESS THEY'RE HARDWIRED INTO YOUR HEAD.
YUH.

YUH.
SO, SUNSTREAKER...
...ROOM FOR ONE MORE IN THERE?
HEHN. WHY NOT?
WHUHOOABOUT YOUUU? PUH-POINT OF NH-NO RETURN...

YEAH...
...I KNOW.
SHHST


WHAT DO I DO NOW?
JUHST... GET IN. PUH-PROCESS IS AUTO-MUH-MUH-MATIC FROM HRH ON IN...
OH-KAY.

AH-ANYTHING ELSE I SHOULD KNOW?
YUH.
IHT'S...PAINFUL.
OH. GREAT!
NOW HE TELLS ME–
TSHT
VHMMMM–
–EEAAAGH!

PENSACOLA:
YOU DON'T *GET* IT, DO YOU? I COULD DO THIS ALL DAY.
IT'S WHAT I WAS *BUILT* FOR.
FWAADAM
CHADOOM
IT'S *ALL* I WAS BUILT FOR.
MEGATRON WANTS DEVASTATION...
...HE'S *GOT* IT!
THRRBBOOM

HE MEANS IT. HE'LL BURN THIS *ENTIRE* WORLD... SIMPLY BECAUSE IT IS MEGATRON'S WILL!
AUTOBOTS–*DISENGAGE* SAFETY INHIBITORS ON YOUR PRIMARY ARSENAL...
FIRE AT WILL!
<CRZK> IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE NOW HAVE *MULTIPLE* COMBATANTS. NATURE/ORIGIN: UNKNOWN. INTENTIONS: HOSTILE. HOMELAND THREAT LEVEL...*OFF* THE SCALE!
RECOMMEND *ULTIMATE FORCE*.

TURN YOUR VEHICLES *AROUND*. USE THE SHOULDER.
SLOW AND ORDERLY. DO IT-*NOW*.

WELL, WE BEFRIENDED THEM... I GUESS. LOOK, SIR, I KNOW HOW THIS *SOUNDS*, BUT...
...THERE ARE, UM, *GOOD* ROBOTS AND *BAD* ROBOTS. YOU *HAVE* TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND.
MM-HM. SO... THEY'RE MECHANICAL BEINGS FROM ANOTHER PLANET. AND YOU KNOW THIS, *HOW*?

SON...
...GO WASTE SOMEONE *ELSE'S* TIME.

I KNOW, I *KNOW*.
LOOK, YOU TRIED. NOW...

"...WE DO IT *MY* WAY."

WARSAW:
ANYTHING?
NO. THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF VEHICLES HERE. THE ODDS OF US JUST STUMBLING UPON HIM, WELL, THEY'RE NOT HIGH.
AND WHAT'S MORE, IT'S PAST EIGHT.
"WE'RE OPEN FOR BUSINESS."
YES MA'AM, THE CHAIN WAS JUST HANGING, GATES WIDE OPEN.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WHAT IS THERE TO STEAL?" I'M REPORTING A BREAK-IN, DAMMIT.
YES. OF COURSE, SIR. HOLD PLEASE...
UNIT 56. WE HAVE A SUSPECTED 10-29 AT THE WRECK 'N' RULE AUTO YARD IN MILLER'S FIELD. PLEASE INVESTIGATE...
(CRK) ROGER, CONTROL...
... RESPONDING.

PENSACOLA:
HURRY UP.
I AM HURRYING. IT'S JUST A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM AN AUTOMOBILE IGNITION, I–
AH!
THAR SHE BLOWS.
THRSH
YOU SURE THIS IS SUCH A BRIGHT IDEA?
NO. BUT WE'VE GOT TO WARN THE AUTOBOTS. BASED ON WHAT WE HEARD BACK THERE, THEY'RE CALLING IN AIR STRIKES...
...AND I DOUBT THEY'LL GIVE A GOOD GODDAMN WHO'S WHO!

MUCH AS I *APPLAUD* YOUR EFFORTS TO DO ME HARM...
...I SHOULD POINT OUT THAT MY ARMATURE WAS FORGED FROM METALS DRAWN FROM THE COMPACTED SUBATOMIC MATTER OF A COLLAPSED STAR...
... AND MY POWER CORE IS A SELF-REGENERATING DARK MATTER FISSION CELL, HERMETICALLY SEALED.
KHT!
SPORT
OH, AND I'M *VERY* FAST...

...AND *VERY* STRONG!
SKIZT
EAH!
FLANG
SO WHAT? THEY CALL ME *HARDHEAD*.
AND THAT'S REALLY *ALL* YOU NEED TO KNOW.
YOU'VE GOT A *BAD* REPUTATION, SIXSHOT.
HERE'S WHERE WE SEPARATE THE *TRUTH* FROM THE *HYPERBOLE*.
SPOWK
YOU'RE RIGHT. ENOUGH HARD SELL.
LET'S SKIP TO THE *CLINCHER*!

RATCHET! RATCHET!
EH?
VERITY? JIMMY?
PLEASE, YOU CAN'T BE HERE! WE'RE ALL THIS FAR FROM THE BIG SHUTDOWN!
JUST LISTEN TO ME...
...THE U.S. MILITARY AND AIR FORCE ARE ABOUT TO THROW EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT AT YOU.
WE'RE TALKING SCORCHED EARTH!
I SEE.
PRIME. IT'S RATCHET. THIS WHOLE REGION IS HOT. LOCAL ARMED FORCES INBOUND.
KH! NIGHTBEAT, STATUS?

SAY THE WORD, PRIME, AND WE'RE *GONE*.
DO IT. GET EVERYONE *OUT* OF THE AREA, MYSELF EXCLUDED.
I'M *STAYING* TO SEE THIS THROUGH, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER!
BUT–
THAT'S AN ORDER! *EXECUTE*.
UNDERSTOOD.
AUTOBOTS. BRACE FOR *ORBITAL JUMP*...

...IN THREE, TWO...
TAKE HOLD. WE'LL NEED TO BE IN DIRECT PHYSICAL CONTACT.
QUICKLY...

ARK-32:
JIMMY?! VERITY?!

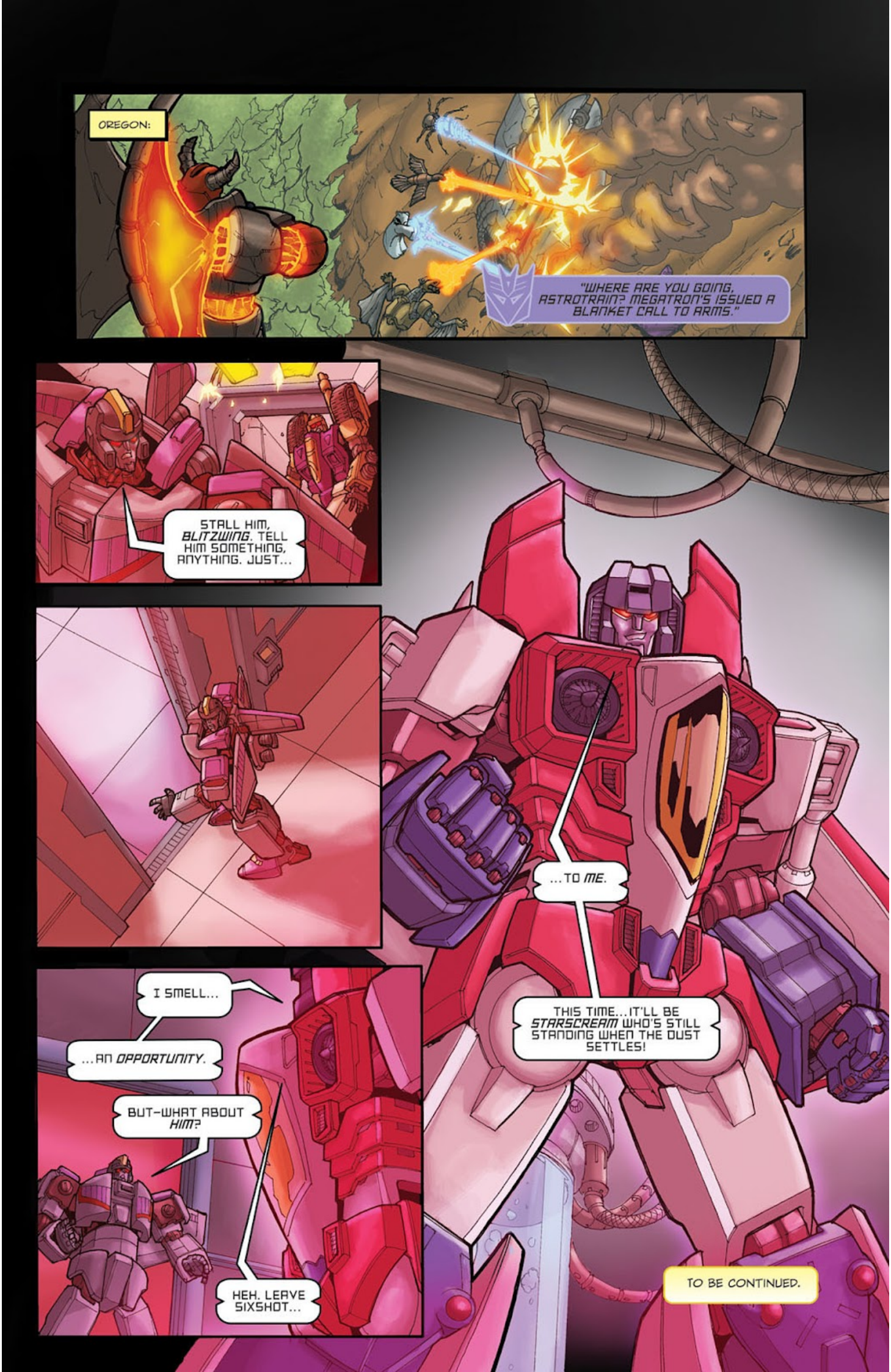
NO. NO!
I DIDN'T THINK. THE ORBITAL JUMP WAS JUST TOO TRAUMATIC FOR TERRAN BIOSYSTEMS. LIFE FUNCTIONS...
...TERMINATED.

"RECALL SIXSHOT. TELL HIM IT'S A MATTER OF URGENCY. ALL PREVIOUS ORDERS ARE RESCINDED."

"TELL HIM..."

"...WE ARE BESIEGED!"

UNGHR!
IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, PRIME. BUT...
...DON'T GO THINKING I WON'T BE BACK TO FINISH WHAT I STARTED.
NIGHTBEAT?
"GET ME OUT OF HERE."
SHFWOOOO!


OREGON:
"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, ASTROTRAIN? MEGATRON'S ISSUED A BLANKET CALL TO ARMS."
STALL HIM, *BLITZWING*. TELL HIM SOMETHING, ANYTHING. JUST...
...TO *ME*.
THIS TIME...IT'LL BE *STARSCREAM* WHO'S STILL STANDING WHEN THE DUST SETTLES!
I SMELL...
...AN *OPPORTUNITY*.
BUT-WHAT ABOUT *HIM*?
HEH. LEAVE SIXSHOT...
TO BE CONTINUED.

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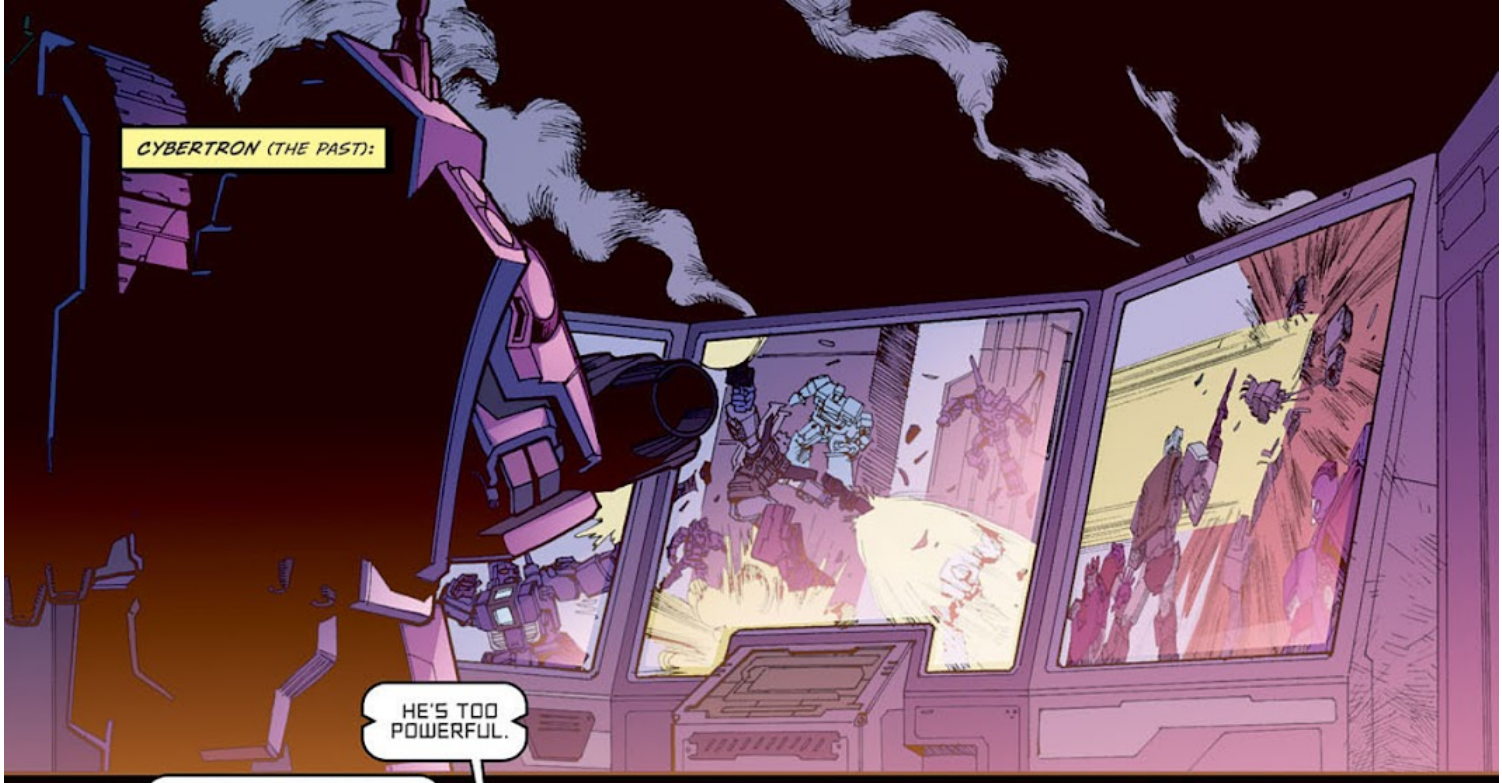

CYBERTRON (THE PAST):
HE'S TOO POWERFUL.

TOO POWERFUL, STARSCREAM? THERE'S NO SUCH THING.
WITH RESPECT, LORD MEGATRON...

...MY SOLE DUTY IS TO SEE TO YOUR SAFETY. IF SIXSHOT WERE TO TURN HIS CONSIDERABLE ARSENAL AGAINST YOU, I—MAY NOT BE ABLE TO PROTECT YOU.

STARSCREAM, STARSCREAM. YOU ARE SO ACHINGLY NAIVE. FIRSTLY, YOUR PRESENCE AT MY SIDE IS LARGELY FOR SHOW. I CAN PROTECT MYSELF.
AND SECONDLY, DO YOU SERIOUSLY THINK I WOULD SET IN MOTION A LIVING WEAPON...

"...IF I DID NOT HAVE THE OFF SWITCH?"

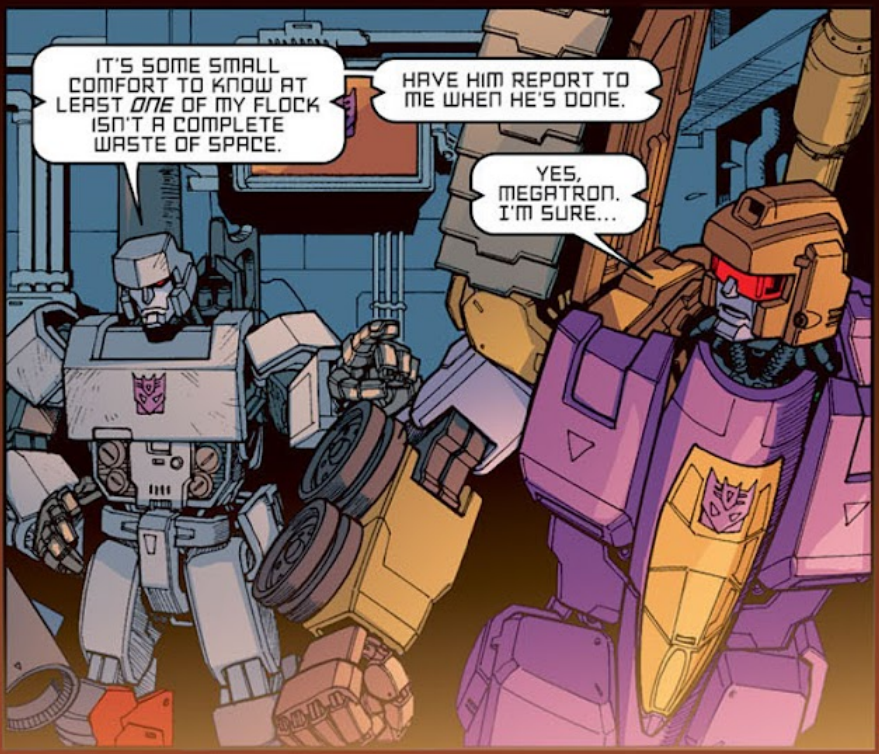
EARTH (PRESENT DAY):
TH-THUMMM!
WHO ARE THEY?
WE DON'T KNOW, MEGATRON.
WHAT DO THEY WANT?
ER, DITTO.
TELL ME SOMETHING, BLITZWING, OR SO HELP ME I'LL EVISCERATE YOU AS THOROUGHLY AS I DID STARSCREAM!

UM. THEY'RE... ALIEN. A MISH-MASH OF SPECIES. AND THEY'RE, ER...
KRAAAK!
DUMDUMDUM!
VATAKYZ!
"...HOSTILE!"
YOU DON'T SAY.

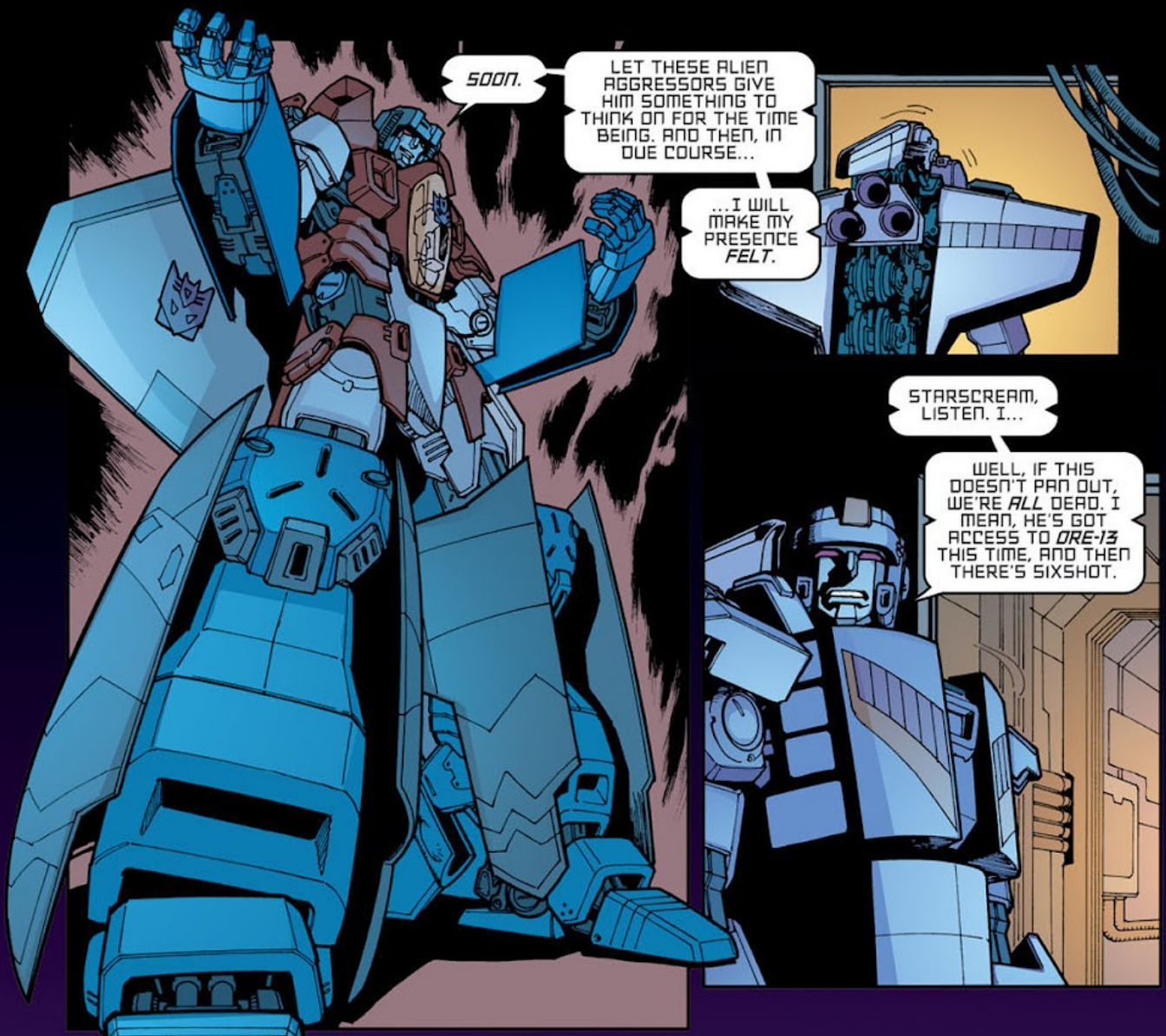
THUNDERCRACKER—HOW LONG UNTIL SIXSHOT GETS HERE?
ANY TIME NOW. HE'S INBOUND.
GOOD. THE REST OF YOU, GET A BOOSTER SHOT OF ULTRA-ENERGON. ONCE SIXSHOT HAS SOFTENED THEM UP...
...WE'LL PLAY.
DONE.

AND DUSTED.
BLITZWING...
...WHERE'S ASTROTRAIN?

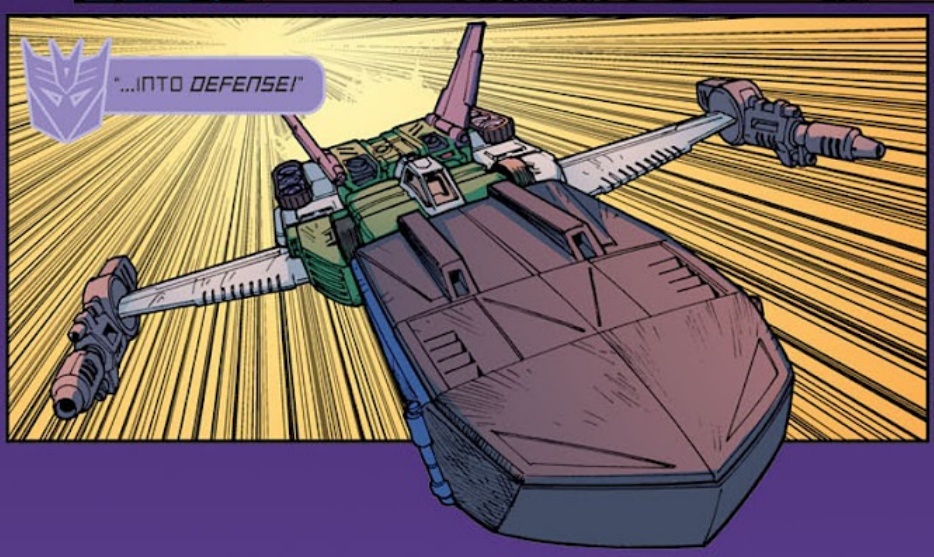
I—ER, HE'S...
...ALIGNING THE ORBITAL DEFENSES. HE THOUGHT WE MIGHT NEED THE EXTRA FIREPOWER.
HM.


IT'S SOME SMALL COMFORT TO KNOW AT LEAST ONE OF MY FLOCK ISN'T A COMPLETE WASTE OF SPACE.
HAVE HIM REPORT TO ME WHEN HE'S DONE.
YES, MEGATRON. I'M SURE...

"...HE'S ONLY TOO AWARE."
YOU'D BETTER GO. NO SENSE IN AROUSING HIS SUSPICIONS.
BUT WHEN—?


SOON.
LET THESE ALIEN AGGRESSORS GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO THINK ON FOR THE TIME BEING. AND THEN, IN DUE COURSE...
...I WILL MAKE MY PRESENCE FELT.
STARSCREAM, LISTEN. I...
WELL, IF THIS DOESN'T PAN OUT, WE'RE ALL DEAD. I MEAN, HE'S GOT ACCESS TO ORE-13 THIS TIME, AND THEN THERE'S SIXSHOT.

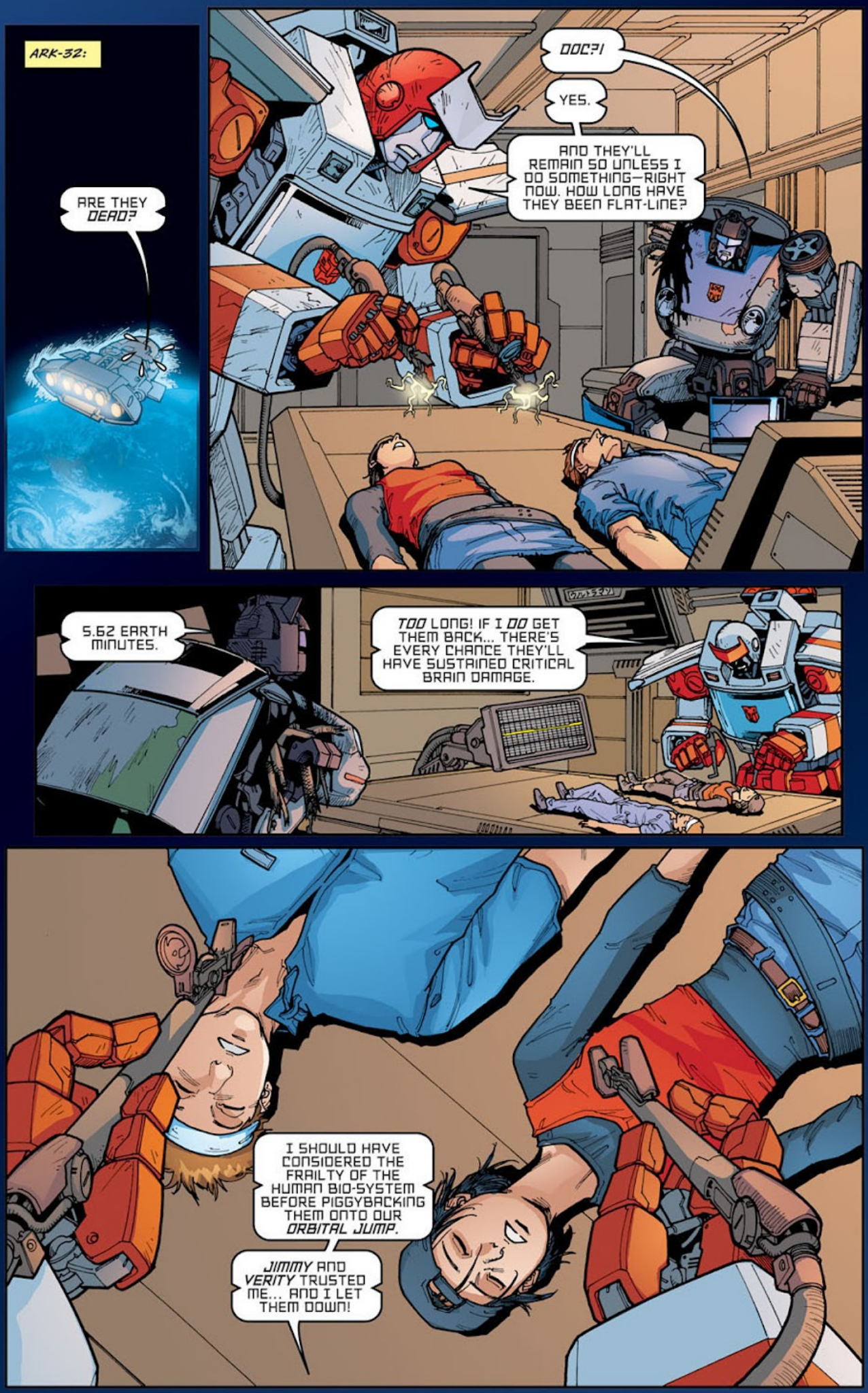
RELAX, ASTROTRAIN. WHEN IT COMES TO SIXSHOT, IT'S SIMPLY A MATTER OF TURNING OFFENSE...

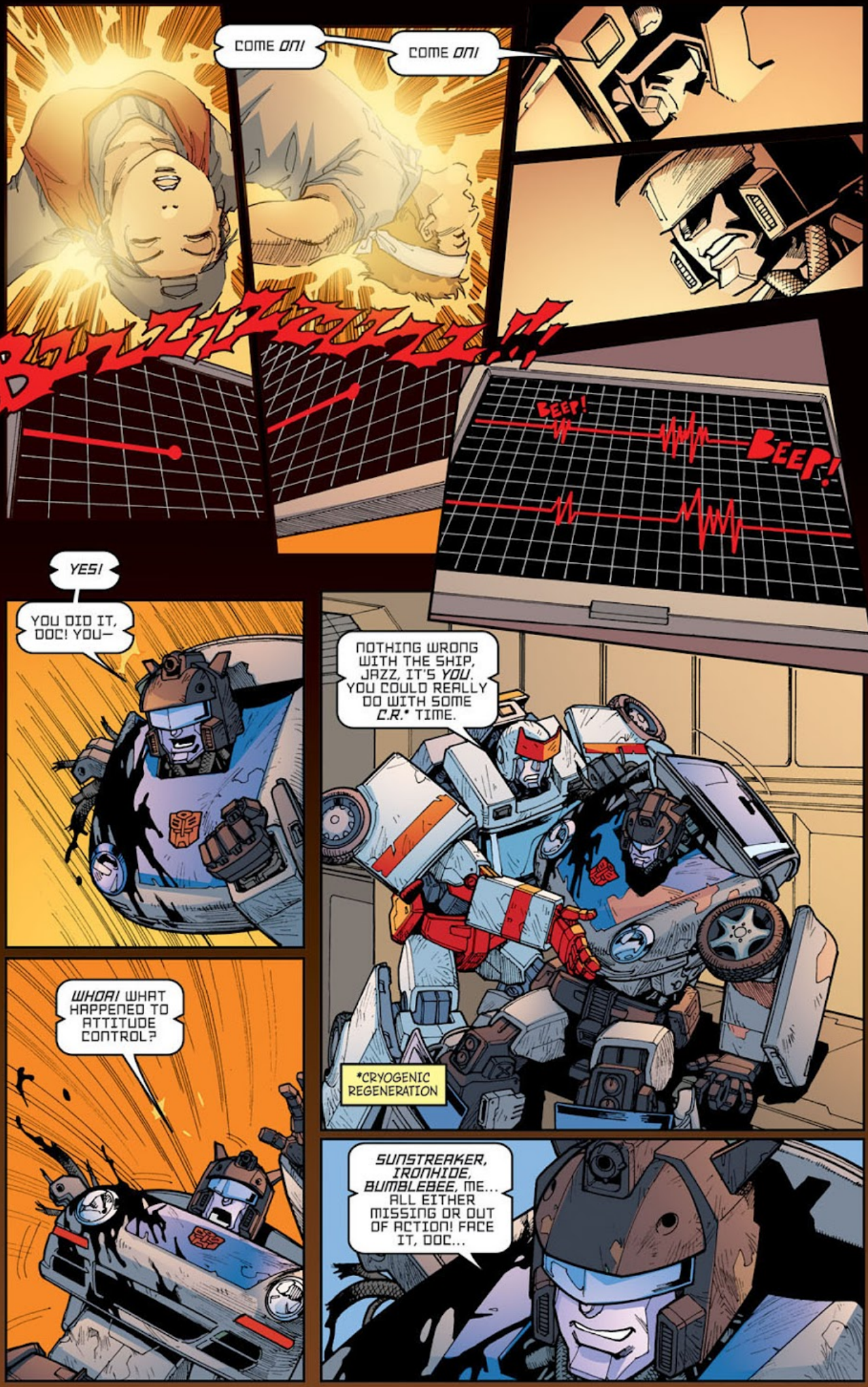

"...INTO DEFENSE!"

THWBOOM!

THWBOOM!
"NOW..."

...WE *GAUGE* SIXSHOT'S LOYALTIES AGAIN.
AND IF HE FALTERS? *AGAIN?*
THEN WE KILL HIM, RAZE THIS WORLD... AND MOVE ON.


ARK-32:
ARE THEY DEAD?
DOC?!
YES.
AND THEY'LL REMAIN SO UNLESS I DO SOMETHING—RIGHT NOW. HOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN FLAT-LINE?
5.62 EARTH MINUTES.
TOO LONG! IF I DO GET THEM BACK... THERE'S EVERY CHANCE THEY'LL HAVE SUSTAINED CRITICAL BRAIN DAMAGE.
I SHOULD HAVE CONSIDERED THE FRAILTY OF THE HUMAN BIO-SYSTEM BEFORE PIGGYBACKING THEM ONTO OUR ORBITAL JUMP.
JIMMY AND VERITY TRUSTED ME... AND I LET THEM DOWN!

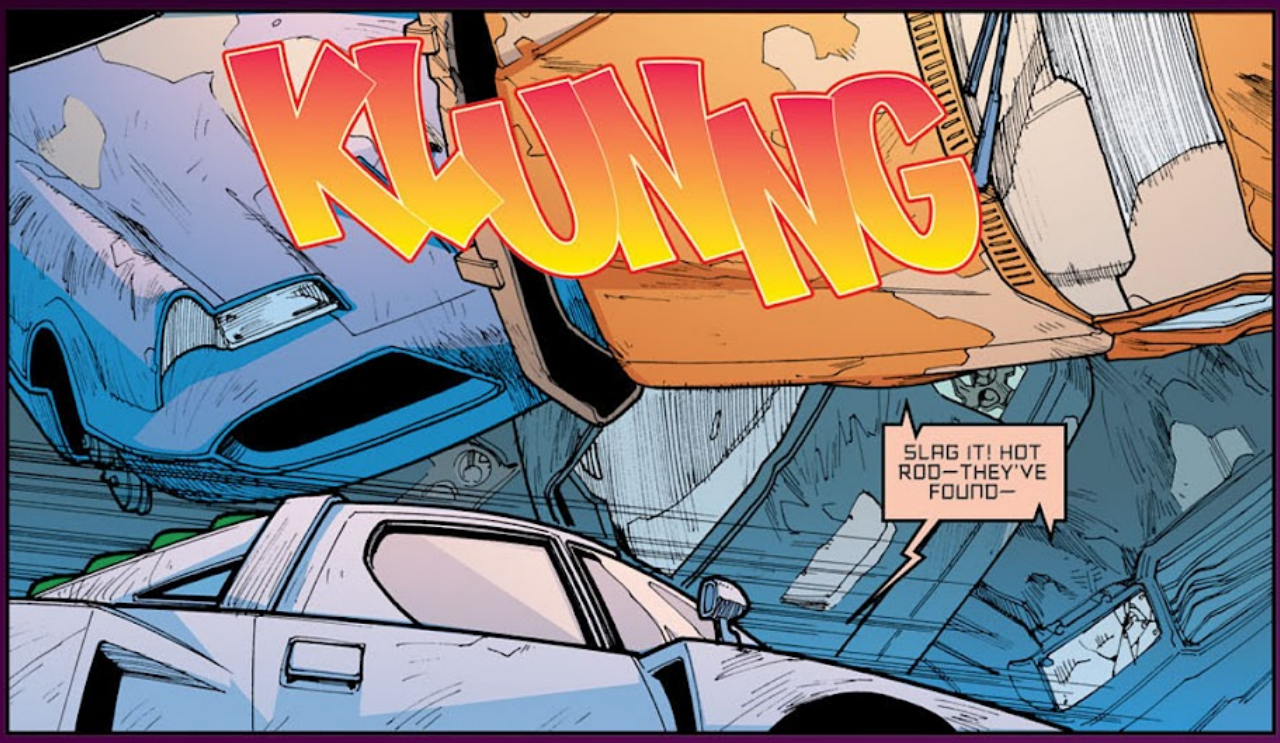

COME ON!
COME ON!
BZZZZZZZZZZ!!!
BEEP!
BEEP!
YES!
YOU DID IT, DOC! YOU—
NOTHING WRONG WITH THE SHIP, JAZZ, IT'S YOU. YOU COULD REALLY DO WITH SOME C.R.* TIME.
*CRYOGENIC REGENERATION
WHOA! WHAT HAPPENED TO ATTITUDE CONTROL?
SUNSTREAKER, IRONHIDE, BUMBLEBEE, ME... ALL EITHER MISSING OR OUT OF ACTION! FACE IT, DOC...

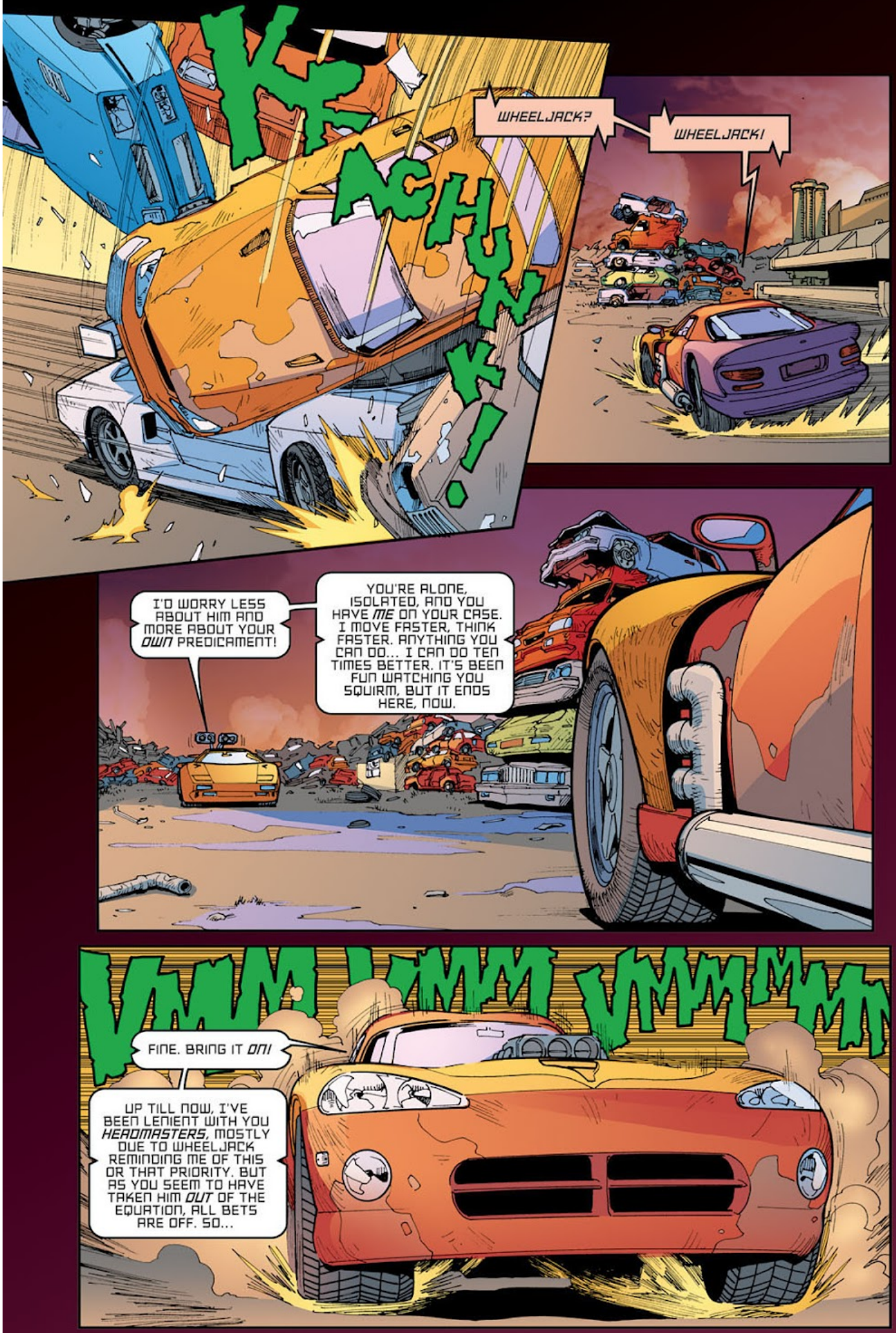
"...WE'RE IN A PRETTY *SORRY* STATE!"
PROWL?
WHERE *IS* EVERYONE?
HM? OH, *HARDHEAD.*
WELL, LET'S SEE...OF OUR RAPIDLY DWINDLING NUMBER, RATCHET IS SEEING TO JAZZ AND BUMBLEBEE IN RECOVERY.
"*NIGHTBEAT* IS STRAIGHT BACK TO WHATEVER IT IS NIGHTBEAT DOES..."
POST-MORTEM ANALYSIS INDICATES...
...THE PROBLEM WITH *JHIAXUS* IS SEPARATING FACT FROM LEGEND...
"...AND *OPTIMUS PRIME* IS DEALING WITH SOME OTHER CRISIS. ONE OF *MANY* NO DOUBT."
WHICH PRETTY MUCH LEAVES YOU... AND ME.
WHAT ABOUT *HOT ROD* AND *WHEELJACK*? THEY SHOULD HAVE GOT TO IRONHIDE BY NOW.
MM. THERE'S PROBABLY AN *UPDATE* FROM THEM SOMEWHERE, EVEN IF THEY SENT IT TO ARK-19. BUT ON OUR *IMMEDIATE* SCALE OF PRIORITIES...

"...IT CAN *WAIT!*"
WARSAW, INDIANA:
IT OCCURS TO ME, WHEELJACK...

...THAT IF IRONHIDE WAS SCHEDULED TO GO TO THE *PRESSES* FIRST THING THIS MORNING, CHANCES ARE THAT'S WHERE HE IS, READY AND WAITING.
I'M ON MY WAY THERE NOW.

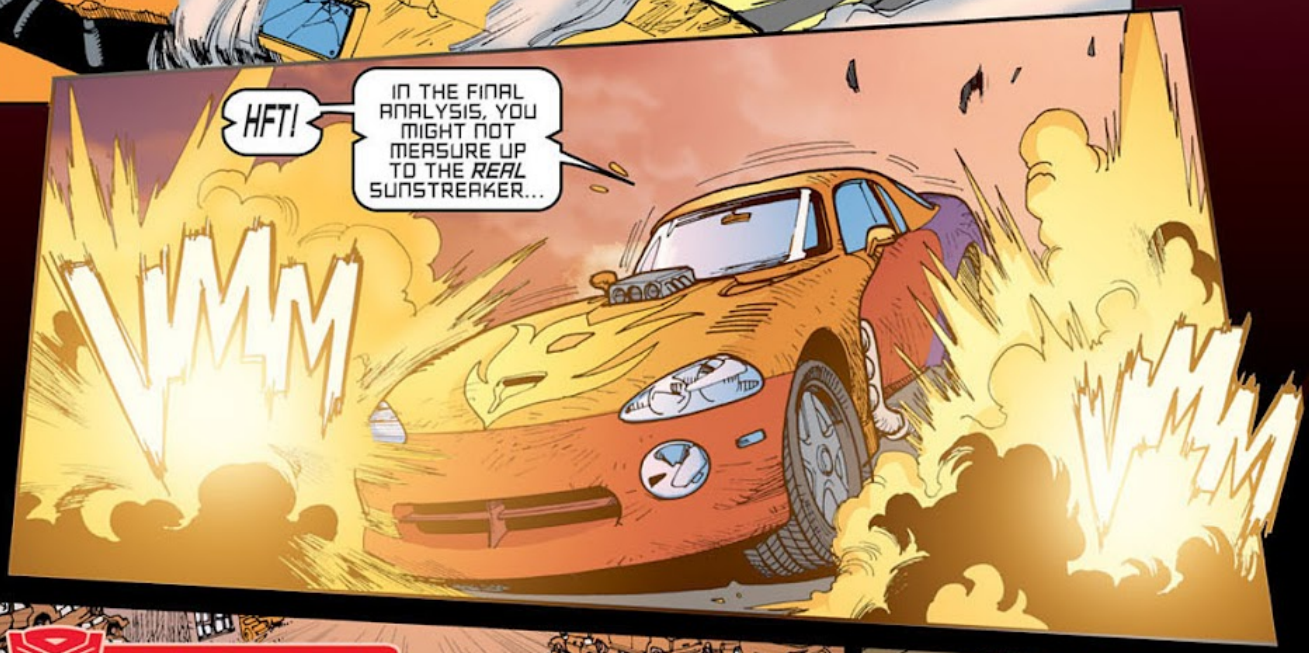
ROGER, HOT ROD, I'LL SEE YOU TH—
—UH?
KLUNNNG!


KLUNNG
SLAG IT! HOT ROD—THEY'VE FOUND—

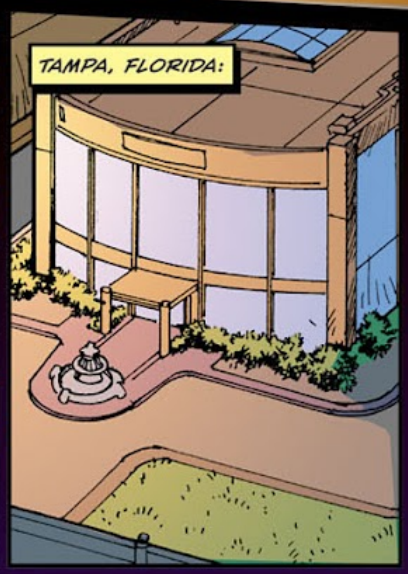

KE-ACHUNK!
WHEELJACK?
WHEELJACK!
I'D WORRY LESS ABOUT HIM AND MORE ABOUT YOUR *OWN* PREDICAMENT!
YOU'RE ALONE, ISOLATED, AND YOU HAVE *ME* ON YOUR CASE. I MOVE FASTER, THINK FASTER. ANYTHING YOU CAN DO... I CAN DO TEN TIMES BETTER. IT'S BEEN FUN WATCHING YOU SQUIRM, BUT IT ENDS HERE, NOW.
VRRM VRRM VRRM
FINE. BRING IT *ON!*
UP TILL NOW, I'VE BEEN LENIENT WITH YOU *HEADMASTERS*, MOSTLY DUE TO WHEELJACK REMINDING ME OF THIS OR THAT PRIORITY. BUT AS YOU SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN HIM *OUT* OF THE EQUATION, ALL BETS ARE OFF. SO...

VMM
VMMMM
VMM
...LET'S SEE WHO BLINKS FIRST!
THUMM!
SCREEN
KLUNCHI

REEENK!
AMATEUR.

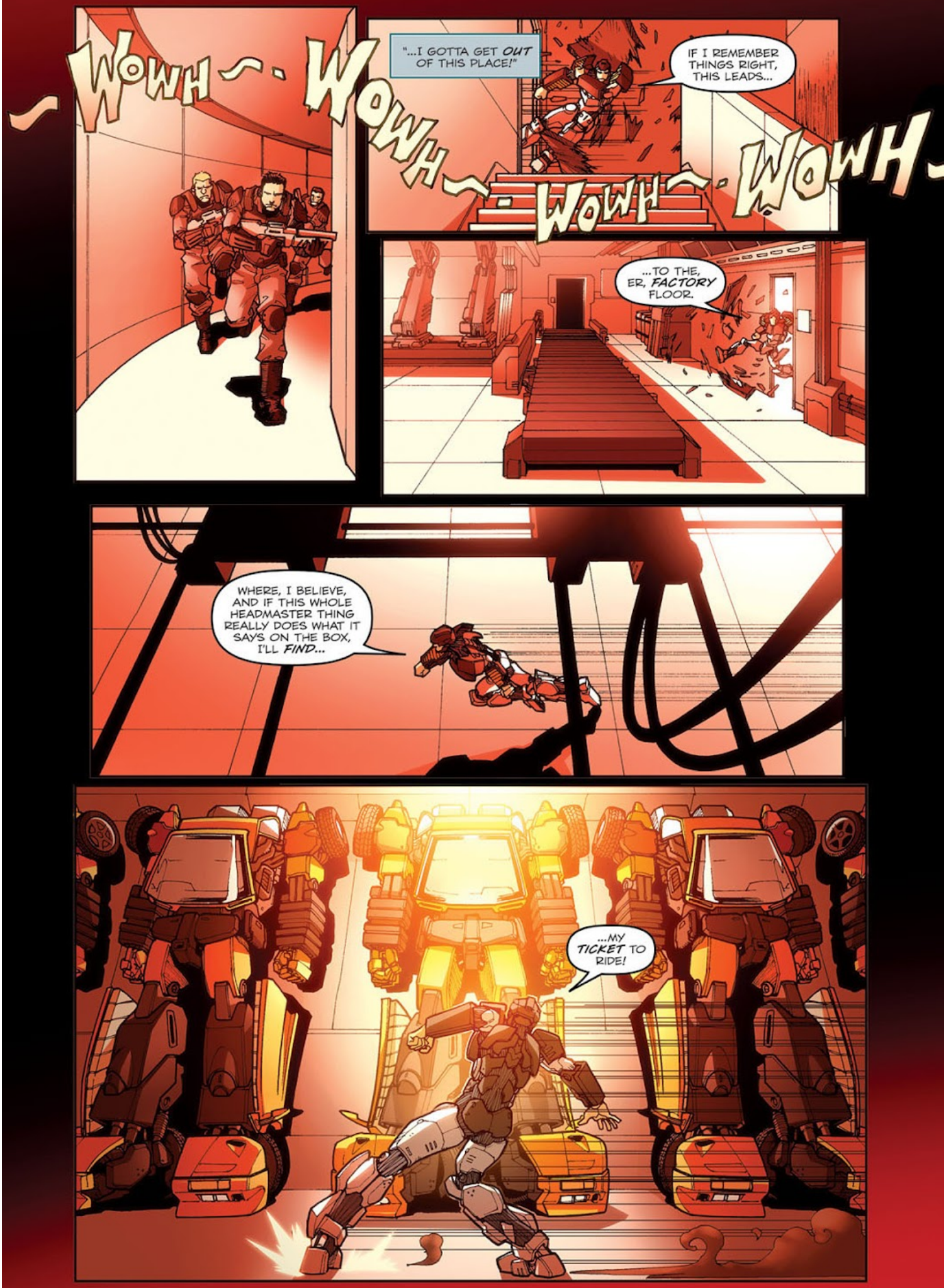

HFT!
IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, YOU MIGHT NOT MEASURE UP TO THE *REAL* SUNSTREAKER...

"...BUT THERE'S A WHOLE LOT *MORE* OF YOU!"


TAMPA, FLORIDA:

OW. OW. OW!
WHEN YOU SAID IT WOULD HURT, SUNSTREAKER, YOU WEREN'T KIDDING.
BUT... IT'S STRANGE, APART FROM A REAL BAD HEADACHE, I DON'T FEEL ANY...

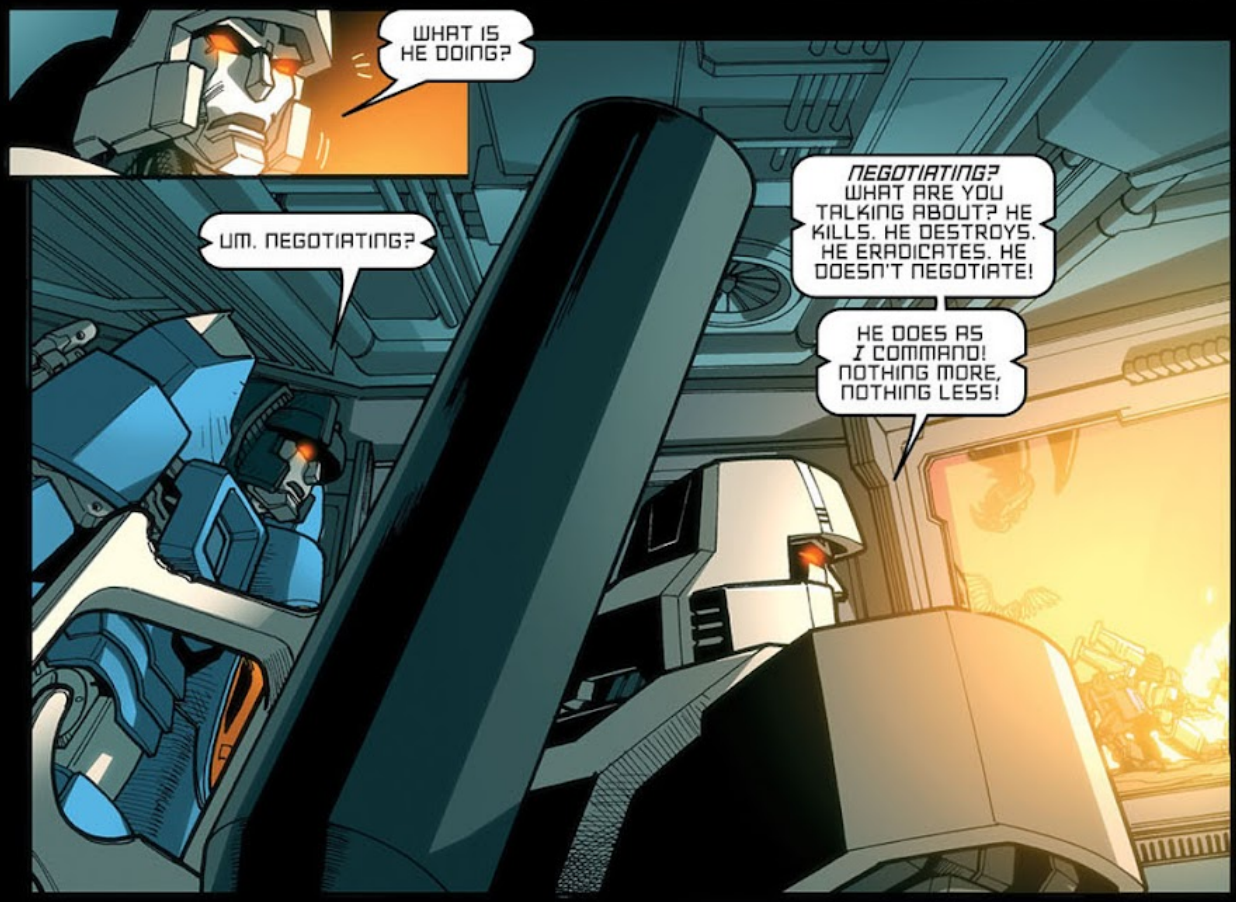
...DIFFERENT?
!
DNT!
WOWH-WOW
WOWH-WOWH!!-WOWH
OK
WHOA. DID I DO THAT?
OR WAS THAT YOU? OR BOTH OF US?!
WOWH-
FLHT-
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. ONE THING I DO KNOW FOR SURE...


WOWH
WOWH
WOWH
WOWH
"...I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE!"
IF I REMEMBER THINGS RIGHT, THIS LEADS...
...TO THE, ER, FACTORY FLOOR.
WHERE, I BELIEVE, AND IF THIS WHOLE HEADMASTER THING REALLY DOES WHAT IT SAYS ON THE BOX, I'LL FIND...
...MY TICKET TO RIDE!

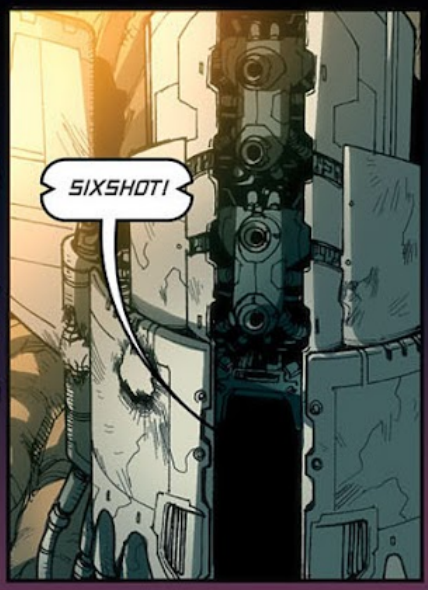
OREGON:
HOW MANY TIMES...
...DO I HAVE TO SAY "NO"?
I'M NOT, AND NEVER WILL BE...
...A REAPER!
VASHAP - VASHAP!!
UH?
THT!
THEN WHAT, PRAY TELL...
WOOP!

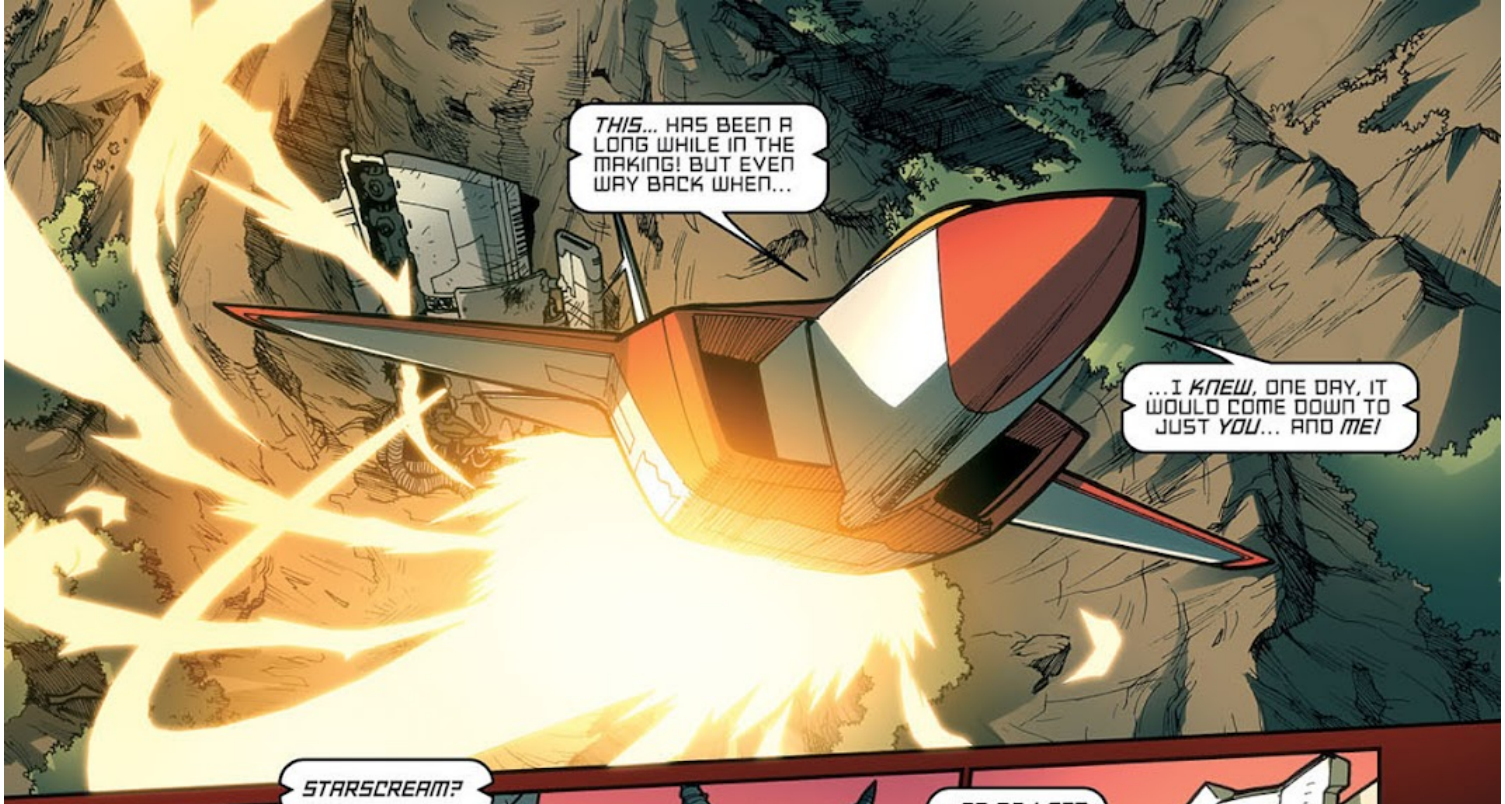
...ARE YOU?
PROPERTY? CHATTEL? A SLAVE TO ARTIFICIAL INSTINCTS THAT ARE DRIVING YOU EVER CLOSER TO A PRECIPICE, ONE FROM WHICH THE FALL...
CHRMMM!
...IS INFINITE AND ABSOLUTE.
WHAT YOU ARE—WHAT THEY HAVE MADE YOU—WILL CONSUME YOU UTTERLY...
...UNLESS YOU MAKE THE CHOICE TO DIRECT AND CHANNEL YOUR OWN DESTRUCTIVE NATURE.
HURF
JOIN US IN OUR CRUSADE TO END WAR OR DIE HERE, NOW.
FOR ALL YOUR DEVASTATING POWER, WE...
...ARE LEGION.

THIS WORLD MUST BE PUT *OUT* OF ITS MISERY QUICKLY AND CLEANLY, CUT FROM THE COSMOS LIKE A TUMOR.
HELP US DO SO, SIXSHOT, AND IN THE DOING TURN THE *MANIA* THAT EATS AT YOUR VERY SOUL INTO A *MERCY!*

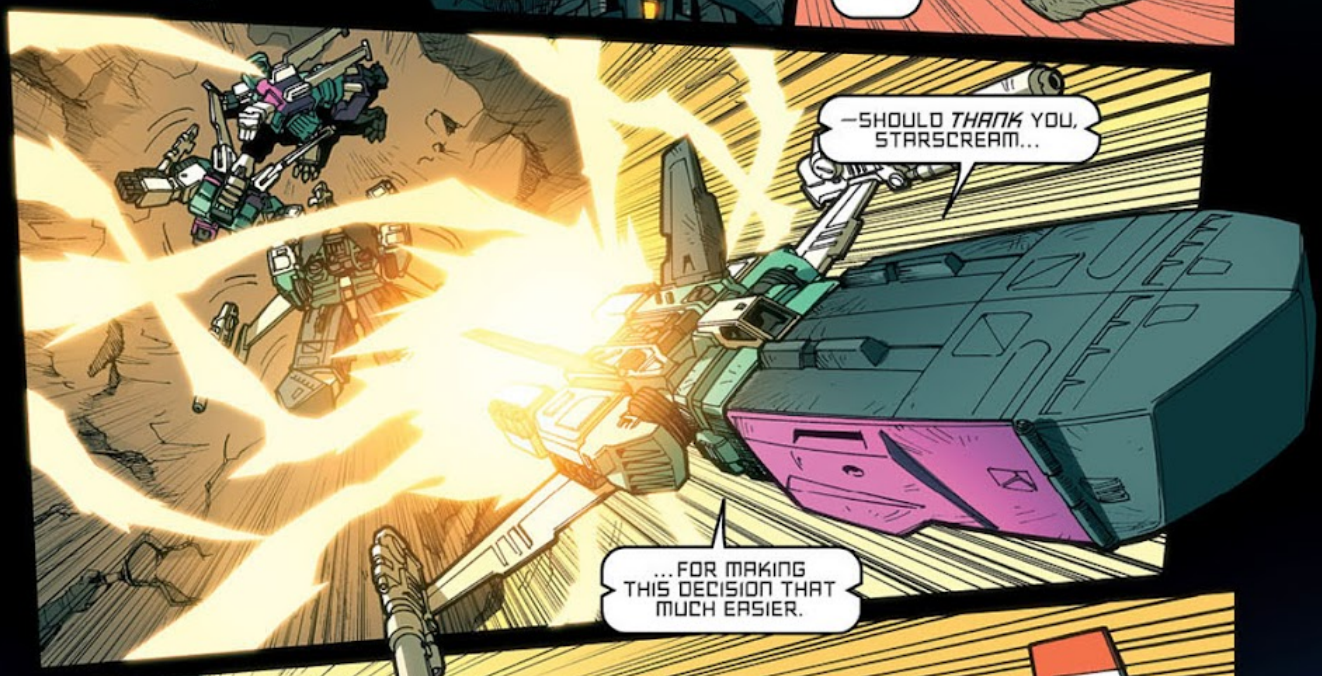

WHAT IS HE DOING?
UM. NEGOTIATING?
NEGOTIATING? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE KILLS. HE DESTROYS. HE ERADICATES. HE DOESN'T NEGOTIATE!
HE DOES AS *I* COMMAND! NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS!

LORD MEGATRON...
WHAT?
...SOMEONE HAS *OPENED* THE MAIN SIEGE ARMATURE.


SIXSHOT!

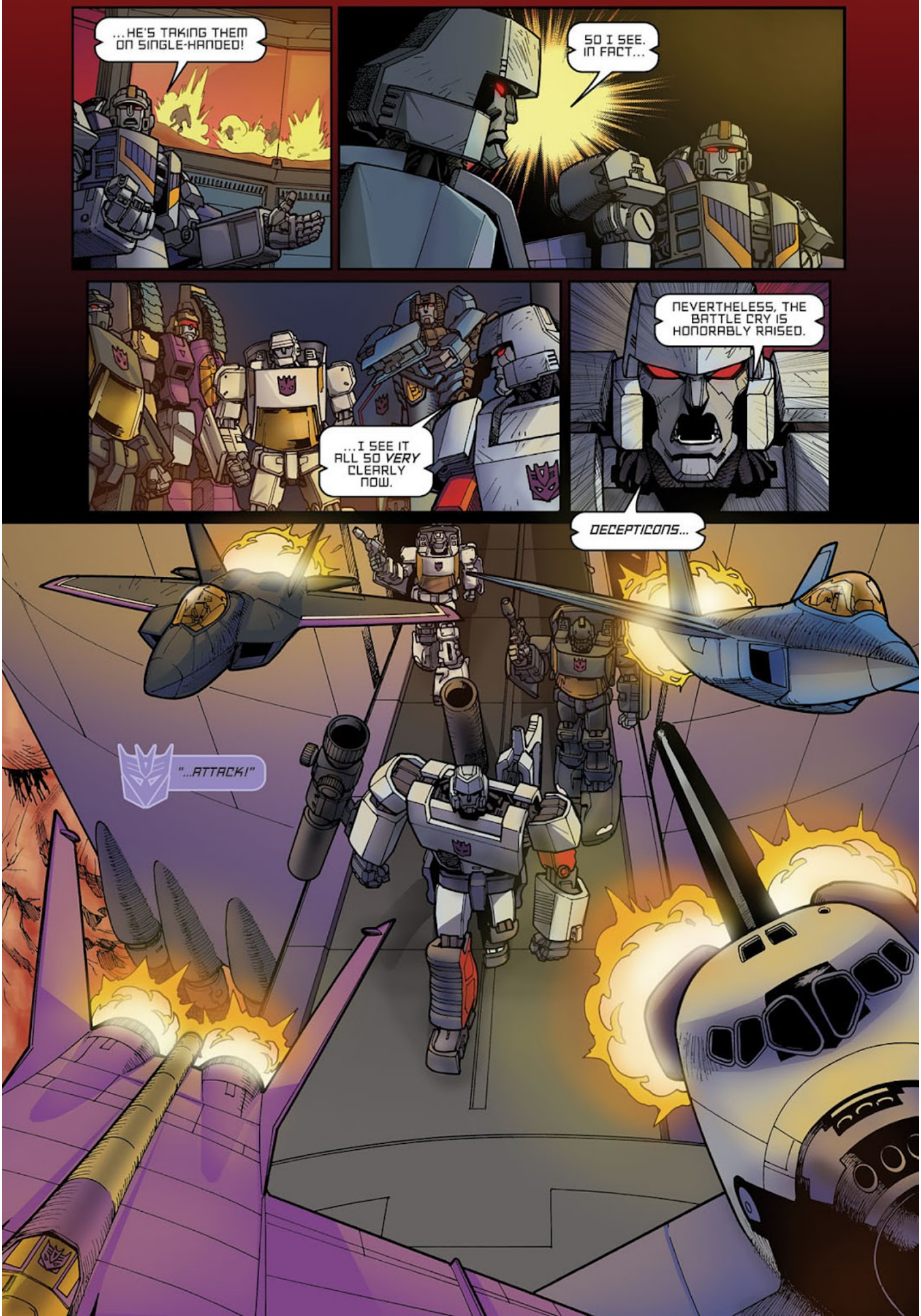

THIS... HAS BEEN A LONG WHILE IN THE MAKING! BUT EVEN WAY BACK WHEN...
...I KNEW, ONE DAY, IT WOULD COME DOWN TO JUST YOU... AND ME!

STARSCREAM?
THIS IS YOUR MOMENT, SIXSHOT. ACT NOW...
...OR BE LOST FOREVER.
I—


—SHOULD THANK YOU, STARSCREAM...
...FOR MAKING THIS DECISION THAT MUCH EASIER.

ANY LAST WORDS?
AS IT HAPPENS, YES.

RESET:
PI-ORION-ACTUAL-ORBIT.
ENABLE.
THRASSHKT!!
WRAKMM!!
"LORD MEGATRON—LOOK..."


...HE'S TAKING THEM ON SINGLE-HANDED!
SO I SEE. IN FACT...
...I SEE IT ALL SO *VERY* CLEARLY NOW.
NEVERTHELESS, THE BATTLE CRY IS HONORABLY RAISED.
DECEPTICONS...
"...ATTACK!"

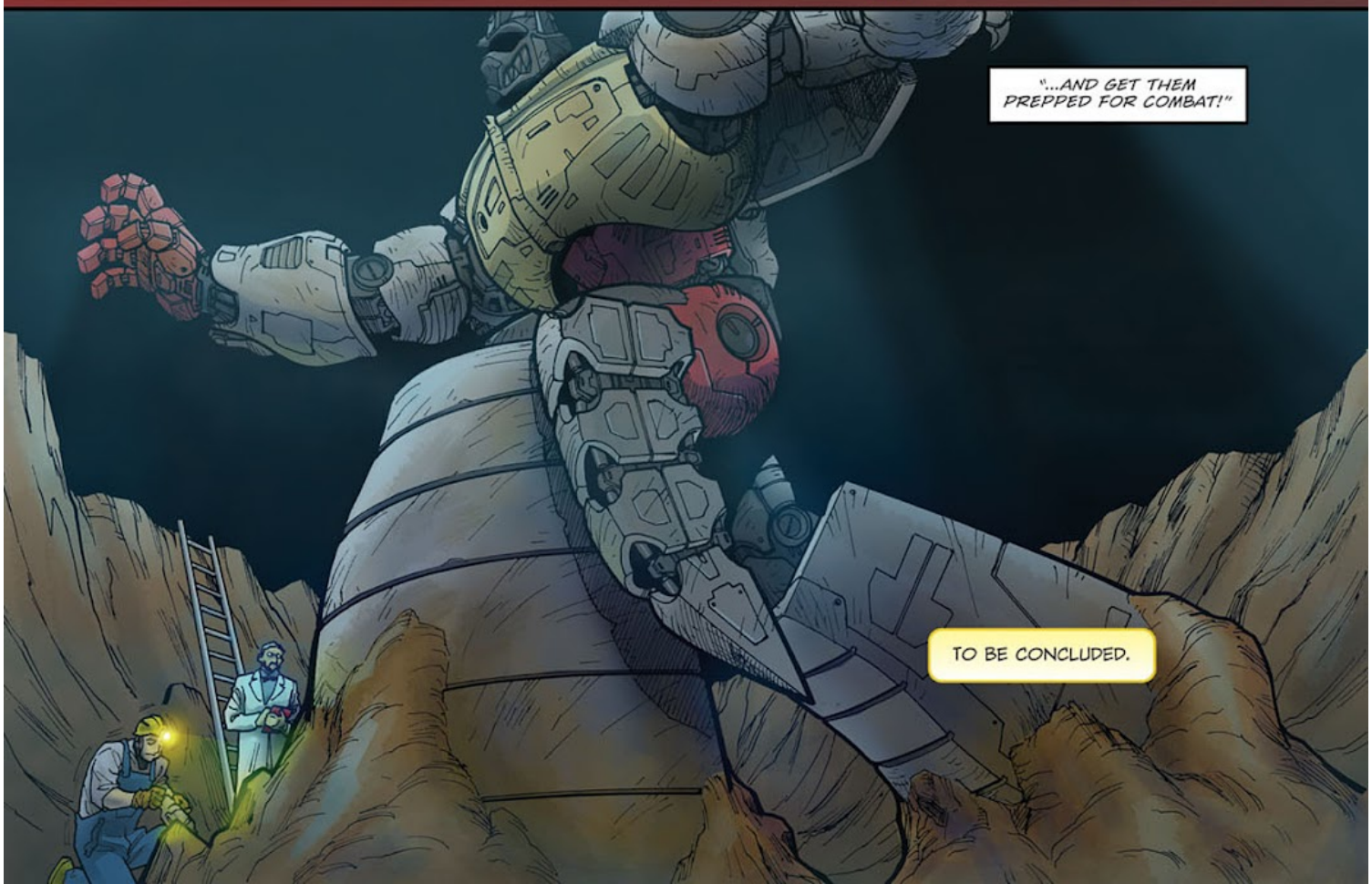
ARK-32:
WE'RE WHAT?

THE SECURE FACILITY ON GARRUS-9 HAS BEEN BREACHED. WE FACE CATASTROPHIC FALLOUT IF CERTAIN RECENT... INMATES END UP IN ENEMY HANDS. WE'RE THE NEAREST AVAILABLE.
BUT—
RECALL HOT ROD AND WHEELJACK. PREP THE SHIP FOR IMMEDIATE ORBITAL DISENGAGEMENT. I'M SORRY, BUT FOR THE TIME BEING...

...EARTH WILL HAVE TO FEND FOR ITSELF!

WASHINGTON, D.C.:

I KNOW YOU'RE NOT READY. I KNOW IT'S TOO SOON.
BUT WE'VE JUST CONFIRMED A SECOND HOTSPOT, THIS ONE IN OREGON. THE WHITE HOUSE WANTS DEMONSTRATIVE ACTION—NOW!
TAKE WHICHEVER OF THE EUREKA-SIX IS MOST ADVANCED...


"...AND GET THEM PREPPED FOR COMBAT!"
TO BE CONCLUDED.

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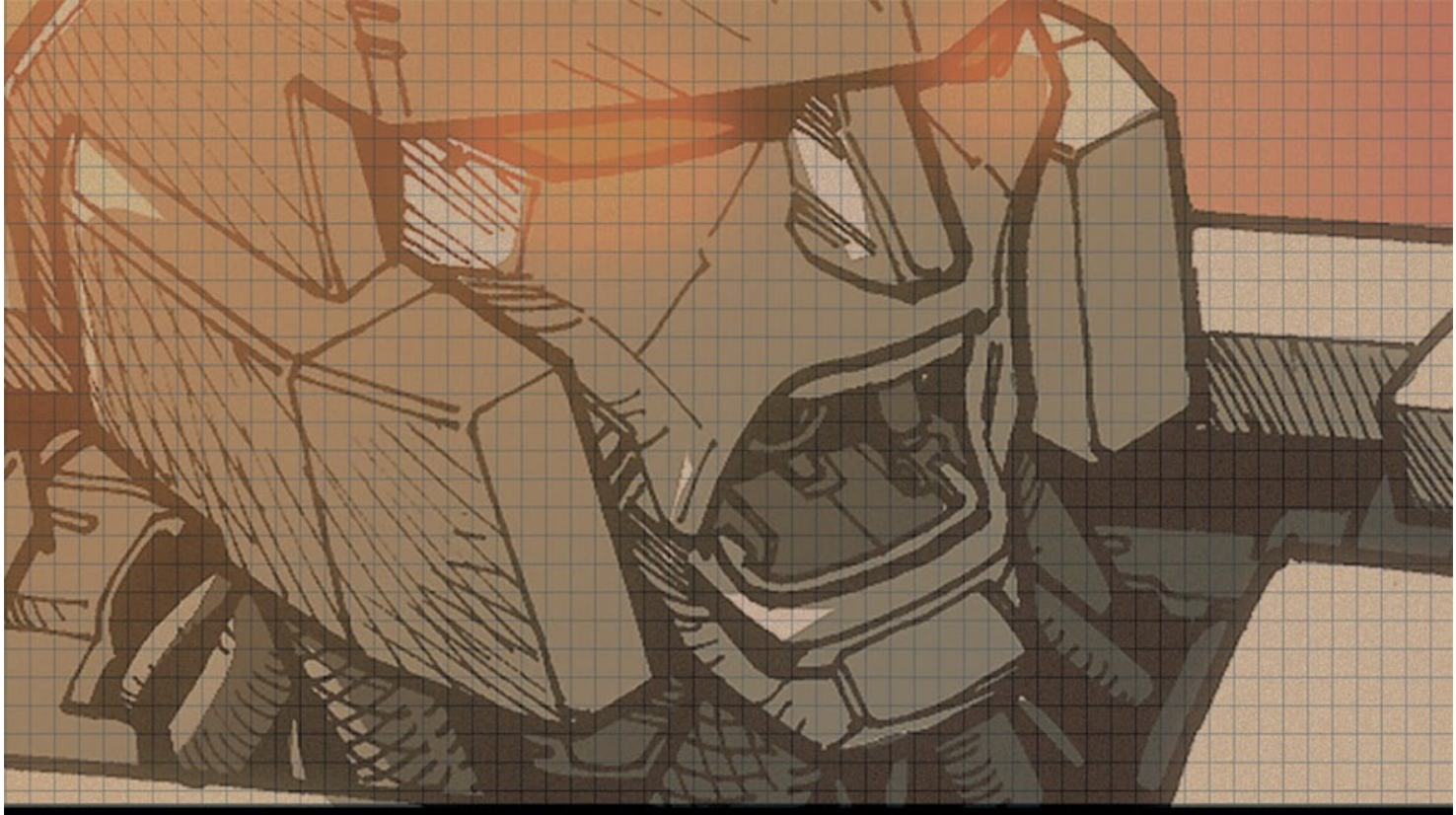

In Oregon, the Reapers—an amalgamation of alien species dedicated to the eradication of war through planetary armageddon—take on MEGATRON and his DECEPTICON infiltration unit, unaware that powerful forces from beyond our universe also have a vested interest in seeing that Earth does not go down in flames. And, in a Machination base in Tampa, Florida, Hunter O'Nion bids to escape from the clutches of the organization's mysterious leader. Using the Machination's own HEADMASTER technology, he is now of one mind with captive AUTOBOT SUNSTREAKER, but time is running out for both…

PHASE THREE CONCLUDES…

THE TRANSFORMERS: DEVASTATION #6

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TAMPA, FLORIDA:
WHERE ->KK<- IS HE?
IN THE BODYSHOP. AS YOU ORDERED, WE'VE SEALED ALL EXITS AND POSTED EXTRA TACTICAL UNITS AROUND THE PERIMETER.
->KK<- GOOD. TELL YOUR MEN-DO ->KK<- NOT ENGAGE.

IT'S TIME.
YES.

"HUNTER O'NION WILL ->KK<- BE OUR FIRST VICTIM. IN THAT RESPECT, AT LEAST...
C'MON! DO SOMETHING!
"...THE RESOURCES INVESTED IN HIM SHALL NOT HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY ->KK<- WASTED."

DANTE-ARE YOU READY?
MORE THAN. YOU COULD SAY I HAVE A WHOLE NEW LEASE ON LIFE.
AS-SOON-SHALL I. THIS ->KK<- PITIFUL EXISTENCE WILL BE TOLERATED NO LONGER. TWO ->KK<- MUST BECOME ONE...

...THAT SCORPONOK MAY LIVE AGAIN!

DAMMIT. WHAT DO I DO? WHY DON'T I KNOW WHAT TO DO? I'M A HEADMASTER. ON SOME LEVEL... I'M SUNSTREAKER. BUT, IT SEEMS...
"...THERE'S INTERFERENCE ON THE LINE."
C'MON! FOCUS. SOMEWHERE IN THIS MIXED-UP HEAD OF MINE IS THE ANSWER.
I JUST HAVE TO NOT...
THUM-
THUM-
THUM-
THUM-
...PANIC!
IT'S KILLING TIME!
BOOOM!

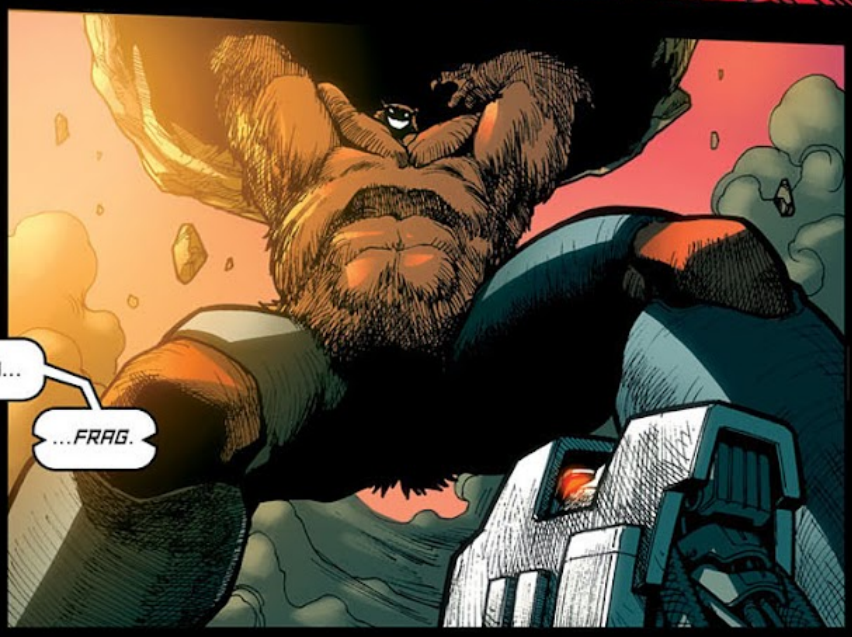
DECEPTICON COMMAND BUNKER, OREGON:
I KNOW NOT WHAT YOU CREATURES ARE, OR WHY YOU HAVE ATTACKED US, BUT IN DOING SO...
...YOU INVITE THE FULL SAVAGE FURY OF MEGATRON!
KCHOK!
THIS PLANET IS OURS!
DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?
STARSCREAM...
...I CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT INTERNAL MACHINATIONS LED TO YOUR SECOND COMING, BUT FOR NOW I CONSIDER THE MATTER MOOT. DO YOU SERVE ME... OR YOURSELF?
I SERVE...
...THE DECEPTICON CAUSE!

THEN YOU SERVE ME. FOR I AM ITS HEART AND FIERY SOUL!
TAKE ME...
...AND LET LOOSE ARMAGEDDON ON THESE HEATHEN ALIENS!
MEGATRON...
...I AM EVER YOUR HUMBLE AND WILLING SERVANT.
KABOOOM!
GH-HHN!
RUNABOUT—
VRZ AAP!
N-NO. NO.

DAAAMN Y—
CHUK!

EH.
UH.

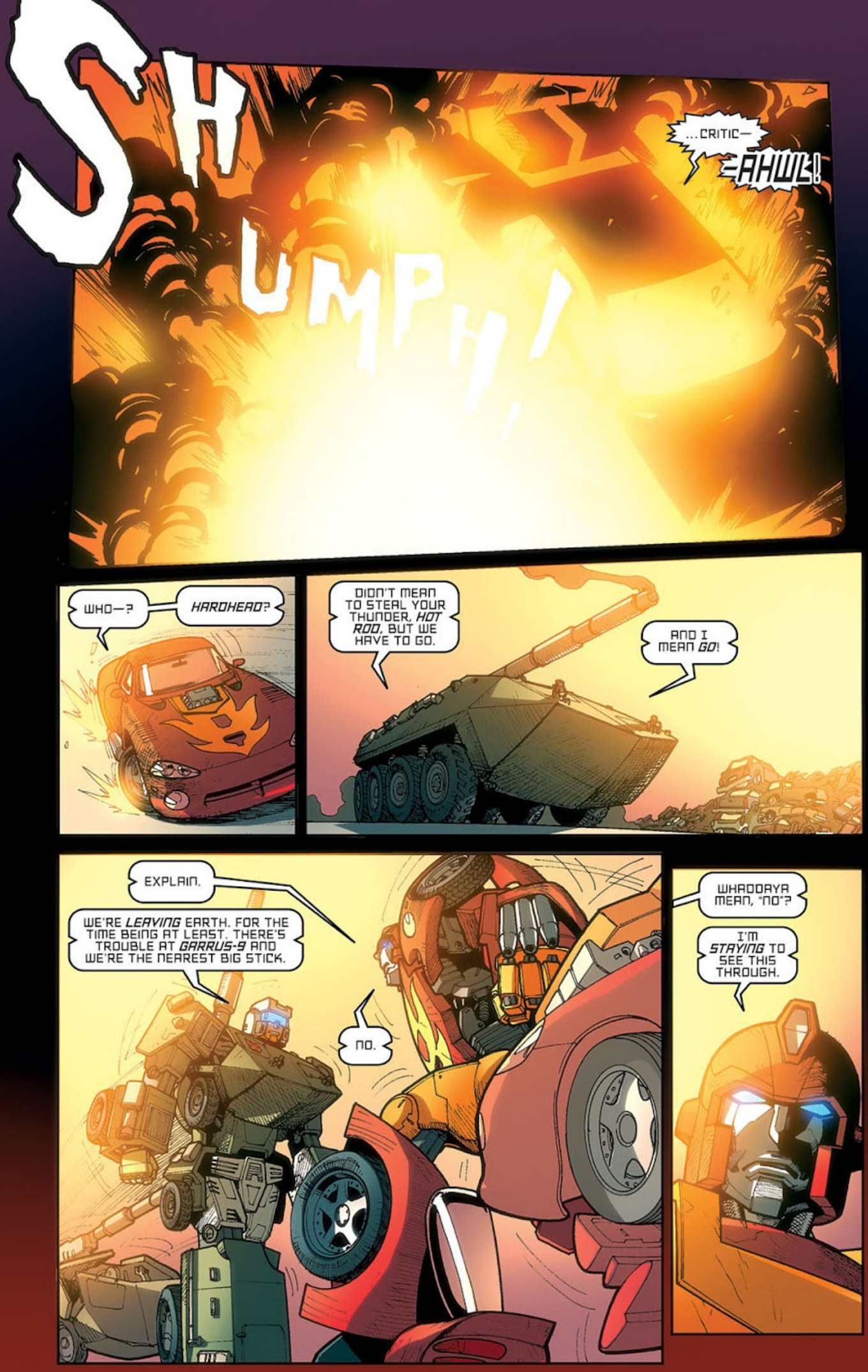
OHH...


...FRAG.

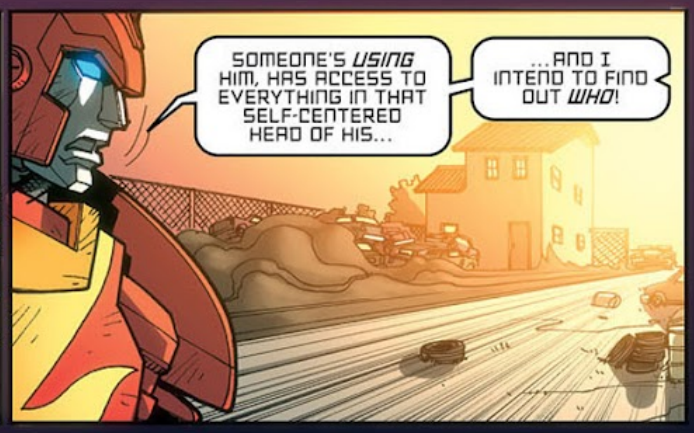
IT IS INEVITABLE.
THE REAPERS IN THEIR MULTITUDE, DIVERSITY AND DEVASTATING POWER WILL PREVAIL. THE DECEPTICONS WILL FALL AND EARTH WILL BE *PURGED* BY FIRE, AS HAVE OTHER WAR-TORN WORLDS.
KHUMM!

UNLESS *I* INTERVENE.

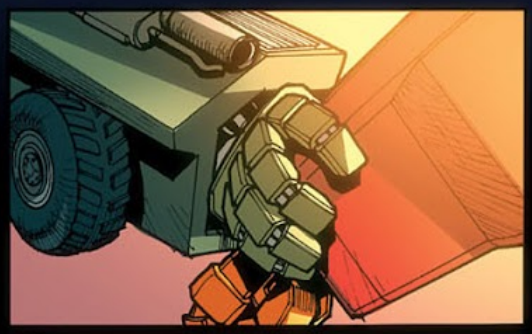
WARSAW, INDIANA:
SORRY TO SAY THIS, BUT...
SHRENK!
THRUNK!
...YOU GUYS ARE NIGH-ON TOTALLING YOURSELVES HERE!
I MEAN... YOU'RE NOT EVEN COMIN' CLOSE!
YOU HEADMASTERS HAVE GONE FROM SERIOUS THREAT TO RANK AMATEUR IN NO TIME AT ALL. WHATEVER EDGE YOU HAD...
...IT'S GONE!
HEADMASTER REESE TO MACHINATION CENTRAL. RESPOND! SITUATION...

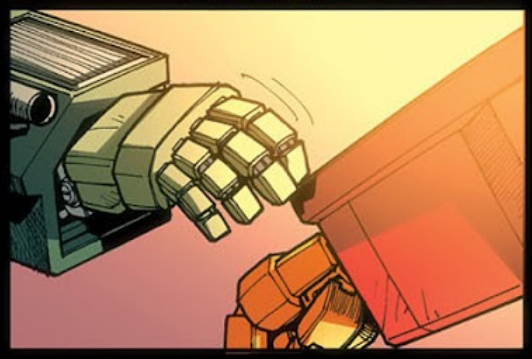

SHUMPH!
...CRITIC—
—AHWL!
WHO—?
HARDHEAD?
DIDN'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR THUNDER, HOT ROD, BUT WE HAVE TO GO.
AND I MEAN GO!
EXPLAIN.
WE'RE LEAVING EARTH. FOR THE TIME BEING AT LEAST. THERE'S TROUBLE AT GARRUS-9 AND WE'RE THE NEAREST BIG STICK.
NO.
WHADDAYA MEAN, "NO"?
I'M STAYING TO SEE THIS THROUGH.

I MAY NOT MUCH CARE FOR OL' *SUNSTREAKER*, BUT IT'S A MATTER OF NECESSITY NOW.


SOMEONE'S *USING* HIM, HAS ACCESS TO EVERYTHING IN THAT SELF-CENTERED HEAD OF HIS...
...AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT *WHO*!

THIS COMES *DIRECT* FROM THE TOP.
LOOK, TAKE *IRONHIDE* AND *WHEELJACK* WITH YOU AND JUST TELL PRIME I WAS ALREADY IN THE WIND.
SERIOUSLY, HARDHEAD, IF YOU WANT TO STOP ME...
...YOU'RE GOING TO *HAVE* TO USE FORCE.

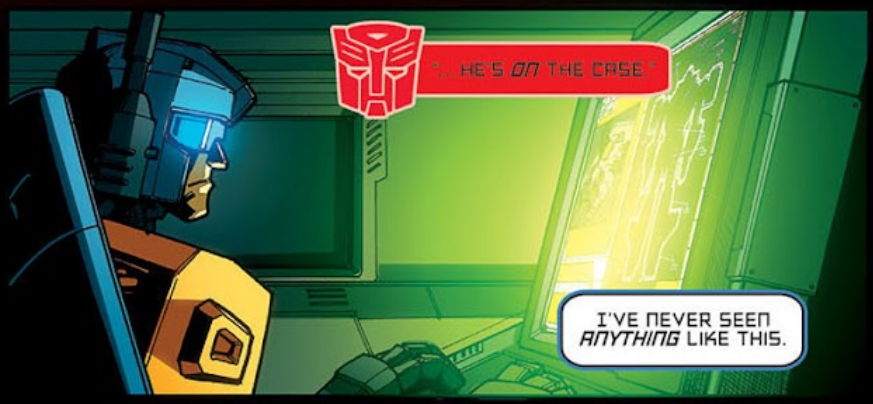


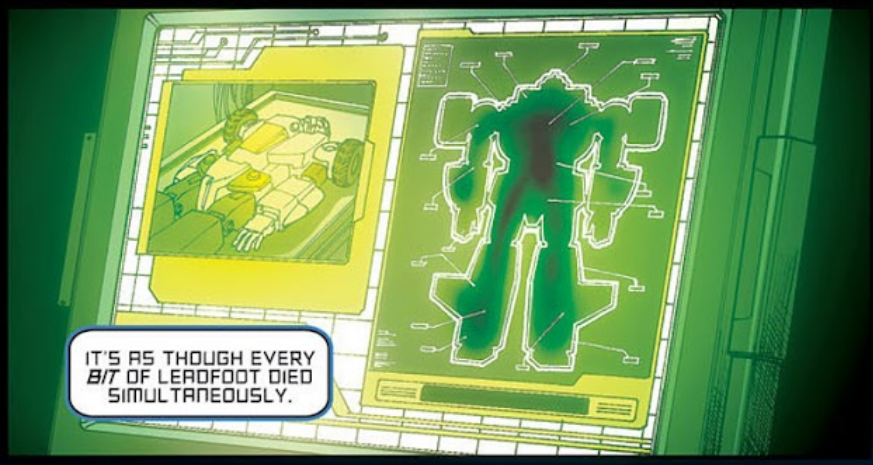


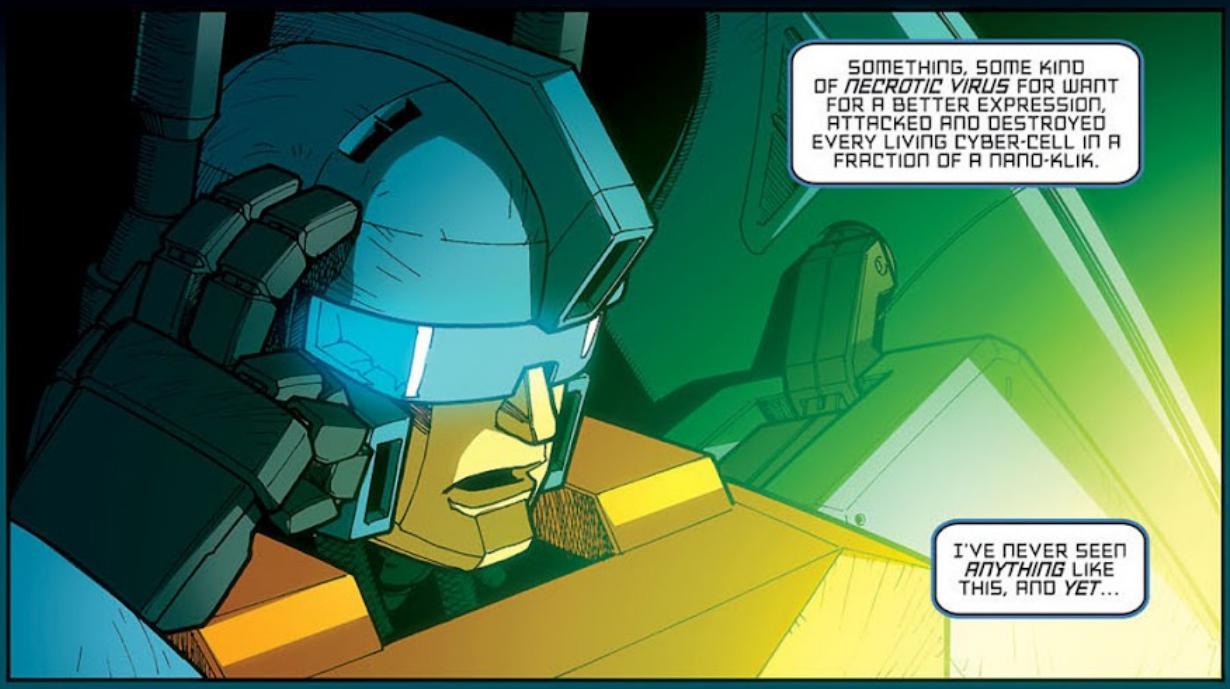
GO *GET* 'EM.

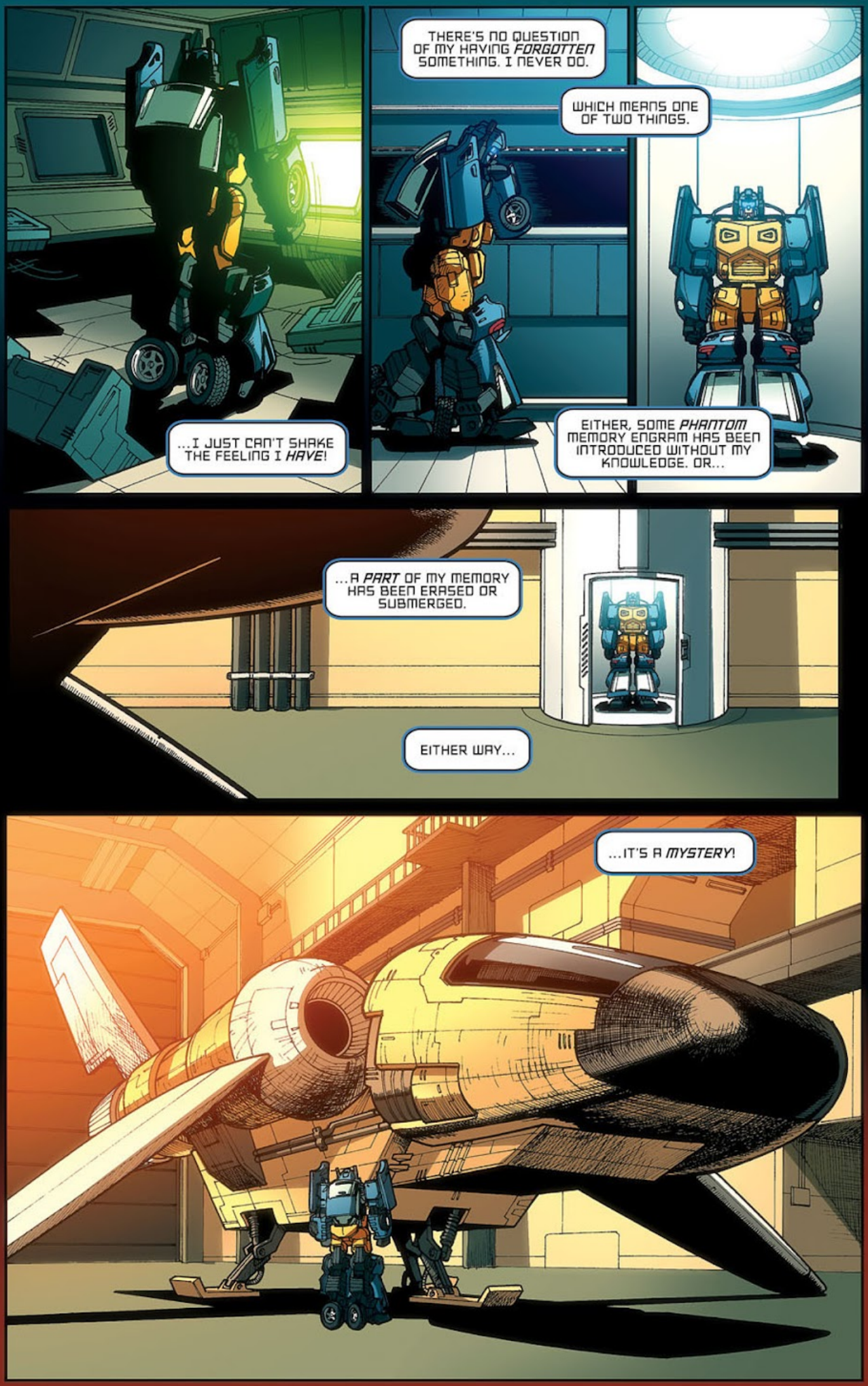
ARK-32:
UNDERSTOOD, PRIME. WE'LL RENDEZVOUS AT GARRUS-9. *SIDESWIPE* WON'T BE HAPPY, BUT THEN AGAIN... WHEN IS HE *EVER*?
IMPRESS UPON HIM THE *CRITICAL* NATURE OF OUR ENDEAVOR, *HOUND*. I DO NOT LEAVE EARTH–*OR* SUNSTREAKER–BEHIND LIGHTLY.

OF COURSE.
OH, BY THE WAY, DID *NIGHTBEAT* GET A CHANCE TO LOOK INTO THE TELEMETRY WE SENT THROUGH ON *LEADFOOT*?*
I BELIEVE, HOUND...
*SEE *TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT: GALVATRON*


"... HE'S *ON* THE CASE."
I'VE NEVER SEEN *ANYTHING* LIKE THIS.

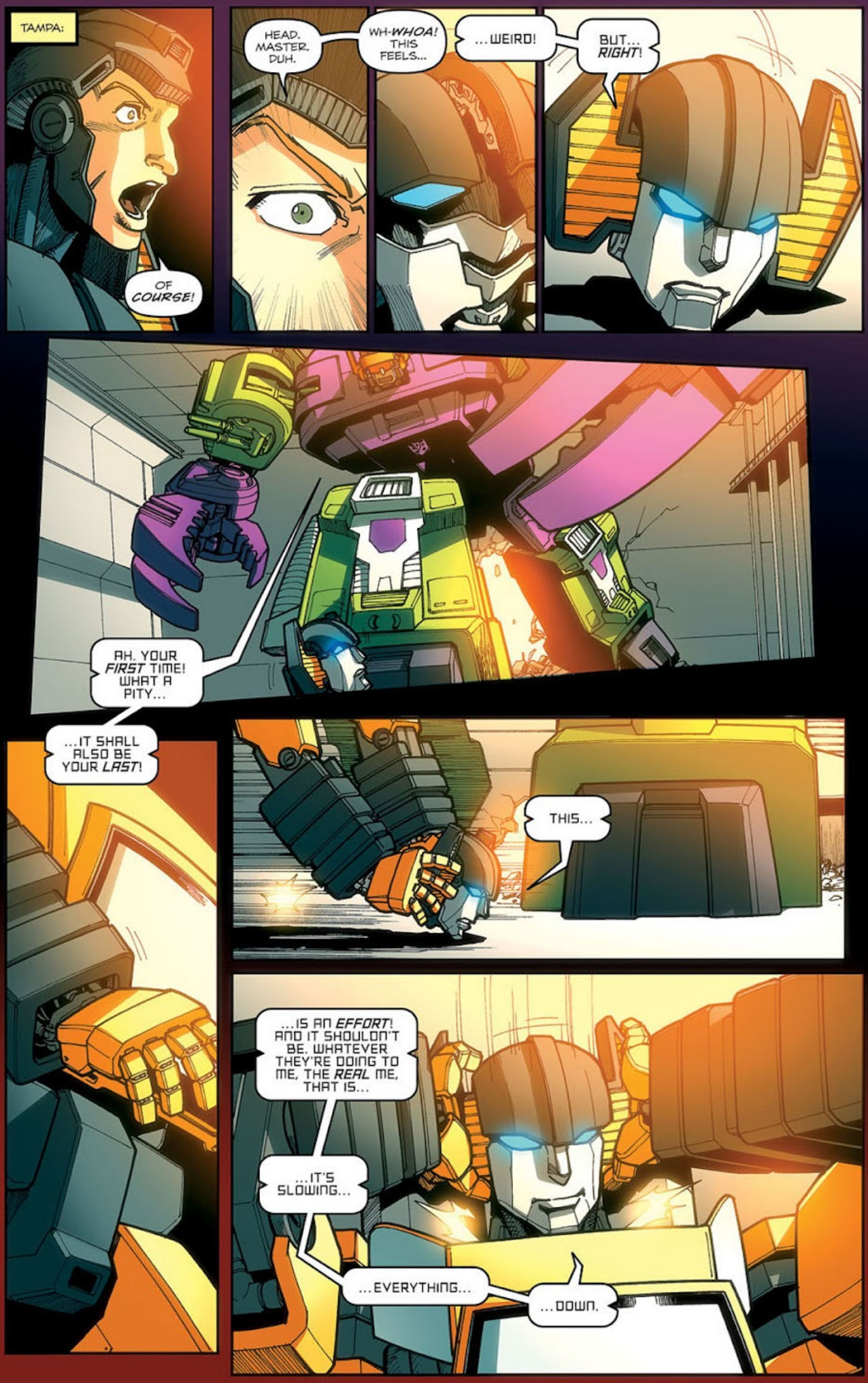

IT'S AS THOUGH EVERY *BIT* OF LEADFOOT DIED SIMULTANEOUSLY.


SOMETHING, SOME KIND OF *NECROTIC VIRUS* FOR WANT FOR A BETTER EXPRESSION, ATTACKED AND DESTROYED EVERY LIVING CYBER-CELL IN A FRACTION OF A NANO-KLIK.
I'VE NEVER SEEN *ANYTHING* LIKE THIS, AND *YET*...

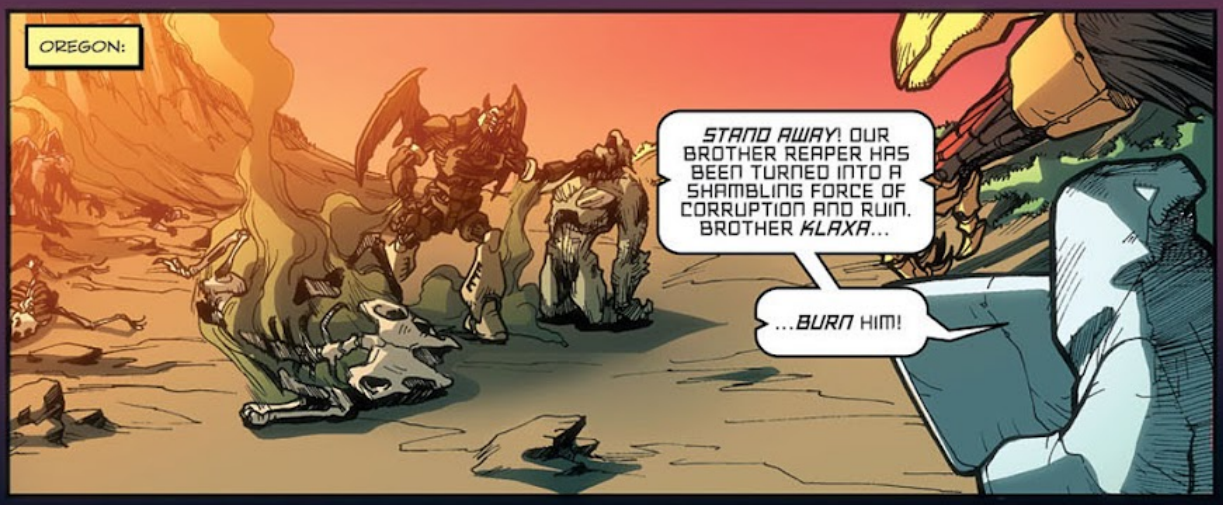

...I JUST CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING I *HAVE*!
THERE'S NO QUESTION OF MY HAVING *FORGOTTEN* SOMETHING. I NEVER DO.
WHICH MEANS ONE OF TWO THINGS.
EITHER, SOME *PHANTOM* MEMORY ENGRAM HAS BEEN INTRODUCED WITHOUT MY KNOWLEDGE. OR...
...A *PART* OF MY MEMORY HAS BEEN ERASED OR SUBMERGED.
EITHER WAY...
...IT'S A *MYSTERY*!

OREGON:
YOU, WHO CLAIM THE TITLE DEATHBRINGER...
...BE ONE!
YOU ARE NOW, FOR A BRIEF, BURNING INSTANT, A HARBINGER! GIVER OF THE UNLIFE!
GO...

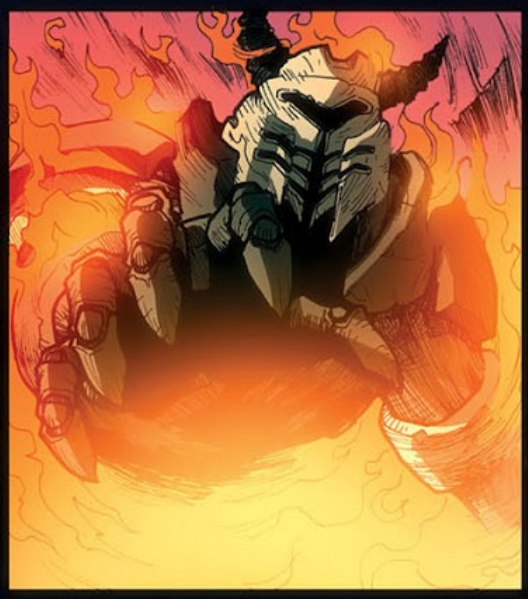
...GIVE OF YOUR CHARNEL KISS.
BROTHER DEATHBRINGER! WHAT AILS YOU?
BRO-THAAAA!


TAMPA:
OF COURSE!
HEAD. MASTER. DUH.
WH-WHOA! THIS FEELS...
...WEIRD!
BUT... RIGHT!
AH. YOUR FIRST TIME! WHAT A PITY...
...IT SHALL ALSO BE YOUR LAST!
THIS...
...IS AN EFFORT! AND IT SHOULDN'T BE. WHATEVER THEY'RE DOING TO ME, THE REAL ME, THAT IS...
...IT'S SLOWING...
...EVERYTHING...
...DOWN.

IT'S BEEN *FAR* TOO LONG...
...SINCE I EXERCISED MY *FULL* CATACLYSMIC MIGHT!
UM, EXCUSE US IF WE DON'T FAINT IN AWESTRUCK APPRECIATION, BUT IT'S NOT JUST FLESH-AND-BLOOD HUNTER O'NION YOU'RE DEALING WITH NOW.
K-TA
ANG!
YOW!
WE'RE–*I'M*...
...*SUNSTREAKER*!
AND I'M *OUT*!


OREGON:
STAND AWAY! OUR BROTHER REAPER HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A SHAMBLING FORCE OF CORRUPTION AND RUIN. BROTHER KLAXA...
...BURN HIM!

WUMPH!



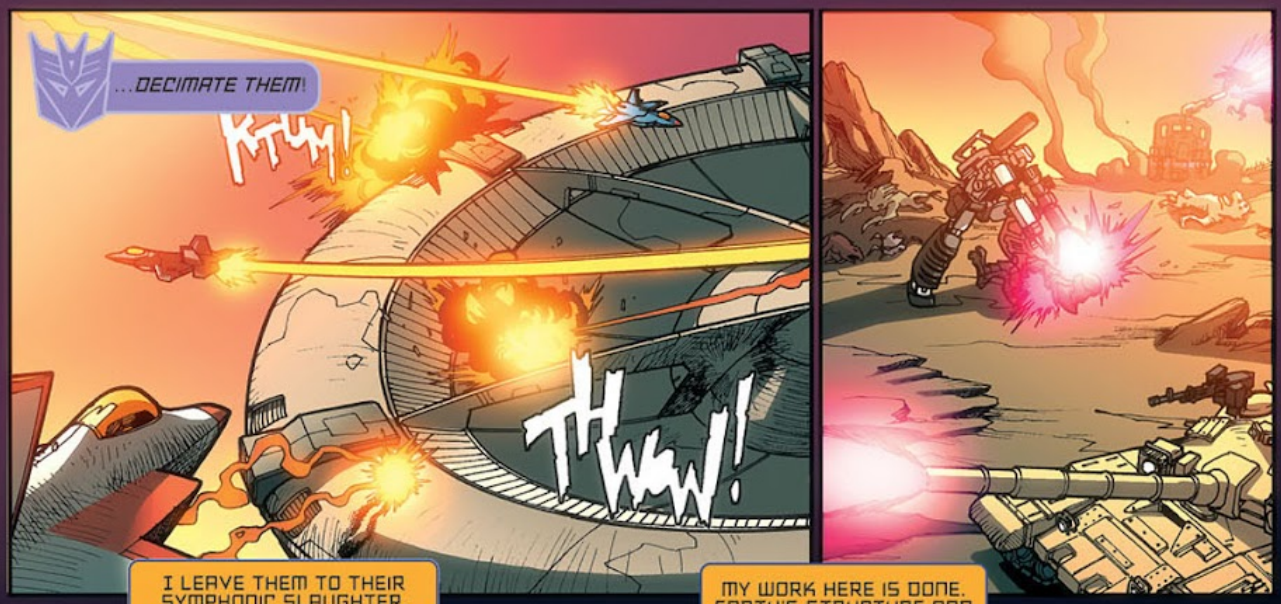
HE... CANNOT BE STOPPED.
WHATEVER–WHOMEVER–HE TOUCHES...
...IS DUST.
"WHAT'S HAPPENING?"

OUR ATTACKERS SEEM TO BE *FALLING APART*. QUITE LITERALLY!
STARSCREAM...

...TAKE *SKYWARP* AND *THUNDERCRACKER*. TARGET THEIR VESSEL!
ASTROTRAIN, *BLITZWING*–WITH ME!

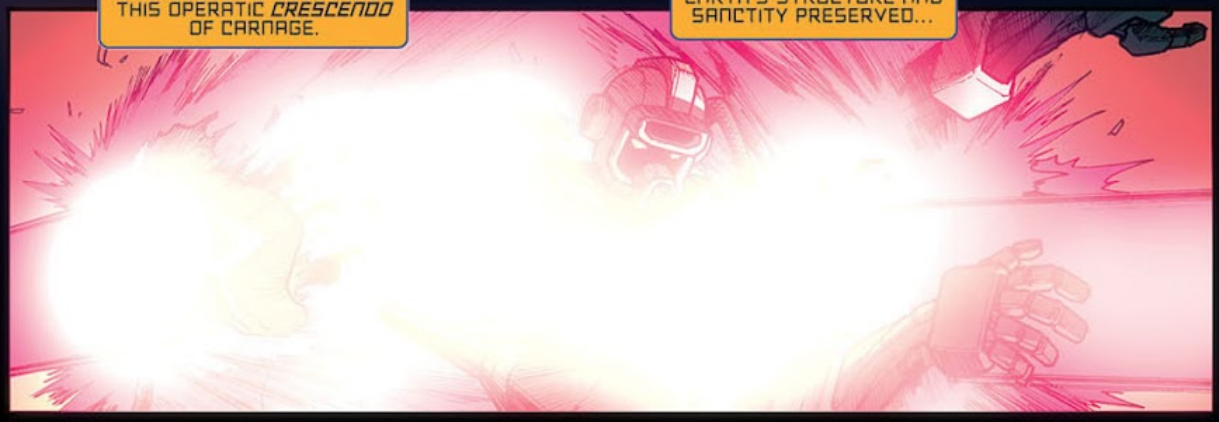
SHOW NO MERCY!
THUT!
SHOOM!
BOOM!

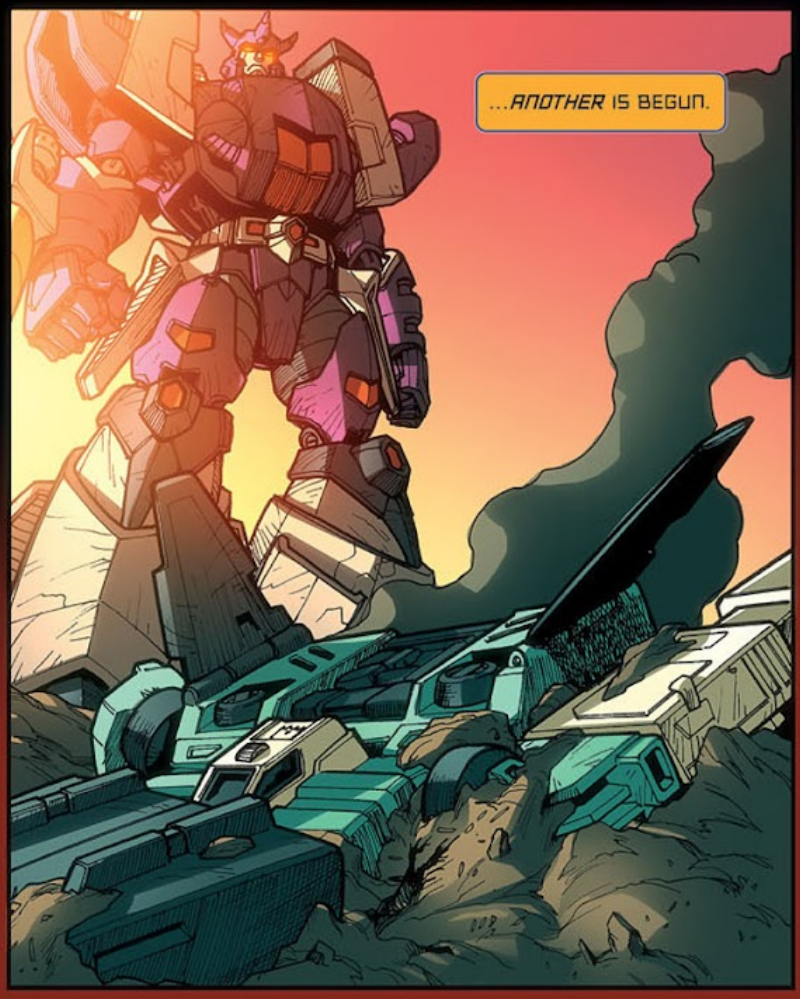
YOU *HEARD* HIM.
WHILE THEY'RE IN DISARRAY...



I LEAVE THEM TO THEIR SYMPHONIC SLAUGHTER, THIS OPERATIC *CRESCENDO* OF CARNAGE.

MY WORK HERE IS DONE. EARTH'S STRUCTURE AND SANCTITY PRESERVED...



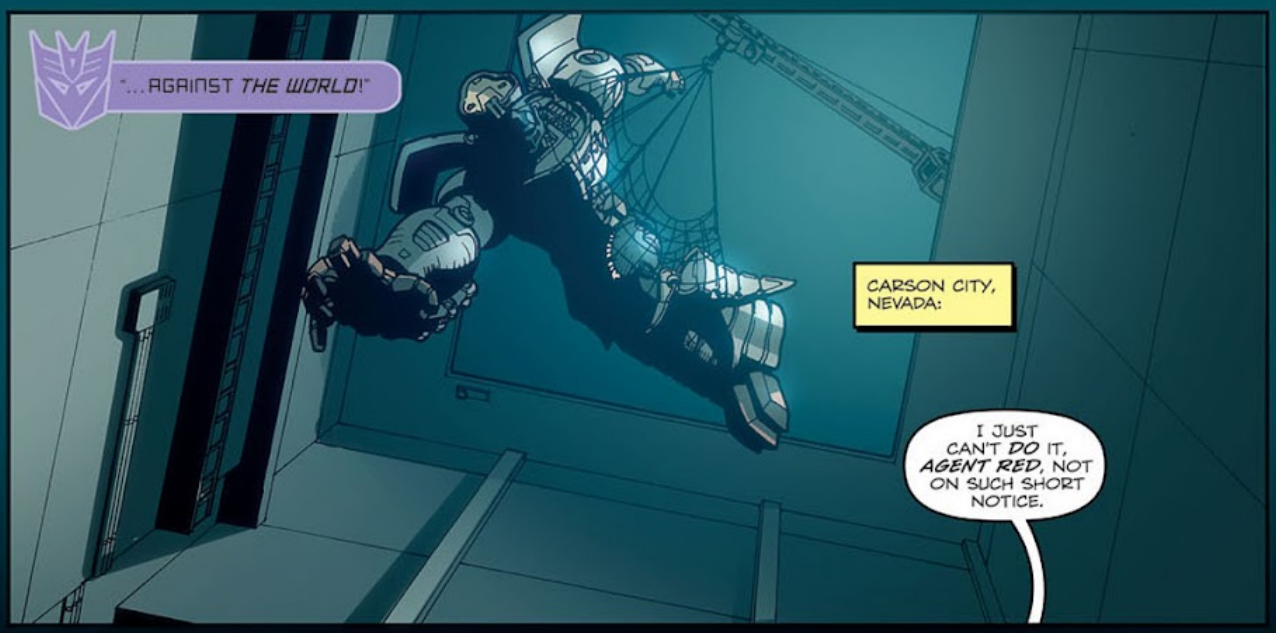


MINIMUM SAFE DISTANCE–*NOW*!
I THINK...

SKARAKOOM!
"...WE *BROKE* IT!"

HEY, HOW ABOUT THAT–WE *WON*! RUNABOUT, RUNAMUCK... I CALL THAT "ACCEPTABLE LOSSES!"
YEAH, UM, I GUESS IT ALL TURNED OUT OKAY, IN THE END.
AH YES, BLITZWING. PERHAPS YOU CAN GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON...
...WHY I DON'T *DISMEMBER* YOU ON THE SPOT!
BECAUSE...

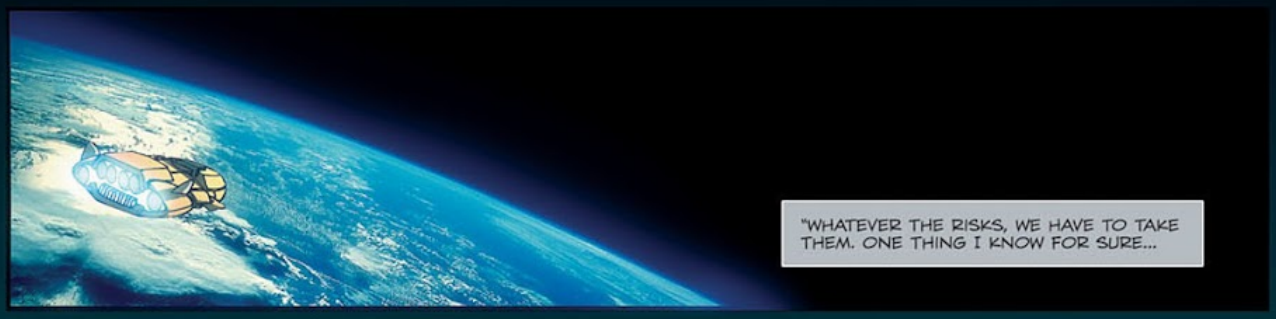
...THEY *KNOW* WE'RE HERE NOW.
IT'S *US*...


"...AGAINST THE WORLD!"
CARSON CITY, NEVADA:
I JUST CAN'T DO IT, AGENT RED, NOT ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.

WE'VE TWO SKYWATCH "BULWARK" MECHS UNACCOUNTED FOR AS IT IS, AND YOU'RE ASKING ME TO FAST-TRACK ANOTHER? IT'S MADNESS! I NEED MORE TIME.
WE'RE OUT OF TIME, WESTON. IT'S WAR. AND WE...

...NEED WARRIORS!

AS BAD AS IT GOT TODAY, IT'S GOING TO GET MUCH WORSE, AND WE HAVE TO FIGHT FIRE... WITH FIRE!


"WHATEVER THE RISKS, WE HAVE TO TAKE THEM. ONE THING I KNOW FOR SURE...

"...WE CAN'T RELY ON ANYONE COMING TO OUR AID!"

THE DEAD UNIVERSE:
"YOU HAVE DONE WELL, GALVATRON."
I DO YOUR BIDDING, NEMESIS PRIME. I SERVE THE EXPANSION.
DO YOU NOW? JHIAXUS...

...WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK GALVATRON, WHILE OPENLY COMPLICIT, HARBORS MANY SECRETS, MULTIPLE AMBITIONS AND AGENDAS. BUT THE ENDGAME IS ABOUT TO BEGIN, AND WHEN IT DOES...
...ALL WILL BE REVEALED!
PHASE THREE... CONCLUDED.

The Transformers Universe is vast, and populated by many characters. Their universe is a large tapestry, made up of the countless stories and experiences that serve the larger whole. These are some of those stories. This is:

TRANSFORMERS: MOSAIC

FEELING YELLOW

Written by Luke Barnett
Art by Robby Musso
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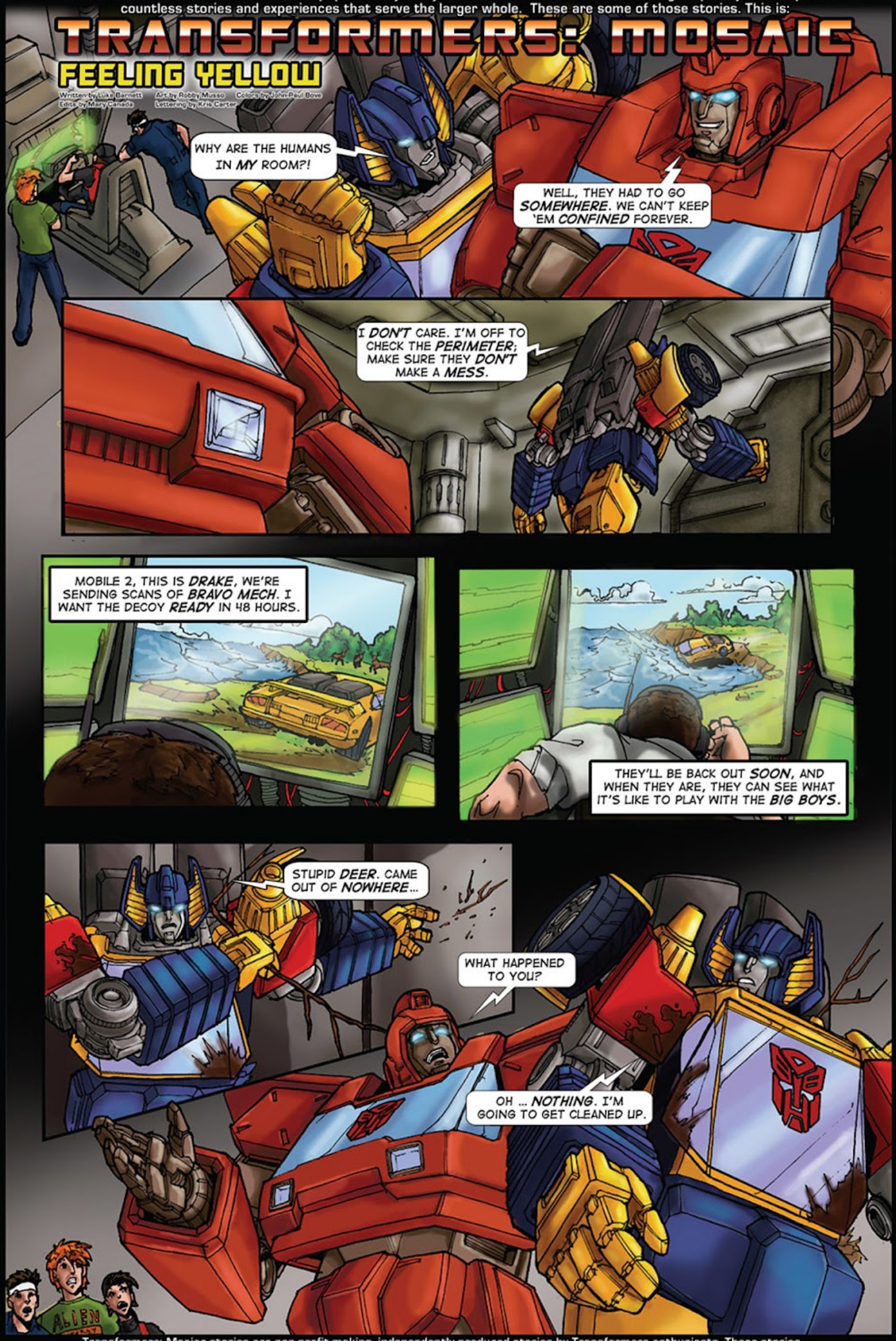
Edits by Mary Canada
Lettering by Kris Carter



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